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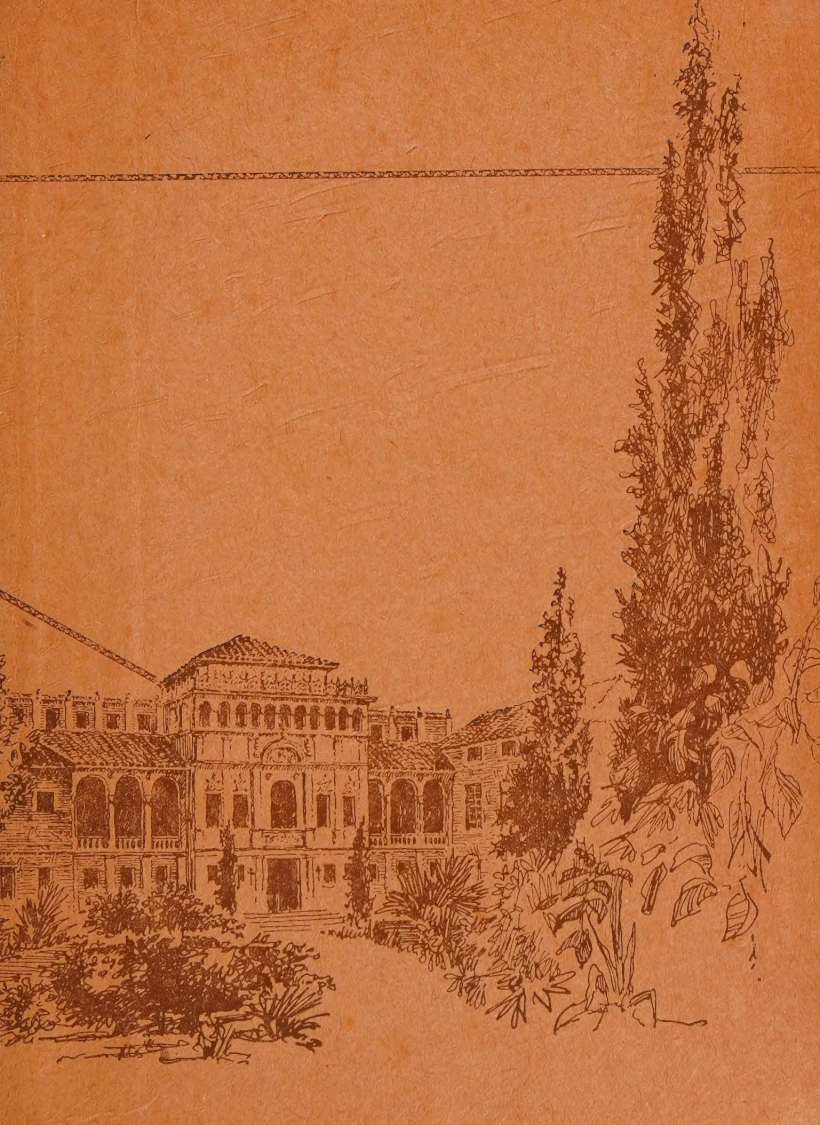

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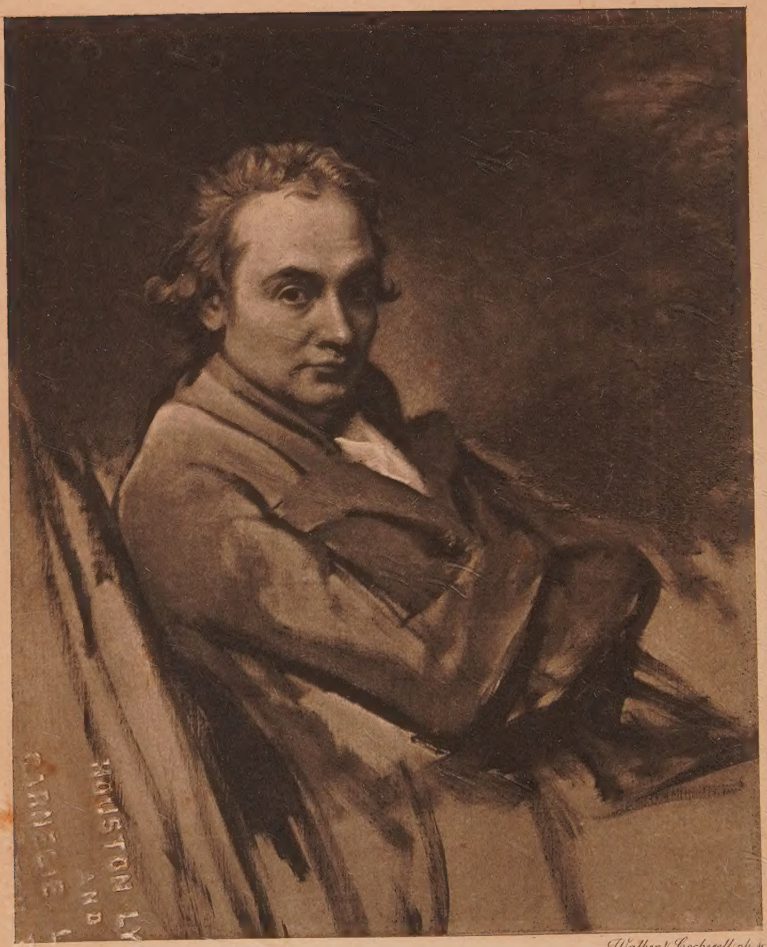

Walther & Cockerell ph.sc

George Romney

from the original painted by himself
now in the National Portrait Gallery.

George Romney

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BY

SIR HERBERT MAXWELL

Illustrated with Twenty Plates, and a Photogravure Portrait as Frontispiece

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Preface.

Allan Cunningham has expressed the singular opinion that, "of all our eminent artists, Romney has been the most fortunate in his biographers." Most of those who have given attention to the subject, must have come to the conclusion that Cunningham himself was the first to present a view of the painter at once unprejudiced and fairly complete. Of the three writers who had anticipated Cunningham in the task, Richard Cumberland alone had succeeded in performing it in a detached and critical spirit. But his memoir was little more than an obituary notice, contributed to the *European Magazine* in June 1803, less than a year after Romney's death. William Hayley followed in 1809 with an elaborate narrative, which reflects the author's vanity as clearly as the artist's foibles, and unduly, because indiscriminately, eulogises Romney's attainment in his profession, whereof Hayley was but indifferently qualified to judge. This book has nearly as much to tell about William Hayley as about George

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Romney, and, although it affords, not always consciously on the part of the author, considerable insight into its ostensible subject, remains a perpetual warning to biographers that they should keep themselves judiciously out of sight. It were intolerable, but for the sidelight thrown upon the literary habits of the day, that a biographer should inflict upon his readers all the vapid and windy verse with which he chose to bespatter the object of his officious zeal.

The Rev. John Romney, the artist's son, struck a different key in his memoir, published in 1830. No better qualified than Hayley to estimate critically the quality and range of his father's art, he is equally profuse in superfluous eulogy; but what concerns him most is the refutation of what he calls "the errors and misrepresentations" of Cumberland and Hayley. Now the filial standpoint naturally differs from that of a friend; nevertheless, it should be remembered that the intercourse of Cumberland and Hayley with the painter during his active life was far more constant and more intimate than John Romney's, and thereby their opportunities of estimating his character were far better than the son's. What Allan Cunningham must have meant, then, was, not that any one of these three writers had produced a satisfactory biography, but that by collating their writings one might arrive at a good under-

standing of the man George Romney, and of the circumstances through which he rose to eminence.

An attempt to do so has been made in the following pages, to present a more complete catalogue of the painter's works than has hitherto been compiled, and to trace the unexampled fluctuation in public esteem through which they have passed. In the choice of illustrations for the book, those pictures have been selected which, while they exhibit the artist's style at different periods, are less familiarly known than others to the public by engravings or otherwise. It was my wish to reproduce some drawings and studies for paintings, but in this I have met with some disappointment. At the sale of Miss Romney's effects in 1894, the great majority of studies, drawings, and sketches passed into the possession of the late Mr. Alfred Morrison, and these Mrs. Morrison most generously offered to place at my disposal; but when search was made for them, they could not be found. Doubtless they are in perfect security; but, up to the time of going to press, they had not come to light. I am none the less under obligation to their owner for her kind intention.

Others, also, have befriended me in the most practical manner, by allowing photographs to be taken of pictures in their possession—a favour not to be

underrated by one who understands the incessant solicitation to which the possessors of notable works are exposed. In preparing the catalogues, I received valuable assistance from several friends. Mr. Algernon Graves most liberally placed at my disposal the materials which he had collected for a *catalogue raisonné* of Romney's works, projected on the scale of his famous one upon Reynolds; Messrs. Christie, of King Street, gave me free access to the records of sales in their rooms; and Mr. Henry Percy Horne, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, has allowed me to reprint the catalogue of Romney's engraved works which he compiled with immense industry, and published in 1901. To all of these, as well as to others who have allowed me to examine early engravings, or have given permission to reproduce modern ones whereof they possess the copyright, I beg to offer my sincere thanks.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

MONREITH, *Sept. 1902.*

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George Romney.

CHAPTER I.

BOYHOOD AND YOUTH.

[1734-62.]

Of the nature of genius—The Rumneys of Dalton-in-Furness—Supposed gipsy origin—"Honest John"—Birth of George Rumney, 26th December 1734—Employed in his father's shop, 1744-51—Early influence and natural impulse—Williams the watchmaker—Sam Knight—George is employed by Wright of Lancaster—Paints Mrs. Gardner—Is apprenticed to "Count" Steele, 1755—"The Count's" elopement and its consequences to George—Marriage to Mary Abbot, 1756—Rejoins Steele at York, 1756—His apprenticeship is cancelled, 1757—Sets up a studio in Kendal, 1757—Early sitters, 1757-62—Peter Rumney, 1743-77—His early promise and wasted life.

Of the Nature of Genius

Every definition of genius hitherto attempted seems short of satisfying or complete. Dictionaries explain it as "inborn faculty," yet nobody would dream of attributing genius to that unnumbered multitude who have lived and passed away without cultivating or developing, without even exercising or recognising, their inborn faculties. Still less convincing is the explanation,

probably not seriously offered, that genius consists in the art of taking infinite pains. Peradventure Napoleon I. held the key to the secret when he insisted upon concentration as the fundamental condition essential to the highest achievement—concentration as the product of a will resolute enough to exclude all distractions from the application of mental and physical powers to the exercise of the inborn faculty.

To him who by this method reaches the highest level in statecraft, war, letters, science, or the fine arts, we accord the meed of genius; but a similar degree of attainment in commerce or productive industry, though secured at equal sacrifice of subsidiary aims and interests, merely marks a man as successful. In religion, strict concentration produces the saint, and, in extreme cases, the eremite and even the fanatic. Christ's warning to amateurs was as startling as it was explicit—"If any man come to Me, and hate not his father and his mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple." How strangely this seems to jar with the dominant note of Christian teaching—love for all men; yet one cannot get round these words. After all, they are not more extravagant in fervour than the same Preacher's admonition—"If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee." The price must be paid if the meed is to be won. Every application of energy involves some sacrifice; the fullest and highest development of the natural powers cannot be achieved by him who

shrinks from making the sacrifice complete; and he is aptest to shrink who has most to sacrifice. Hence it has come to pass that those who have risen to distinction in the fine arts have been, almost without exception, if not of humble birth, at all events originally of narrow means, and therefore exposed to relatively fewer distractions. How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of Art!

Now if genius were a concrete, definite, automatic force, what reason can there be to suppose that it would manifest itself less frequently among "persons of quality" (to use a favourite eighteenth-century phrase) than among those who are compelled upon pain of starvation or ignoble dependence to work with hand or head? Sufficient allowance is seldom made for the manner in which well-to-do folk are handicapped in the race for intellectual distinction. Generally, of course, they do not appear in time at the starting-post; when they do so, they arrive there encumbered by a complexity of hindrances to sustained effort; some of them serious, arising out of the obligations of position, authority, or relationship; others trivial, consisting of observances imposed by a wealthy and leisurely society. Men and women are often past middle age before they realise that, as surely as there are but twenty shillings in every pound, so there are no more than four-and-twenty hours in every day. Seven thousand six hundred of these hours—three years and a half at seven hours a day—were prescribed by the late Mr. George Odger,

practical bootmaker and democrat lecturer, as the minimum apprenticeship necessary to acquire the relatively simple craft of stitching soles; how much more shall be claimed to attain mastery of the infinite technicalities of drawing and painting?

It may be true that the painter, like the poet, is born, not made; *ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius;* fitting temperament and delicacy of perception must be inherent in the child who is to be more than a mere draughtsman or poetaster; but of thousands who come into the world adequately endowed in these respects to make good painters, few—very few—have the hardihood to persevere through the preliminary toil. Those who do so, get scant credit for it; their art seems spontaneous and easy. Thus one reads in an essay on Romney's works—"Romney and Stothard . . . both had that rarest gift which the artistic temperament can possess, *next to that of genius*, poetic imagination—a true and intense charm. . . . Romney was to his fingers' ends a true artist."[1] Here genius is spoken of as a specific gift accorded to few, and withheld from the many; whereas, rightly apprehended, it will be recognised as no more than the supreme exercise of natural faculties and their concentration upon a chosen, definite aim. In a painter it results from the combination of fine perception and creative ideality with a will strong enough and patience humble enough to secure their exclusive development. He who receives by common consent the homage

[1] *Romney and Lawrence*, by Lord Ronald Gower. 1882.

due to genius is the man who has been most ruthless in concentration; who has not hesitated, so to speak, to cut off his right hand if it offended him; the Man of Single Purpose.

I have ventured to make these observations before addressing myself to a narrative of George Romney's career, because the popular conception of what goes to make a great painter seems to me so very wide of the mark. The emotion stirred by his handiwork in the spectator is tinged with awe for the inscrutable. The result is apparent, but not the years of dreary toil by which it was rendered possible. It is almost beyond the power of anybody who has not undergone serious and protracted training in art to realise the significance of iteration in the prophet's words—"Precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little and there a little;" that, said he, was the word of the Lord to His people; and, the better to enforce it, he repeated the whole passage again.

Granted, then, that the right temperament and keenness of perception are essential to the making of a great painter, and that natural imitative facility clears many of the initial difficulties from his path, that which raises him above other men is the resolute will which keeps him to his purpose. It is one of the most perplexing problems in ethics to pronounce how far a man is justified in subordinating every consideration and obligation to his individual aim, however lofty. Certain it is that we are accustomed to apply to genius

a more lenient standard of conduct than it would be expedient to allow for ordinary human beings. The social fabric would have to be recast upon a different plan if husbands and parents in general discharged themselves of responsibility in George Romney's fashion; yet it is clear that he could never have passed beyond mediocrity in art had he remained exemplary in domestic duties. The easiest and most charitable way out of the dilemma is to account a great man as in the thrall of his *daemon*—that indefinable force which impels him to fulfil his destiny.

The Rumneys of Dalton-in-Furness

Geologists affirm that the mountains of the English Lake district are but the worn stumps of a lofty range so ancient that, compared with them, the Alps, the Himalaya, and the Andes are features but of yesterday. The ceaseless forces of rain and ice have washed and splintered and ground them down to their present modest eminence; their substance has been carried far and wide; it may be traced in sand and shingle on the shore, or in the material of fertile plains. Of such is the peninsula of Furness, politically part of Lancashire, but shorn off from the bulk of that busy county by the wide expanse of Morecambe Bay. In the age of faith, the daintiest parts of the land were prone to pass into possession of the Church or the religious orders; and here, in the twelfth century, was built the beautiful Benedictine Abbey of Furness. Hard by rose the village of Dalton-in-

Furness, and here, early in the eighteenth century, lived and wrought an ingenious carpenter and cabinet-maker named John Rumney. He was also the owner and cultivator of a small farm called Beckside, whereof he had inherited the freehold from his father, a "statesman"[1] of Appleby, who had bought it when driven from his paternal acres by difficulties arising out of the Civil War. It is noteworthy that at this day there is in Dalton a carpenter of the name of Romney, a grandson or great-grandson of a cousin of John Rumney. Indeed, this surname remains not uncommon even now in Cumberland and Westmorland, and offers an interesting enigma as to its origin. So many families throughout the land have derived their appellation from place-names, that an origin in Rhymney in South Wales, or Romney in more distant Kent, instantly suggests itself; but no such connection can be traced, and a more likely explanation comes from Mr. A. W. Rumney of Millfell, in Watermillock, Cumberland. He lays no claim to kinship with the painter, but he is the last of a family who have owned Millfell "time out of mind—certainly over three hundred years." With this property goes a silver-gilt cup, inscribed to the effect that it was "presented by the third generation of the Howards (lords of the manor) to the ninth generation of the Rumneys." This gentleman writes to me saying that he imagines his surname to be neither less nor more than "Romany," a gipsy. It was in the Border-country that the gipsies, or

[1] The local term for a yeoman proprietor.

"Egyptians," as they were termed in the old penal statutes of both England and Scotland, mustered most strongly of yore, finding it expedient to be able to slip across the Marches into one dominion, what time the wardens and magistrates of the other showed energy in putting the law in force against vagrants. It is extremely probable, therefore, that the Rumneys of Dalton were of gipsy descent. Abandoning, like the Marshalls of south-western Scotland, their nomad and irregular habits, they settled down as industrious and law-abiding "statesmen," tradesmen, and peasants, receiving from their neighbours the distinctive appellation of Romany, which soon became fixed as a surname.

A good and successful tradesman was this carpenter-farmer—"Honest John," as his neighbours called him, whether in special tribute to his character, or because the epithet fits so easily to the name—and not without enterprise in his subsidiary business of agriculture. He is credited with having made the first spoked cart-wheels in Furness (before his day they had always been solid or "clog-wheels"), and his grandson, the Rev. John Romney, has recorded that he had a turn for drawing and mechanics, which he turned to practical use. This reverend gentleman has also handed down to us a delightfully naïve anecdote in proof of his grandfather's unaffected piety:—

"I well remember his saying, though then a mere boy, that it was our interest to make up our minds to the faith of the Christian religion; because, if it should not prove true, we were still benefited by it;

but if it should, of which there was no good reason to doubt, how great, then, would be our recompense!"

Had Honest John been able to apply to his own affairs the sound business principle at the base of this piece of advice, he might have died a richer man; but he was a bad book-keeper, negligent in collecting his debts, taking more pride in his labour than pleasure in its legitimate reward.

Perhaps one is disposed to trace the intellectual qualities of a son rather to his mother than to his father; but no evidence in support of this theory can be found in what is known of the Rumney family. John Rumney married one of his own class, Ann Simpson, daughter of a Cumberland "statesman," owner of an estate called Sladebank. Whatever may have been her mental powers, they were fully employed in keeping house for her husband and with the care of eleven children whom she bore to him. The second of this family, George to wit, was born at Beckside on 15th December (old style) 1734,[1] and showed early proof of possessing those delicate perceptions which, while they furnish the artistic temperament, often interfere with a boy's routine education. At a very tender age George was sent to school at Dendron, distant only a few miles from his home, where the Rev. Mr. Pell taught him the humanities for the modest fee of 5s. a quarter, and one Gardner boarded him at the rate of £4 10s. a year.

Birth of George Rumney, 15th (26th) December 1734

[1] According to modern notation, 26th December.

As time went on it became plain that George was not destined to shine as a scholar. His progress was so little satisfactory that at ten years old his father took him from school and put him to employment in the shop. Meanwhile John Rumney had sold his property of Beckside, and bought another called Upper Cocken, about a mile to the west of Furness Abbey. Here, for ten years, the lad's seedling faculties drew what nourishment could be had from surroundings not unkindly. His father worked much with the pencil, for he was employed as architect and builder as well as cabinetmaker and farmer; he used also to design ornamental carving, and it may be imagined that George was a curious and intelligent observer of his labours. Soon the boy took to decorating his fiddle with carving on his own account, for he had acquired some skill in playing the violin from one Williams or Williamson, a watchmaker in Dalton, and an enthusiast in music.

Employed in his Father's Shop, 1744-51

If landscape be of any account in the formation of character, then surely here were the materials for a growing intellect to feed on. The house of Upper Cocken stood high and, facing fair west, commanded a noble prospect of St. George's Channel. To the south the eye ranged over the wide expanse of Morecambe Bay, while on the north the winding estuary of the Duddon shut off this smiling peninsula from the mountainous region of the Lakes. Furness itself, now so sorely seared and scarred by the iron

industry, was then a peaceful district, given over to agriculture and grazing, with manors and farmhouses gleaming white amid its verdant slopes and hanging shaws. No fetid smoke then befouled the pure air, fragrant of the ocean, nor mineral waste tarnished the tinkling brooks; all was fair to the eye, clean to the touch—why should one born in such a goodly land ever design to leave it?

Early Influence and Natural Impulse

There was something in the boy's soul of that divine unrest which impels young creatures to stir beyond their native precincts, or was it the pricking of the wandering instinct derived from his Gipsy sires? Whatever it was, Williams the watchmaker stimulated it with attractive description of the outer world. One glorious excursion under his guidance long held its place among the brightest of George Romney's[1] memories. They travelled together to Whitehaven to hear a performance by the violinist Giardini, which enchanted them both and almost won George as a recruit for Music from the sister Muse of Painting, for by this time he had developed considerable facility in drawing. One of the workmen in his father's shop, Sam Knight by name, used to subscribe to an illustrated monthly magazine, and lent the numbers to George, who diligently copied the engravings in the same. Probably his success in this humble exercise attracted his father's notice,

[1] The name of the family was always written *Rumney*, till George in after years indulged his fancy in writing it *Romney*.

for it can scarcely have been by accident that George became possessed, about the end of this period, of a copy of Leonardo's *Treatise on Painting*.[1] Both the text and the engravings in this volume must have provided a notable impulse to his natural inclination; for the first includes a memoir of the painter, and the boy delighted to make copies of the second. Doubtless, also, he owed something to another book belonging to his father—*Art's Masterpiece*—which contained some useful technical instruction in oil painting.

Williams the watchmaker greatly encouraged young George in these first steps in art, and who shall overestimate the power of intellectual sympathy? In other respects, Williams may have been the reverse of a desirable companion for the lad, being of a somewhat disreputable habit. He had deserted his wife and lived with another woman at Dalton; and some may trace in his example, if not in his precepts, the light regard in which his pupil afterwards held the obligations of matrimony.

George works in Lancaster

It is not certain at what precise time George left his father's shop in order to take up employment in the works of another cabinetmaker, one Wright of Lancaster, nor is it known how long he remained with that tradesman; but it is recorded that Wright, noticing how the young fellow used to spend his leisure making sketches of his fellow-workmen, told John Romney

[1] The Rev. John Romney says that George's name was twice inscribed in this book, in 1754 and again in 1755.

that his son was likely to make a better painter than cabinetmaker, and recommended him to have him apprenticed to an artist.

Thus the seasons slipped away until George Rumney had reached his twenty-first year. He was still only assistant to a village carpenter; his horizon, if placid, was narrow; no prospect had presented itself of his being able to adopt seriously the profession of painter. But now there came a change. John Rumney, the father, had business transactions with an upholsterer in Kendal named Gardner, possibly the same with whom George had boarded during his school-days. The wife of Mr. Gardner, struck by the skill and promise in George's drawings, persuaded him to attempt a likeness of herself, and is said to have been well pleased with the result.[1] Next came on the scene a relative of the Romneys, one Mr. Lewthwaite of Broadgate, in Millom, Cumberland, who advised old Romney to give his son a regular art training.

Apprenticed to "Count" Steele, 1755

At this time there happened to be living in Kendal a certain itinerant portrait-painter named Christopher Steele, who had received some instruction in Paris from Carlo Vanloo, acquiring at the same time some of the manners of a third-rate French fop, whereby he earned from the dalesmen and townsfolk of Kendal the sobriquet of "the Count." To this worthy George Rumney was entered as apprentice

[1] Mrs. Gardner's son David afterwards became a successful artist in crayons, and received drawing lessons from George Romney himself.

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by an indenture dated 20th March 1755. Under the agreement George's father was bound to pay Steele a premium of £21, and to provide his son with "suitable and necessary cloaths both linnen and woollen;" Steele undertook to instruct his apprentice "in the art or science of a painter which he, the said Christopher Steele, now useth," and to find him in board and lodging; while George, on his part, engaged that for four years he "his said master well and faithfully shall and will serve, and his lawful and reasonable commands willingly perform, the secrets of his said master faithfully shall keep, hurt to his said master he shall not do," etc.

The Count was a flighty, improvident fellow, taking up his abode in one town after another, and moving away as soon as his creditors became inconveniently numerous or pressing. It is said, perhaps with truth, that he had no scruples in exacting from his apprentice at odd times menial services which received no mention in the indenture, and of turning to good account, when a frame was wanted for a portrait, the skill which George had acquired in wood-carving. Nevertheless, he certainly imparted some useful technical knowledge to his pupil, less by forming his style, fortunately, than by teaching him to grind colours, a necessary drudgery in the days before these were sold ready prepared with oil in convenient collapsible tubes. Of George Rumney's painting, the earliest example known to have been publicly exhibited was the representation of a hand holding a letter, which he gave to the

postmaster at Kendal to stick up in his window as a sign for the office.

"The Count's" Elopement and its Consequences

In a different and less legitimate line Christopher Steele found occupation for his pupil. A young lady happened at this time to be taking drawing lessons from him; whatever may have been her personal charms, she possessed a small private fortune, which exercised a powerful attraction upon the impecunious Count. He used his opportunities to make love to her, and employed his apprentice as confidant, messenger, and scout. The affair ended in an elopement to Gretna Green, and George, deprived at once of his master and the excitement of an intrigue, presently fell ill of a fever. His landlady was a certain Mrs. Abbot, a widow, of very humble means, whose daughter Mary nursed George through his illness. Whether, as her son affirms, saying nothing about the illness, George had fallen in love with this girl before Steele's escapade, or whether she captivated him by her attentions during his illness and convalescence, the result was that they became betrothed—the first step in the long tragedy of their lives.

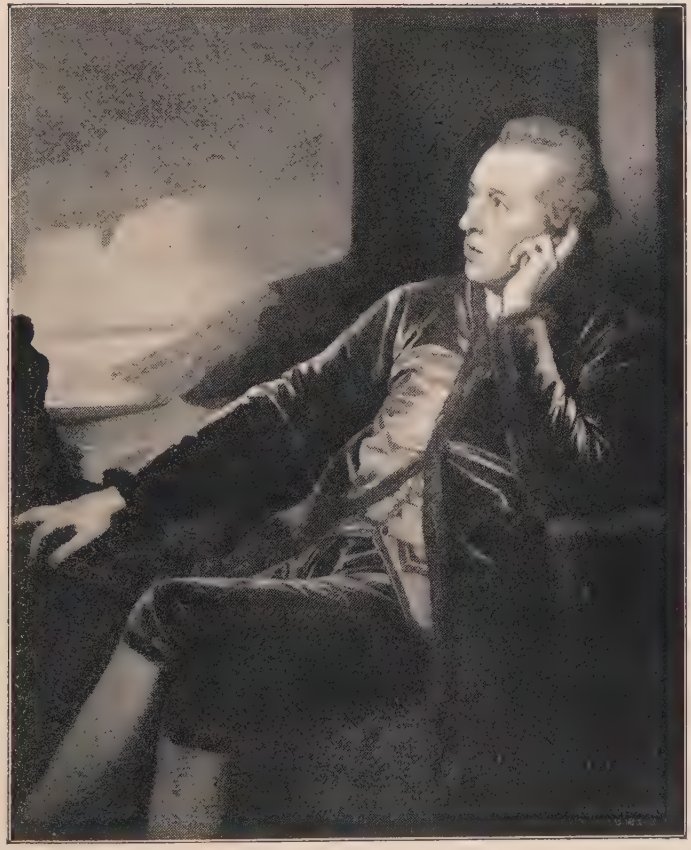
Soon after this George heard from Steele to say that he would not return to Kendal, but was going to live in York, where he desired that his apprentice would join him. Here was a sudden agitation thrown into the young life, and surely a pleasurable one, to be summoned away from the tranquil dales which contained all of the world that he had ever known—to

behold at last what lay outside those moors and mountains which formed the only horizon he had ever seen—to learn more of men and cities—could anything happen more welcome to one with an artist's ambition? We do not know how it affected George; but this much we know, that the warm-hearted young fellow could not brook the idea of leaving his betrothed until he had fulfilled his pledge. Before obeying his master's summons, he married Mary Abbot for better for worse on 14th October 1756. Then, leaving his bride in Kendal, he hurried off to York to resume his duties as apprentice.

Marriage to Mary Abbot, 1756

Not unnaturally, his parents, on hearing of George's unwisdom in taking a wife while still absolutely devoid of means to maintain her, shook their experienced heads and reproached their improvident son. He would not admit that he had committed any folly. "If you consider everything deliberately," he wrote, "you will find it to be the best thing that ever happened to me; because, if I have a fortune, I shall make a better painter than I should otherwise have done, as it will be a spur to my application; and my thoughts being now still, and not obstructed by youthful follies, I can practise with more diligence and success than ever."

Notwithstanding the confidence of this defence, there is reason to believe that Romney realised very early what fetters he had laid upon his ambition, already ardent, by this precipitate marriage. "Married!"



Richard Cumberland (p. 38).

exclaimed Sir Joshua Reynolds to a young student about to set out for a course of painting in Italy, "married! Then you are ruined as an artist." There was one alternative to the sacrifice of Romney's dream, and that, as was soon to be proved, was the line he took in the end. Meanwhile, the marriage over, he obeyed his master's summons to York, where George worked as steadily at his profession as though he were still free from the cares of a household. He had no means of helping his wife as yet; on the contrary, he used to receive from her now and then for his own needs half a guinea concealed in the seal of a letter. Steele had some sitters during this year, among others Laurence Sterne; but he always became restless as his credit waned, and he decamped in the course of 1757 to take up his abode at Lancaster, leaving George behind him to finish some portraits which he left half done, to collect payment for them, and, which concerned the Count less, to settle with creditors. George, as bound by his indentures, dutifully followed his master to Lancaster; but, convinced by this time that he had nothing more to learn from one equally indolent as an artist and disreputable as a citizen, he determined if possible to put an end to his bondage. A fair opportunity presented itself when Steele, finding no remunerative work in Lancaster, proposed to go over to Ireland. Out of his pupil's slender means, the fellow had managed to borrow the sum of ten pounds, made up in part out of poor Mary

Rejoins Steele at York, 1756

Romney's savings. This debt George offered to cancel, on condition that he should be released from his apprenticeship, a proposal willingly agreed to by the Count, who, in his grand manner, declared that he would not stand in the way of a young painter who, he felt sure, would "do wonders." *Exit* Christopher Steele; and at last George Romney was his own master.

Is released from his apprenticeship, 1757

Master of his own time, indeed, but of little else in the world; burdened with the charge of a wife, but with slender prospect of ever becoming a bread-winner. Kendal, whither he returned at once, contained a community the reverse of affluent; moreover, the list of inhabitants who could afford to pay for their portraits had been pretty well exhausted by the plausible Count. Work, however, was forthcoming for the willing hand. Kind and helpful encouragement came from Mr. and Mrs. Strickland, of Sizergh,[1] who commissioned him to paint their portraits, and allowed him to make copies from pictures at Sizergh by Lely and a French artist, Rigaud. Walter Strickland dying, was succeeded by his brother Charles, whom also Romney painted, fishing-rod in hand, with the Force—a water-

Sets up a Studio in Kendal, 1757

[1] The family of Strickland of Sizergh was, and still remains, one of the most ancient in the north of England, having owned the lands of Sizergh, it is said, since before the Conquest. The present owner of the estate is Sir Gerald Bologna Bonici Strickland, K.C.M.G., 6th Count della Catena, Malta.

fall on the river Kent—in the background. The figure was full-length, but, like most of Romney's early work, on a small scale—about two feet high. Other sitters he had in the Rev. William Strickland, Mr. Jacob Morland of Capplethwaite, Colonel Wilson of Abbot Hall, and the Rev. Daniel and Mrs. Wilson.

It affords an agreeable glimpse into the kindly life of this quiet vale that so many neighbours were ready to give encouraging custom to a young native artist. It is true that there were no photographers in those days, eager to gratify the vanity or curiosity of sitters about their own appearance; it is true, also, that Romney's charges were on a modest scale—six guineas for a full-length, and two for a three-quarter figure; but guineas were not over-plentiful in the North in the middle of the eighteenth century.

Early Sitters

Some sitters were coy, and had to be overtaken by stratagem. Thus the Rev. Dr. Simonds, Vicar of Kendal, could not be brought to sacrifice his time for the encouragement of art, and, being wholly indifferent to his own personal aspect, firmly declined his wife's earnest entreaties that he would sit to Romney. The young painter, therefore, anxious to gratify the lady, took the reverend gentleman's likeness when he was preaching of a Sunday.

Another clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Bateman, Headmaster of Sedbergh School, proved a more troublesome subject to deal with. He sat, indeed, to the artist

willingly enough, but when Romney went to London in 1762, the two guineas due to him for the portrait had not been paid. When Romney revisited Kendal in 1765, he applied to Dr. Bateman for a settlement, upon which he received the following epistle from the testy pedagogue:—

"Sedbergh, *November 26th,* 1765.

"Sir,—I must take the liberty of expostulating a little with you about your mean and tergiversating behaviour with regard to your promise of drawing my picture over again at your return from London, with an addition to the price. Did you agree to that, or did you not? You know you did. And yet you now fly from your word, as you are going, as you think, out of my reach, for you shall certainly have a writ upon you for non-performance of contract; for your brother confessed to me that you agreed to what you had so solemnly promised to myself. But I shall not only do this, but I shall represent you in your proper colours (to borrow a term of your art) both here and to your friends at London, unless you perform your agreement. You will also see yourself and your behaviour painted in one of the publick papers; as I am persuaded it is one of the most flagrant and scandalous breaches of faith I ever met with, and therefore merits a publick exposition, and deserves to be exhibited as an object of publick detestation. I know where you live in London, and who are your friends, and therefore can easily reach you, and make you feel a little of my resentment, unless this move you to make some reparation or some

atonement for your breach of faith to your injured friend,

"W. BATEMAN."

"P.S.—If you had come over to make only this picture tolerable, you would by my recommendation have got two or three more. *Cave litem, perfide pictor!*"[1]

All this fuss about a couple of guineas! Little did the learned doctor fancy, as he penned his vulgar, bullying epistle, that it was destined to immortality, preserved from oblivion, like an ugly insect in amber, by the lasting fame of him to whom it was addressed. It is satisfactory to know that the artist was not to be intimidated, and obtained by legal means his hard-earned fee.

Of the painter's early work many examples remain in the neighbourhood of Kendal. The Strickland portraits are still at Sizergh; Mr. H. Arnold, of Arnbarrow, possesses two or three of those which Romney disposed of by lottery at half-guinea tickets; and four portraits hang in the Town Hall of Kendal. One of these, the likeness of Alderman Wilson, has the artist's bill attached to it, for eight guineas; the receipt is signed by Peter Romney, for George Romney, Esq., and is dated 17th July 1764. A fifth portrait, in Romney's later manner, was presented to the Corporation in 1871, by Admiral Wilson, of The How, Applethwaite: it is that of Sir John Wilson in a judge's wig and robes.

We hear little or nothing about the painter's wife

[1] "Beware of the law, oh perfidious painter!"

during these years. Her son says that "she excelled more in symmetry of form than in regularity of features; yet in this latter particular she was far from deficient." If Romney employed her as a model, her likeness cannot now be traced in his compositions, nor has any portrait of her been preserved. She bore him two children—a son, John, born in 1758, his future biographer, and a daughter who died in early childhood.

George Romney had a brother Peter, nine years younger than himself, and possessed of similar artistic faculties. In 1759 this Peter came to live with his brother at Kendal, and received three years of instruction from him before George quitted the north for London. He was a youth of great promise, and some of his letters, especially those to one Cocking of Kendal, teacher of arithmetic and poetaster, contain passages of remarkable originality, expressed in language far more choice and more correct than could be expected from one of his station in life. They are interesting, not only as throwing light upon the conditions and manner of that grade of society in which the career of George Romney took its rise, but also from their evidence of the lofty conception of their respective missions which Peter and his friends entertained. For example, Peter, a struggling art pupil, writes to the mathematical teacher Cocking encouraging him to the production of more verses[1]:—

Peter Romney, 1743-77

[1] Cocking was the author of two volumes of verse, besides an essay entitled *The Art of Delivering Written Language*, dedicated to David Garrick, Esq.

"What is the reason that I cannot think of you without conceiving that your mind is at work with some composition or other? However you may pretend to be indolent, I cannot by any means persuade myself that you can be happy without frequently complying with the suggestion of your genius. It would hurt your conscience to resist the impulse of those talents which Nature has bestowed upon you for the pleasure and profit of mankind."

Peter Romney had plenty of ambition, but something in his nature was wanting to carry his schemes to fruition. After endeavouring to attain, if not fame, a means of decent living, as an itinerant portrait-painter, he got hopelessly in debt, took to drink as a palliative of care, and died in 1777, at the age of four-and-thirty.

CHAPTER II.

WORK IN LONDON.

[1762-72.]

Romney decides to go to London, 1762—He sets forth, 14th March 1762—Meets again with the "Count"—Settles to work in London—Dispute about the prize of the Society of Arts, 1763—Visit to Paris, 1764—Romney's personal appearance, 1765—The Free Society of Artists—Silence of Romney about his marriage—Revisits his wife, 1767—Moves to Great Newport Street—Forms a friendship with R. Cumberland—Exhibits in Spring Gardens, 1770-72.

By the time George Romney was eight-and-twenty, he had obtained so much insight into the requirements of his art, and at the same time such a clear understanding of the extent of his natural powers, as to convince him that the first could not be supplied, and the second could not be developed, within the limitations of a small country town. Humbler aspirations than his might have been satisfied with the repute he had won in his native district. It takes but a small noise to fill a narrow dale. Tickled by the applause of friendly neighbours, who had come to regard him as something of a prodigy, Romney might have subsided into complacent admiration of his own handiwork. But his *dæmon* ever stirred

within him; conscious of latent power, he craved continually for that higher instruction and example without which he was helpless to give it scope. His thoughts turned again and again to London—that cradle of innumerable schemes—sepulchre of immeasurable hopes—theatre of the grandest achievement.

Decides to go to London, 1762

And here came the parting of ways, for the aspirations of the artist and the duties of husband and father lay in opposite directions. One may imagine the man painfully weighing the question, inclining, at one moment, to continue earning a bare subsistence for wife and children among familiar scenes, content for ever with conscious mediocrity and the uninstructed applause of a narrow circle; at the next, lending eager audience to the whisper of ambition, and yearning irresistibly to know the great world of intellect and to take part in its work. He must have realised the full moment of the alternative before him, having been from boyhood an avid reader of all that told about art and the rise of great artists. It was in the light of the lives of other painters that he came to a decision.

To take his wife and children to London before he had made himself a foothold there, were to fly into the arms of misfortune. These should remain in Kendal among friends, while George ventured forth alone to put his powers to the touch. If he should fail, he would return to his family; if he should succeed, then he would create for them a home of greater dignity

and comfort than had hitherto been within the compass of his means. No echo reaches us of remonstrance or complaint on the part of patient Mrs. Romney; throughout the story of the artist's life, faint is the light that falls upon her. She is there; one is conscious of her quiet presence, but she stands aside: hindering by no act or word the strenuous course of her husband, nor able to lend her humble aid in his ascent. Henceforward, there should be no more search in letter seals for half-guineas painfully come by. George Romney was setting forth to stand or fall by himself in the struggle for independence.

Parting with his Wife, 1762

For the common bruit that Romney deliberately deserted his wife and children to pursue his calling alone, there is no demonstrable ground. He left them, indeed; but there is all reason to believe that it was with the full intention of making for them a home in London. But throughout his life Romney was resolute only in one matter—his devotion to his art. As for the treatment of his wife, it is easy to conceive how his project of summoning her to share his new home was deferred, weakened, and finally abandoned, as the man came to realise how his new environment hedged him off from early associations and habits, and how incongruous it was with the homely experience and training of Mary Abbot. It is not improbable, though of this there is a complete absence of evidence, that Mrs. Romney herself was reluctant to leave familiar scenes to enter upon the unknown, and therefore the terrible; for, be it

remembered, though George might be a Romany, with nomad blood in his veins, his wife was of the dalesman race, and, in those days of difficult travel and slowly-circulating news, it was only the most venturesome spirits that willingly severed the ties of neighbourhood.

In agreeing upon this great enterprise, the Romneys relied wholly upon such pecuniary means as they could command. No wealthy patron stepped forward to provide the funds; from first to last Romney, aided by his wife, was the architect of his own fortune. During his stay at York with Christopher Steele, he had managed to buy a few engravings, and in the intervals of portrait-painting, during four subsequent years at Kendal, he made copies of these in oil. There were a dozen of them in all, and to these he now added eight original compositions, including two scenes from *King Lear,* a scene from *Tristram Shandy* (Plate facing p. 8), a group of heads by candle-light, a tooth-drawing by candle-light, and a few landscapes. These twenty canvases, varying from 4 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 6 in. to 1 ft. 4 in. by 10 in., he now offered to be drawn for in a lottery. Eighty-two tickets were issued at half-a-guinea each, and the proceeds of the lottery, added to the savings they already possessed, furnished the couple with about one hundred pounds. Having shared this money between himself and his wife, George Romney fared forth for London on horseback, in company with one Mr. Holme and another. Prudent travellers seldom ventured alone on

Raising Funds

Starts for London, 14th March 1762

the road in those days, for the profession of highwayman was still remunerative and popular, and Romney carried his whole capital in his pocket-book.

The party halted for a day in Manchester, where Romney fell in with his old master, Christopher Steele, who was so obliging as to ride with them next day as far as Stockport, and no doubt contributed much to raise the spirits, if not to lighten the purses, of the travellers. This was the last Romney ever saw of the Count, but not the last he heard of that hero, whose final disappearance was graphically described to him by Adam Walker later in the same year:—

"The Count now rides the vast Atlantic ocean, and, being quite tired out with the blindness and stupidity of the Old, is going to try the discernment of the New World. He sailed from Liverpool a few days ago for the West Indies, having left Manchester in too abrupt a way to make an end of his affairs. Accordingly, he put me in commission to collect his scattered goods and chattels (an employ I could very well have dispensed with), and obliged his creditors, for the benefit of more things than their health, to take a ride out to Liverpool. I began my commission by buying three dozen of great and small corks for bottles of oil, etc., which had never known that convenience; but I had no sooner taken possession of the room than it was filled with distressed damsels; some in want of a pair of stays, others of gauze handkerchiefs, ruffles, caps, dolls, etc., and many, no doubt, of their virtue. I obliged them all as far as my things would go; but what were the

lamentations when many were missing, and others so ornamented with oil, vermilion, etc., that the outrageous owners scarcely knew them again. But lo! the tremendous landlord of the vacant house comes in. 'Nothing goes hence, sir, until I am indemnified for my lost keys, broken locks and windows, and those oiled places in my floors.' Dismay seized every damsel. 'What! not have my petticoat?' 'Not my gauze apron? Oh, Lord!' 'Nothing, young woman,' replies the landlord. 'But, sir, I hope there is enough besides, and I have a commission to pay you.' 'Very well, then you may take yourselves and your trumpery away,' quoth he to the afflicted; they did, and compounded for the stains and rents in their different garments with great exultation of heart. But ere the prints are half gathered off the floor, in comes a tribe—'Sir, my bill is only 5s. 6d.;' 'Mine only 15s.; all charged at the very lowest.' 'Sir, I must have my picture—he had a ring for it; though it's like the rest, but half done.' 'Sir, I understand you have a commission so-and-so?' 'Sir, you know Mr. Steele and you and I have been very merry together, and it would be hard if the two guineas I lent——' 'Zounds! gentlemen, I have but four-pound-ten to pay twenty with—what the devil would you have me do? I'll not pay a farthing of my own.' 'But, sir, you know a poor washerwoman gets her bread very hard.' 'So do I. I'll positively throw up my commission.' With great difficulty I got all together, and a laced suit from the pawnbroker's; and sent all off, except a landscape

after Poussin, two war-pieces, a night-piece, and a Dutch one, all of *your performance,* which I saved from the general wreck by giving him two guineas for them."

Settles to Work in London, March 1762

Arriving in London on the eighth day after their departure, Romney took up his quarters at the Castle Inn, where he remained a fortnight till he found lodgings to suit him. He was not altogether friendless in the great city. His old schoolfellow Greene, to whom he had once given a violin made and ornamented with his own hands, was established in Gray's Inn as an attorney already of good repute. This gentleman, who, in after years, rendered the artist useful professional service, exerted himself to make the stranger feel at home. Daniel Braithwaite, also a native of the Kendal district, was in the Post Office, and introduced Romney to several sitters; and, besides these, there was his brother John, who, however, proved only a heavy encumbrance to the artist, from his constant need of pecuniary assistance.

GEORGE ROMNEY TO HIS WIFE.

"LONDON, *March 30th,* 1762.

"MY DEAR,—I cannot yet give you any particular account in what manner I shall live here, as I have hitherto been only an observer of the manners, customs, and circumstances of this place; in two or three days I hope to meet with lodgings to my liking. I have met with a great deal of complaisance from the people I know, and believe I shall like the town very well. I

saw brother John for the first time yesterday-week, and every day since; he is going to work immediately, and has promised to stick close to it for the future. I have not written to my father; brother Peter must, therefore, let him know. I desire, my dear, that you will send the pieces of 'King Lear' and 'Elfrida' rolled up in a box by the first waggon, along with [*hiatus*]. Mr. Pennington[1] has been a little indisposed of late, but is so well recovered as to ride out every day. You will give my compliments to Mrs. Pennington, and let her know. Mr. Walker and all friends are very well. Direct what you send to be left at the Castle Inn till you hear further. My compliments to all friends, particularly to Thomas Rowlandson.[2] My dear, as I was at Mr. Stephenson's[3] and they did not mention anything of paying for their son's picture, I imagine Mr. Drinkell has not informed them that he did not pay me; you will, therefore, desire Mr. Drinkell to acquaint them he has not. I shall be glad to hear what Peter is doing, and hope he will mind his business."

Braithwaite, above-mentioned, helped George to find a lodging in Dove Court, near the Mansion House, where he began a large historical picture representing the murder of Riccio. Dissatisfied with Dove Court, he moved to Bearbinder's Lane in August, and was presently

[1] Probably Mr. Joseph Pennington of Muncaster, Cumberland, who succeeded his brother as fourth baronet in 1768.

[2] Not the caricaturist, who, at this date, was but six years old.

[3] A banker, whose wife was a native of Kendal, daughter of Mr. Drinkell, and very kind to Romney in these early days.

at work painting the "Death of General Wolfe." This picture he sent in next year to compete for the prizes offered by the Society of Arts, and obtained award of the second premium of fifty guineas. This, at least, is the account of the affair given by Richard Cumberland and by the artist's son, who both affirm that the award was reversed at the instance of Joshua Reynolds, and the prize conferred upon John Mortimer for his picture of "Edward the Confessor seizing the Treasures of his Mother." But this is not to be reconciled with the official record for this year of the Society of Arts, where Mortimer is named as taking the first prize with a picture of "St. Paul converting the Britons"; besides, we have the testimony of William Hayley that Romney always maintained that he had been dealt with in this matter strictly according to his merits; that Mortimer's was a better picture than his, and that he himself felt that he had been generously dealt with in the award of a special consolation prize of five-and-twenty guineas. In any case, it is preposterous to believe, as John Romney solemnly assures us, that the reversal of judgment by the Committee was effected by Reynolds, who, says he, "was too much versed in his profession, and had too shrewd an intellect, not to perceive in the author of that picture a future rival." Really the absurdity of this suggestion almost makes one inclined to reject the evidence of this too partial son about his father's career. More conceivable, but totally devoid of evidence, is

Dispute about the Prize of the Society of Arts, 1763

his additional insinuation that Reynolds acted out of partiality for Mortimer, who was a pupil of Reynolds's former master Hudson. The fact that Reynolds became and remained in after years an unfavourable critic of Romney's work arose from wholly impersonal grounds, although undoubtedly Romney's unsociable habits and indifference to professional amenities tended to create a prejudice against him in the mind of the elder artist. Romney's rapid rise in favour fostered the formation of a clique, to which artistic society seems inherently prone, and this interfered to prevent Reynolds from seeking to make Romney's acquaintance, which otherwise it might have been so easy and natural to do. At this distance of time one may not define, though one can easily imagine, the share which tittle-tattle and tale-bearing had in keeping two men of such kindred accomplishment for ever apart.

As for the "Death of Wolfe," the alleged cause of the dispute, its fate was far from ignoble. Mr. Rowland Stephenson bought it for twenty-five guineas, and presented it to Governor Verelst, who had it hung in the Council Chamber of Calcutta. This proved of advantage to the young painter by bringing him into notice; he began to be inquired after by sitters, and portrait-painting was more remunerative than historical subjects, for Romney was now able to command five guineas for a head.

Still, the prospect was not very brilliant in those days for the artist who had not studied the works of the great masters in other countries. Fashionable people

would not believe in native talent, however conscientiously it might be cultivated; indeed, Romney himself was fully conscious of the disability he was under from want of acquaintance with foreign galleries. As soon, therefore, as he had got together by hard work the necessary funds, he planned a trip to Paris, and in carrying out this project he had the pleasure of a companion in the person of his good friend Thomas Greene of Gray's Inn. They travelled together to Paris by way of Dunkirk and Lille, arriving there early in September.

Visits Paris, 1764

It is good to imagine the intense pleasure derived by Romney's ardent intellect from the revelation of art treasures which his experience had fitted him to understand, and from sensations which he was so competent to analyse. Joseph Vernet, the landscape-painter, befriended him, received him cordially in the rooms he was then occupying in the Louvre, and took him to see the most famous masterpieces. There is reason to believe that Romney was more deeply impressed by the collection of paintings by Rubens in the Luxemburg Palace than by anything else he saw. After six blissful and fruitful weeks spent in Paris, he returned to London, and took up his abode in Gray's Inn, beside his friend Greene. Here he obtained abundant custom from legal gentlemen; Sir Joseph Yates, a judge of the King's Bench, and, like the artist, a native of Lancashire, setting them the example by having his portrait painted. Here, also, Romney found time to finish his picture of the "Death of King Edmund," which in

Study for "The Seamstress" (p. 76).

1765 was awarded the second premium of fifty guineas by the Society of Arts.

Before following further the fortunes of George Romney, let us endeavour to imagine his personal appearance at this time. Rather above middle height, he lost the advantage of his stature by a stooping habit and rounded shoulders. His hair was dark, as became one of gipsy blood, and his features strongly marked; the eyes penetrating and well-set, the mouth and lips remarkably mobile and expressive of passing emotion—altogether an interesting countenance of a strongly reflective cast. But Romney's personality was bereft of attraction by his intense shyness. Those of his friends who prevailed to surmount the repellent barriers erected by his nervous temperament, speak enthusiastically of his tenderness and elevating conversation; but it is certain that he was wholly devoid of that charm which Reynolds possessed in such a remarkable degree. Reynolds was a man of the world, which Romney never became; and Hayley probably sums up his comparison of the two characters very justly by quoting Johnson's opinion of Reynolds as the least vulnerable of men, and pronouncing Romney to be of all persons the easiest to wound.

Personal Appearance, 1765

In 1765, the organisation of British artists underwent an important change. The Incorporated Society, representing a group founded by Hogarth and others in 1745, and holding an annual exhibition of pictures in Spring Gardens, received a royal charter. Out of this chartered Society arose, by rupture, in

1768, the Royal Academy of Arts. Previous to this, another association of younger painters, styling themselves the Free Society of Artists, had begun holding exhibitions, first in Maiden Lane, and afterwards in the rooms of Christie, the auctioneer, in Pall Mall. It was to this junior Society that Romney attached himself, exhibiting in their gallery, in 1763, his "Death of General Wolfe" and a scene from *King Lear*, and continuing to contribute to their exhibitions every year until 1769.

The Free Society of Artists

During the first five years of his residence in London, Romney never made known to his new acquaintances that he was a married man. The more numerous these acquaintances became, and the more constant and pressing his professional engagements, the less expedient it seemed to make his true position known. Although relieved before long from any reasonable anxiety as to his pecuniary prospects, every week as it passed must have added to Romney's conviction that his wife was fitted neither by education, nor habits, nor intellect to take her place in his new environment. Those of his acquaintance with whom he was in daily intercourse, if they ever gave his domestic circumstances a thought, looked upon him as a bachelor. Hence Romney's life became a lie, and a man's integrity is as surely compromised by the studious suppression of a truth *which everybody has a right to know*, as by the utterance of explicit falsehood. Upon

Silence of Romney about his Marriage

a character so reticent and so much inclined to suspicion as Romney's, this system of concealment acted with disastrous effect, and to this much of his subsequent unhappiness and gloom may be traced.

Revisits his Wife, 1767

Nevertheless, he was not altogether unmindful of the poor wife who, among the grey crags and green dales of his northern home, patiently waited the turn of events. It is to be supposed that he kept her supplied with money, and in 1767 he travelled down to visit her. Of their two children, the younger, a girl, had died within a year of the father setting up in London, and Mrs. Romney had left Kendal to live with her father-in-law, the carpenter-farmer of Dalton-in-Furness. Romney's visit was but a flying one. Presently he went on to Lancaster, where he received as many commissions to paint portraits as his busy hand could execute.

Returning to London in the autumn, he took with him his brother Peter, intending to start him in life as an artist; but this kindly intention was frustrated by Peter's irregular habits and want of industry. George, after a few months' trial, had to send him home, and subsequent transactions between them consisted chiefly in the payment of the younger brother's debts by the elder.

George Romney now took rooms in Great Newport Street, whence his future rival, Reynolds, had moved some years before to the well-known house in Leicester Square. Here he made an intimacy with Richard Cumberland, the dramatist and novelist, a friendship

which had a marked influence upon the painter's fortunes. Cumberland began by sitting for his portrait (Plate facing p. 16), and declared that he was so well pleased with it that he paid Romney ten guineas for it, instead of eight—his regular charge at this period for a three-quarters figure.[1] Next, he extolled the artist in sounding if somewhat turgid verse, and as Cumberland was a popular writer at the time, this served well his purpose of bringing the new artist into notice:—

Moves to Great Newport Street, 1767

"Late, very late, on this sequester'd isle,
The heaven-descended Art was seen to smile;
Seldom she came to Britain's stormy coast,
And short her stay—just seen, admir'd, and lost.
Reynolds, at length, her favourite suitor, bore
The blushing stranger to his native shore.

. . . . . .

See *Cotes*, and *Dance*, and *Gainsborough* seize the spoil,
And ready *Mortimer* that laughs at toil;
Crown'd with fresh roses graceful *Humphry* stands,
While beauty grows immortal from his hands——"

And so on, through a list of painters of repute, till we are brought to where—

"Apart, and bending o'er the azure tide,
With heavenly contemplation[2] by his side,

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[1] This picture is now in the National Portrait Gallery.

[2] "The few who attended the unfashionable exhibition at Spring Gardens may possibly recollect to have seen a full-length figure which

A pensive artist stands in studious mood,
With down-cast looks he eyes the ebbing flood.
No wild ambition swells his temperate heart,
Himself as pure and patient as his art;
Nor sullen sorrow nor intemp'rate joy,
The even tenour of his thoughts destroy.
Shunn'd by the bold, unnotic'd by the proud,
He strays at distance from the clam'rous crowd;
A blushing, backward candidate for fame,
At once his country's honour and its shame.
Rous'd then at length, with honest pride inspired,
Romney, advance! be known, and be admired."

Whatever notice this poetic advertisement may have brought to the painter, it would have been of little lasting avail had he not been able by this time to allow his work to speak for itself. Although still far from having acquired his full power and charm, Romney had profited greatly by his intercourse with artists and critics, as well as by his visit to the galleries of Paris. Before his own portrait was finished, Cumberland brought David Garrick to see it—Garrick, the intimate friend of Reynolds, from whom, therefore, Romney expected no indulgent criticism. Cumberland himself has not spared the painter in describing the visit: "I brought Garrick to see his [Romney's] pictures, hoping to interest him in his favour; a large family piece unluckily arrested his attention; a gentleman in a close-buckled bobwig and a scarlet waistcoat laced with gold, with his wife and children, some sitting, some standing,

answers to this character, painted by a Mr. Romney, a name totally unknown to the modern professors of virtu."—*Note by the poet.*

had taken possession of some yards of canvas, very much, as it appeared, to their own satisfaction, for they were perfectly amused in a contented abstinence from all thought or action. Upon this unfortunate group, when Garrick had fixed his lynx's eyes, he began to put himself into the attitude of the gentleman, and turning to Mr. Romney—'Upon my word, sir,' said he, 'this is a very well-ordered family, and that is a very bright, well-rubbed mahogany table at which that good motherly lady is sitting, and this worthy gentleman in the scarlet waistcoat is doubtless a very excellent subject—to the State, I mean, if all these are his children—but not for your art, Mr. Romney, if you mean to pursue it with that success which I hope will attend you.' The modest artist took the hint, as it was meant, in good part, and turned his family with their faces to the wall."

Well might sensitive George Romney wince, for Garrick was not only a star in his own profession, but spoke with authority from his association with men great in other arts. One needs not to doubt that Garrick's criticism was as just as it was frank, and as salutary as it was pungent. Yet the painter's worthy son devotes several pages to the endeavour to prove that Garrick's comments were both insincere and malicious, "for how," he exclaims in pious indignation, "could candour be expected of Garrick, the close and intimate friend of Reynolds?"

More happy was Romney in another family group which he painted in the following year (1769), representing Sir George and Lady Warren and their

"The Seamstress" (p. 76)

daughter, a composition which helped to bring him additional repute as a portrait-painter.

Hitherto Romney had continued to exhibit his works under the auspices of the Free Society of Artists; but this, although it had held its own in competition with the Chartered Society, now began to suffer eclipse under the growing splendour of the new-born Academy. Romney, therefore, withdrew from it; but, unluckily, diffidence, or the injudicious advice of friends, prevented him from sending his pictures to the Royal Academy exhibition, instead of which he contributed two works to the Chartered Society in Spring Gardens. These pictures, for which Mrs. Jordan and Mrs. Yates are believed to have sat, he called "Mirth" and "Melancholy," being guided in the choice of titles by the advice contained in the following letter—advice which might scarcely have been expected by a painter from a poet:—

Exhibits in Spring Gardens, 1770-72

Richard Cumberland to George Romney.

"Saturday Night, 30th March.

"Sir,—Since I waited upon you this morning my mind has been wholly occupied with reflecting upon your fine compositions, which you are preparing for public exhibition. You will receive it only as a mark of ignorance, which means to be friendly, when I suggest to you a doubt of the title which I understand you intend to give your characters. If they are to be described under the terms of *l'Allegro e Penseroso*, I think your *dramatis personæ* will be liable to the following objections. In

the first place, the titles are not classical; they are modern, barbarous, and affected. I am not master of so much Italian as to know whether they are proper, but I conceive not. They are borrowed from poetry, and, by bringing Milton's descriptions to our minds, they rob your ideas of their originality. Descriptive poetry has been frequently assisted by painting, but I think the latter art has seldom excelled when the pencil has copied after the pen. Mr. West is now transcribing an ode of Horace upon canvas, and has flagrantly failed. I fancy he did not take his 'Death of General Wolfe' from the paltry poem called 'Quebec, or the Conquest of Canada.'

"No, sir; let the poets wait upon you, and give your figures their natural titles in their own language, or in established classical terms. The solemn figure is strictly that of the Muse Melpomene; and Mr. Reynolds has led the way in calling the other Euphrosyne. I think I should render those into English by the titles of 'Meditation' and 'Mirth.' . . .

"I am, Sir, your most obedient humble Servant,

"Richd. Cumberland."

We have travelled so far from Cumberland's standpoint as to view the great writers in a different perspective from his. The characters in the works of Shakespeare and Milton are, in our view, types and ideals as permanent as those of Virgil or Lucretius, and we have learned to smile at the affectation which erected statues of contemporary statesmen and

monarchs, clothed in the scanty garments of imperial Rome, as, for instance, that of James II. in Whitehall Gardens. Many critics maintain that literary or historic significance interferes prejudicially with the artistic qualities of a picture; art for art is their maxim, and the more abstract the subject chosen the better; but the vast majority of the unlearned public demand that a portrait should be a good likeness, and enjoy the presentation of some episode, real or imaginary. Romney gave willing heed to his friend's advice on this occasion, but to the end of his days he loved to employ his power in the interpretation of the great writers, notably Shakespeare and Milton. Next year (1771) he sent five pictures to Spring Gardens, including one of "Mrs. Yates as the Tragic Muse"—a work afterwards unfavourably compared with Sir Joshua's well-known presentation of Mrs. Siddons in the same character, thirteen years later—in 1784. The comparison is not only unfavourable, but unfair; for Reynolds's piece was the performance of a painter who had attained his meridian, whereas Romney, in 1771, was still in a very backward stage of accomplishment. Two more pictures he sent in to Spring Gardens in 1772, the last that he ever exhibited in public. It is equally worthy of note and of regret that no work of George Romney's was exhibited on the walls of the Royal Academy until the Winter Exhibition of 1871, sixty-nine years after his death.

CHAPTER III.

ROME.

[1773-75.]

Romney starts for Rome, 20th March 1773—Impressions of travel—Paris—Lyons—Avignon—Marseilles—Rome—Hard study there—Aversion from society—Romney's associates in Rome—End of his sojourn there, 10th January 1775—Visits Florence, Bologna, and Venice—His indifference to fine architecture—Acquaintance with E. Wortley Montagu—Declines to join the Incorporated Society of Artists—Returns by Turin and Paris to London.

THE spring of 1773 marked a fresh and important stage in George Romney's advancement in art. By this time his independence was practically secure; for some time he had been earning money at the rate of £100 a month, and no pecuniary obstacle existed to his bringing wife and child to a comfortable home in London. In what degree he still entertained that purpose there is no means of knowing; the only certain thing is that he did not carry it into effect. John Romney mentions that, although he often wondered what were his mother's feelings about her desertion, he only once ventured to inquire about them, when she replied simply that she had "done everything for the best."

In truth, George Romney's spirit had soared far

above considerations of mere competence. His whole thoughts and energy were now concentrated upon his art, wherewith he suffered nothing to interfere, either in his thoughts or his plan of life. Still conscious of deficiency in knowledge and technique, he was not deterred by the chilling reflection that, having reached the age of nine-and-thirty, he had passed the period when the painter's style is usually formed either for good or ill, and most artists have passed their meridian. He resolved to go to Rome, as a humble and serious art student, and left London on 20th March 1773, in company with Ozias Humphry, the miniature-painter. It is recorded that they lay the first night at Sevenoaks, and spent the next day with the Duke of Dorset, inspecting the collection of works of art at Knowle.

Starts for Rome, 1773

Romney was never reckoned a good correspondent, in days when correspondence was a serious obligation; writing was always most irksome to him, as Michael Angelo confessed he also found it to be,[1] and for the same reason—that it was not the artist's proper channel of expression. Nevertheless, during the first part of this expedition he made copious notes in his sketch-book, intending to cast them into letters for the edification of his former fellow-traveller, Greene of Gray's Inn. The travellers tarried a fortnight in Paris, and this journal of Romney's enables us to

[1] "Lo scrivere m' e di grande affanno, perche non e mia arte";—"Writing is very painful for me, because it is not my art."

follow the impressions left by the scenes there, and in their journey south:—

"I must not omit to tell you how much those scenes, which you and I have formerly trodden together, are changed—or my notions and feelings are become different. What with the French imitating us, and we them, the manners and dresses of the two great cities are brought nearly upon a level; so much so, that if you were conveyed here asleep, into the midst of a French assembly, and then awoke with your ears closed, you would hardly distinguish it from an English one. The principal difference I have observed in dress is that the men, from the prince to the *valet de chambre,* wear muffs of an enormous size slung round their waists, and always *chapeau bras,* though the weather is colder here than I have felt in England the last winter. I have not seen a woman's hat on, in any order of people. It is a part of dress which gives much softness to the face by throwing it into half shadow of any colour that the wearer chooses. The English ladies dress with more elegance and greater variety; and as to beauty and sentiment, the French hold no comparison with them.

"The taste for painting, and the art itself, are at the lowest ebb;[1] simplicity they call vulgar, and pure elegance passes for gravity and heaviness. Everything must have the air of a dancer or actor, the colour of a painted beauty, and the dress recommended by the

[1] Boucher had been dead three years; the vogue of Greuze had not yet waned under the classical revival of David.

barber, tailor, and mantua-maker. I think there is no better criterion whereby to judge of the minds of a people than by their general taste; the correspondence certainly holds good to the French. They are a people that have no idea of simplicity, and are totally void of character and feeling. Nothing can be a greater proof of their degeneracy of taste than the indifference with which they treat everything produced by those great masters who have held the first rank for so many ages—viz., Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, etc. They say their works are too dark, gloomy, and heavy. With them everything must be light, false, fantastical, and full of flutter and extravagance—like themselves. Happily for us, we have to return to a country where manly sense and feeling still remain, and where true taste is growing up—that kind which inspired the Italian schools."

If such criticism cannot be pronounced free from insular prejudice, it should be borne in mind how intensely this village-bred northerner must have been impressed by the extravagant frivolity of French Society in the last two years of the monarchy.

Leaving Paris on 9th April by diligence, the travellers took boat on the Saône at Châlons, and voyaged thus to Lyons, where Romney was laid up for six days with a sore throat. Embarking on the Rhone on the 22nd, they went to Avignon, where—"We were much pleased with the dress of the lower order of women. Their heads were dressed with cambric or muslin—a cap with a plain border round the face, which projected very

forward all round, and a kind of cambric handkerchief which tied under the chin, and covered the whole head in a very picturesque manner. Their faces are much browner than at Paris, which makes their linen look very white, and gives the whole head a very beautiful effect. . . . They wear little jackets of different colours, but principally black, without stays, and a handkerchief round the neck, of coloured silk or muslin, that covers most of it and meets between the breasts. Their petticoats are a different colour from that of their jackets, and reach a little below the knees, which gives them a very light and airy appearance, and exposes limbs round and cleanly formed. This may be supposed to be very delightful to the eye of a painter who had always been accustomed to see women dressed in stays, with petticoats almost covering their heels."

In the eighteenth century feeling for landscape was strung to a key so different from that of the present day, as to give special interest to Romney's impressions of fresh scenes. He and Humphry had ample leisure to enjoy the natural beauties of the land, for they were travelling, not at the headlong speed of the modern *train de luxe,* but in a cabriolet, which went "about the pace of an English waggon." In Romney's delight in mountain form and colour may be discerned neither the rigid classicism to which Cumberland had endeavoured to discipline the artist's perceptions, nor perhaps the influence of the wave of romantic naturalism then impending over British art, but the native instincts

Mrs. Carmichael Smythe.

and early associations of one reared among the foot hills of the Cumberland range.

"We left Marseilles on the 20th April, and having passed along the valley in which it is situated, till the mountains that encompass it draw near together, began to ascend one of the most beautiful valleys I ever saw, with a small river winding down the middle of it, having in front, to the north-east, a most picturesque and grand rocky mountain of angular forms. Sometimes there was rising ground, covered with pines of a brownish green, which gave a beautiful opposition to the light grey mountains, shadowed in parts by clouds that hung over, of a blue-grey tint, and broken with shrubs of a brownish hue; while parts of other mountains of angular shapes rose behind in shadow. In some places groups of trees of the most beautiful forms, and of a tender green, rose from the riverside, through the openings of which might be seen the blue mountains, broken with the slender straight stems of a light grey-speckled colour, and with beautiful branching foliage; in other places very tall bulrushes mingled with them. This scenery continued varying till the mountains almost closed, with rocks of a very steep and romantic shape; while the trees on the margin of the river became still more beautiful, if possible, from the effect of the evening sun. Now its rays, half intercepted by the branching trees, fell upon the white bulrushes; then the rich margin of the brook, abounding with all kinds of beautiful plants and shrubs, was in shadow; the road all the while winding with the river, till it

opened into a delightful valley about two miles in length and one in breadth, when it parted from the stream, and passing through the valley, brought us to a little village at its extremity, where we lodged for the night. From our chamber-window we had a beautiful prospect of the scenery, which was more like that described in romance than any I had ever seen before."

In all this rapid series of profound sensation was there no room, think you, for remembrance, however fleeting, of the patient, lonely wife tending the painter's son in far-off Furness, where the salt wind tossed the sea-gulls under the low-drifting cloud, and the hours differed from each other only as they were marked by the humble routine of household offices? Or was it part of the sacrifice laid on the altar of resolute aim, that every thought must be withdrawn from what was distant and what was past; and that every fibre of the man's being must be strained to recover the ground lost at starting in the race? None can answer: only this comes to us of negative witness, that in all his communings with Thomas Greene, there is no message to wife or child—no inquiry about how they fared.

By Antibes, Romney and Humphry came to Nice, on Sunday, 2nd May, where Romney first was thrilled by that spell which, irresistible by poetic temperaments, remains throughout life for all travellers among the most vivid impressions of a first visit to the Mediterranean—the spell cast by the sweet Italian language, sung clear-toned under the open sky. He records his intense delight in being awakened at four in the

morning by an Italian boy singing in the street under his window. Then—

"In the evening, rings of women, about fifteen or twenty in each, hand-in-hand, danced round the May-poles erected in the streets, like the *Hours* of Guido, and singing beautiful airs. Their movements were sometimes slow and increased gradually till they became very quick, then slow again. . . . The air of antiquity it carried along with it had the most enchanting effect. I thought myself removed two thousand years back, and a spectator of scenes in Arcadia."

On the other hand, he noted that "the Nissard women are very ordinary-looking; they are remarkably brown, and rather masculine; notwithstanding, they are exceedingly pleasing in the dances." But he approved of them in that they wore no stays, "which gave a lightness and flexibility to their bodies and limbs, and a variety and grace to their action, which were exceedingly pleasing."

In these two passages may be traced the influence of those aspects of beauty of which the painter was ever most susceptible. In the picture of the Gower children (Plate facing p. 24), painted two or three years later, he gives expression to his delight in rhythmical movement of figures; and, in all his later life, Romney's exquisite sense of grace, especially of feminine grace, was offended by the prevailing fashion of stiff, long-waisted stays. Whenever a sitter would permit it, he painted her head and hands, and finished the figure and drapery from a living model without these ugly encumbrances.

Intending to pass by sea from Nice to Leghorn, Romney and his companion were detained by contrary winds till the 25th of May, on which day they sailed in a felucca as far as Mentone, whence, on the 27th, they made Genoa at midnight. They spent a few days examining the art treasures of that merchant city; unhappily Romney ceased to write his journal after leaving it. Landing at Leghorn after a very stormy passage, they travelled by Pisa and Florence, and arrived at Rome on the 18th of June, having spent three months and a half upon a journey which can be accomplished at the present day in about forty hours.

Hard Study in Rome

Determined to make up for months occupied in travel, which, though certainly not wasted, had been filched from the short working time of an artist's life, Romney was no sooner in Rome than he set seriously to work making up his leeway. He gave some offence to such persons as were willing to entertain him by refusing their hospitality; even Humphry, his fellow-traveller, was hurt by Romney's wish for solitude, which Hayley accounts for by his "cautious reserve, which his singular mental infirmity—a perpetual dread of enemies—inspired." One is rather disposed to account for it by Romney's intense anxiety to devote himself to study and practice. More conscious than ever of his own backwardness, he realised how little time must be lost if his talents were to be put to good account, and therefore he dreaded that incessant interruption and distraction which social intercourse imposes upon a student, not only in his own

actual work, but in his meditative contemplation of the work of great masters. The over-powering impulse under which Romney had thrown over natural obligations to wife and child was not likely to leave him attentive to more trivial and more transient ties. Humphry and he, therefore, parted company, though it must not be supposed that Humphry was indolent. It was during this visit that he painted the well-known miniature of Prince Charles Edward, a fine piece of work, representing with mournful fidelity the changes wrought in the appearance of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" by time and intemperance.

Aversion from Society

Some useful acquaintances, if not friendships, Romney certainly did form during the year and seven months which he spent in Rome. Among those whose companionship he prized were that excellent painter Joseph Wright of Derby, the architect Harrison, and Marchant the carver of gems. A letter of introduction from the Duke of Gloucester to the Pope stood him in good stead, by obtaining for him permission to study in the Vatican. Lodgings he obtained in the Jesuit College, a sequestered harbour for a diligent student, yet not without its hazards, whereof Romney used to give a lively description when he returned to England.

His Associates in Rome, 1773

Ganganelli (Pope Clement XIV.) issued on the 21st of July his bull *Dominus ac Redemptor noster*, decreeing the suppression of the Society of Jesus, whereupon the college was put in charge of a military guard with

orders to prevent any one from leaving it. As Romney, all unconscious or forgetful of the turn of events, was passing out one morning to his work, he was smartly challenged by a sentry. He paid no attention to the man, who promptly brought his musket to the "present," a demonstration which awoke the painter to a sense of danger, and caused him to cry out, *"Anglese, Anglese!"* whereat the soldier allowed him to pass.

I cannot refrain from quoting here a passage of charming naïveté from the Rev. John Romney's description of his father's studies while in Rome:—

"There was at that time in Rome a young female of fine form, who lent herself to artists for hire as a naked model, and by these means supported herself and her mother. Notwithstanding this species of prostitution, it does not appear that her mind was absolutely corrupt. Her mother always attended her, so that she was never left alone; and as much delicacy and decorum was observed as such business would admit of. Had the slightest liberty been attempted, it would have been repelled with indignation; so, at least, it was generally understood. Mr. Romney availed himself of so favourable an opportunity for studying the nude, and made many sketches from her; he thus acquired an accurate knowledge of the female form in all its diversities of attitude."

The reverend gentleman found greater difficulty in making excuse for his father in respect of an important picture which he painted at Rome. The subject was "Providence brooding over Chaos," and represented

a venerable figure, supported upon clouds, over "a chaotic mass of obscurity and darkness." This composition, says his son, "I must confess I regard rather as an object of censure than of praise," and proceeds to declaim against the iniquity of presuming to depict the Ancient of Days in human likeness; for "how," says he, with exquisite realism, "could a Being who says, 'The heaven is my throne and the earth my footstool,' be circumscribed by the contour of a man's form?" So greatly was John Romney distressed by the impiety of this piece, that in making out the catalogue of pictures for sale after his father's death he named it "Jupiter Pluvius!"

The most important work executed in Rome by Romney was a copy of the lower part of Raphael's "Transfiguration," a painting of immense size, at that time the altar-piece of the church of San Pietro in Montorio.[1] To compass this task Romney was allowed to erect a scaffolding in the church, and to work thereon while the usual services went on beneath his feet. He painted it piecemeal, in oil and umber, on separate sheets of paper, which were afterwards united upon one large canvas. We have his son's authority for the statement that, when he brought the picture to England, the Duke of Richmond offered him one hundred guineas for it; but Romney, feeling that this but ill repaid him for the labour and expense involved in its production, declined the offer. It was sold by auction after his death for six guineas!

About Romney's thorough enjoyment of his sojourn in

[1] It was removed to Paris by Napoleon I.

the metropolis of Art there is scanty, but unmistakable evidence. His friend Cumberland, writing on 14th August 1774, acknowledges his assurance to that effect, and adds an amusing commentary upon the art of the time in England:—

"It gives me true satisfaction to hear that you have passed your time in Italy so much to your wishes. . . . I have been very inquisitive from every quarter where I thought I could approach you, and I have always heard what gratified my ambition on your behalf; still, I wanted the confirmation of your own testimony, and this being had, leaves me completely happy.

"The art has stirred very little since you left us; this year exhibited no advances in taste and execution. Barry fell into the sublime, and became ridiculous; West was in the wane; and Sir Joshua, though very voluminous, had nothing supremely capital—coarse and flaring in his style and colours. He seems tired with Nature, and is bringing in vagaries to hide his want of improvement. How unlike to the god-like simplicity of the ancients before your eyes, and their copyists—the modern antiques—the heroes of the sixteenth century. . . . Rely upon me when I assure you you are not forgot; on the contrary, your fame rises as the expectations of your country increase, and we shall demand great things of you on your return."

Cumberland was staying at Warwick Castle when he wrote this letter, which winds up with a commission from Lord Warwick to buy a picture, about five feet by four, of a historical subject for "a magnificent room in

Mrs. Robinson (p. 91).

this castle," but his lordship "does not mean to dedicate a great sum to this purpose," though he wishes, besides, to possess a few portraits by Titian or Guido.

Romney left Rome on 10th January 1775, his mind enriched with the noblest examples of painting, his hand disciplined and skilled by incessant practice. The spirit of the Eternal City had laid its powerful spell upon him, but not before he was outside its walls did he realise the pang of parting from it.

End of the Roman Visit, 1775

"Whether," he wrote to a fellow-student, Carter, whom he had left behind, "whether it was owing to the multitude of thoughts which continually crowded on my mind for some weeks before I left Rome—about the settling of plans, collecting various matters, both mental and substantial, paying of bills, etc.—I say whether it was owing to these and a thousand hopes and fears which agitated my mind, or to something else which I have not discovered that had benumbed my feelings, certain it is that when I passed the Porta del Popolo, crossed the Ponte Molle, and during the whole day following till I arrived at the Monte Rosi, I hardly felt regret. After a good night's rest (the hurry of departing being over), my affections began to revive, and something hung about my heart that felt like sorrow; which continued to increase till I reached the summit of Mount Viterbo. I arrived there about half-an-hour before the vetturino—indeed I had hastened to do so, as well knowing it would be the last time I should see Rome. I looked with an eager eye to discover that divine place.

It was enveloped in a bright vapour, as if the rays of Apollo shone there with greater lustre than at any other spot upon this terrestrial globe. My mind visited every place, and thought of everything that had given it pleasure; and I continued some time in that state, with a thousand tender sensations playing about my heart, till I was almost lost in sorrow. Think, O think, my dear Carter, where you are, and do not let the sweets of that divine place escape from you; do not leave a stone unturned that is classical, nor even a line of the great Michael Angelo. . . . I was going on to observe that Michael Angelo must have noticed that the long, swelling line about Florence gave much grandeur, etc.—when I found I should be on a topic which would carry me far beyond the limits of this sheet of paper."

Visit to Florence, February 1775

Loath to leave a land then stored beyond all others with art treasures of incalculable value, so many of which have since found their way to other shores, Romney tarried for three weeks in Florence. Lord Cowper and Sir Horace Mann, to both of whom he had letters of introduction, exerted themselves to obtain him facilities for study; but the Grand Duke was inflexible in refusing to allow any picture in the Pitti Gallery to be taken down to be copied.

"In order to recompense myself," says Romney, "I got a ladder and examined them very near several times, and found more information than I expected. I was very much entertained, and I believe I employed my time to greater advantage in making sketches from the works

of Cimabue, Masaccio, Andrea del Sarto, and Michael Angelo."

From Florence Romney travelled with Mr. Udney to Bologna, where he spent a fortnight, during half of which time he was disabled by fever. "I found the works of the Caracci," he wrote to the Hon. Sidney Greville, "in the condition in which you have described them—very much damaged, or so very dark that they can scarcely be seen. However, I think there is a style of painting in them very much to be admired, particularly in Ludovico. His thoughts are more elevated than those of any other of that school, though frequently borrowed from Titian or Correggio; but he is less correct than his scholars; his forms are large and few, the tone of his colouring is grave and low, and there is a gloom in the effect of his pictures well adapted to the pathetic and terrible. I admire the 'St. Agnes' of Domenichino, and the 'Peter and Paul' of Guido; but neither so much as the 'St. Cecilia' of Raphael, and the 'St. Margaret' of Parmigiano."[1]

Impressions of Venice

On the 25th of February, Romney arrived in Venice, and was presently, to use his own words in writing to Mr. Greville, "almost lost to everything in this world but Titian." For two months or thereby he remained there, incessantly and ardently at work, making studies from the great Venetian masters. Writing to Humphry, with

[1] His son states that during his brief stay at Bologna, Romney received and declined the invitation to become President of the Academy of Painting in that city.

whom he had made up the temporary coolness, he says, "I am very glad, on the whole, I did not make any studies from his works in Rome or Florence, being thoroughly convinced that a just idea of Titian can never be formed out of Venice. His great works are of a much higher order and of a very different character from those in Rome. Even his damaged pictures, as far as examination goes, will be objects of study, having parts in good condition." He added that, while there remained enough in these pictures to study from, it was "perhaps not of the sort you and I might wish for—I mean, women and children."

Romney's Indifference to Architecture

It must be reckoned as evidence of Romney's intellectual limitations that, neither at Venice nor elsewhere in Italy does he seem to have been attracted, still less impressed, by the grandeur of architecture. So far as reference to buildings is made in his letters from Rome, Florence, and other places, these cities might have been mere collections of thatched cabins or yellow brick houses; and this is the more notable because it is seldom that the æsthetic faculty is so exclusively developed in one branch of art as to leave its possessor indifferent to any other. For fine sculpture, Romney was capable of intense admiration; he cultivated music and enjoyed the drama; but the edifices of ancient and modern Rome seem to have appealed to him as little as those of mediæval Florence and Venice. Yet his father was a builder and, in a small way, an architect, as well as a carpenter and farmer.

Acquaintance with Edward Wortley Montagu, 1775

At Venice, Romney remained long enough to form something which might have ripened into intimacy with the Oriental traveller, Edward Wortley Montagu, Lady Mary's eccentric son, whom he painted in Turkish dress. When he returned to England, Romney sold this picture to Lord Warwick for fifty guineas,[1] having first stipulated for permission to make a copy thereof, which copy he sold in 1788 to Mr. John Milnes, of Wakefield, for forty guineas. John Romney says that he made a third copy in crayons, a material which he greatly fancied, could it only have been rendered durable, and that he succeeded in applying a glaze without disturbing the crayon colouring, thereby producing an effect of peculiar richness and transparency. The process, however, was so troublesome that Romney lacked either patience or leisure to continue his experiments. Wortley Montagu was fated not to follow his portrait back to England. While Romney was still with him, he choked on the bone of a small bird, which pierced his throat and brought about his death.

Romney had not left Venice when he received a communication from the Incorporated Society of Artists, informing him that the internal feuds which had caused the secession of the founders of the Royal Academy had been composed, and inviting him to contribute to their annual Exhibition. To this overture Romney never

[1] It was first exhibited at the Manchester Art Treasures' Exhibition in 1857.

responded, to the loss, it may be supposed, of London sightseers; for Reynolds was President of the Royal Academy, and the rising rivalry between these two great painters could not have failed to produce a fine competitive display in the two Exhibitions. To his own loss also, we may be sure; intercourse and interchange of ideas with minds outside his own narrow circle of intimates being precisely the remedy required for his irritable self-consciousness and reserve.

Declines to join the Incorporated Society of Artists, 1775

After spending two industrious months in Venice, Romney made a fitting close to his sojourn in Italy by staying two or three weeks at Parma. Here, if he was not so diligent as elsewhere with brush and pencil, his intellect was as actively employed in studying the works of Correggio and Parmigiano. Then he turned homewards—at least towards his native land, for there is no indication in these busy years that he had any yearnings for what should have been his home. It was seven years since he had visited his wife and child.

From Turin to Lyons he shared a calash with a queer couple—a quarrelsome fencing-master and his coquettish wife. This lady showed herself not indisposed to a serious flirtation with the *caro Signor Anglese;* but John Romney will not admit that his father took any advantage of his opportunity, save in bribing the lady with gifts of chocolate to sing to him. There were no Ritz or Gordon hotels on the Riviera in those days; sleeping accommodation was

Turns Homewards

sometimes as tightly strained as Jacques Casanova has described in his wicked pages. The three travellers often lay in the same bedroom ; and the fencing-master, rising betimes, would leave his wife and the English painter to make their morning toilets together. Although all three were bound for the same city, they parted company at Lyons, and Romney arrived in Paris some time in June, with scarcely a franc to his name, with no credit whatever, and as little knowledge of the French language. Sorely perplexed how to obtain means to continue his journey, a lucky accident brought him across a gentleman of Yorkshire named Peirse, an acquaintance he had made in Venice, a loan from whom enabled Romney to reach London on 1st July, after an absence from England of two years and three months.[1]

[1] Charlotte Peirse's portrait, by Romney (63 in. by 47), was sold at Christie's in 1900, for £7,350.

CHAPTER IV.

ROMNEY'S ZENITH.

[1775-82.]

Work in London resumed, August 1775—Romney declines Lord Warwick's offer of employment—Takes a studio in Cavendish Square, Christmas 1775—Discouragement—Success—Friendship with William Hayley—Hayley's injurious influence—Romney's method of painting—Number of unfinished pictures—Causes for this—Permanence of his colour—His behaviour to wife and child.

ROMNEY'S return to England in the summer of 1775 brings us to the commencement of the most productive period of his life. He was already turned forty: *sero sed serius*, he had, at last, by dint of ardour and application, and not without sacrifice of much that most men hold dear, attained that degree of knowledge and accomplishment which is brought within reach of most students at a far earlier age; he had mastered the technical part of art; he had gauged his own powers and trained his perceptions by humble contemplation of the works of the greatest painters; nothing remained but to test his strength.

Resumes Work in London, August 1775

Romney returned straight to his old quarters in Gray's Inn. Almost the first commission offered him

Saint Cecilia (p. 92).

was a tempting one. It came through his faithful friend Richard Cumberland from Lord Warwick, who wished Romney to paint a companion picture to a portrait of Queen Henrietta Maria at Warwick Castle.

"He has collected," wrote Cumberland, "some very respectable portraits, chiefly of Vandyke, and has reserved a place in his principal apartment for a companion, where he wishes you to try your strength in the same bow with the best masters of portrait painting; but as he would not fetter your fancy to any fixt subject, he leaves the object to your own chusing, and all circumstances about it, only it must be female. He proposes to give you possession of an entire tower, where you will have choice of light, a most delightful workshop, bedroom, study, books, and closets for your tools, with all peace and content that solitude and serenity can give you. . . . My lord and I propose going to Keswick for a short tour on the 10th of October, so that, if you can meet me at Warwick on the 8th, we can leave you in possession of your tower, and at our return shall expect to find something in forwardness."

Here was probably an opening to lucrative practice, for Lord Warwick was one of several wealthy noblemen who were spending large sums in collecting works of art; but Romney declined to take advantage of it. Perhaps he was too proud to bend to any Mæcenas, having vowed that the world should be his patron; perhaps it was that, as suggested by his son, he felt unable to settle just at first to any work, his mind being

filled both with a grand scheme on his own account, and with the pecuniary troubles of his brother Peter. This ne'er-do-weel had tried his hand in one town after another, with equal ill-success. He had natural gifts, and had acquired some skill—the first, perhaps, not inferior to those of his elder brother, the second impaired by unsteady habits and want of application. He had drifted to Cambridge at last, where he was arrested for debt at the instance of a firm of picture-frame makers. In his distress he wrote to his brother—which of us is not familiar with the unshaken confidence the unsuccessful retain in themselves, and the conviction they cherish that their misfortune has its source in the malevolence of others?—

The Troubles of Peter Romney

"To distress me at a time and in a place where I had, not without some pains and expense, established a very extensive reputation, not only as a painter, but as a man . . . when I might have had the first recommendation to whatever place I pleased. . . . My arrest was so public that it was known by everybody directly, and greatly astonished some, but grieved and afflicted, I believe, all the ladies and gentlemen who had employed me. . . . I am sensible I have drawn the eyes of the world upon me, and it behoves me, both out of regard to myself and in gratitude to my patrons for their generosity, to exert myself with all my powers. . . . I have no fear of not having plenty to do when the young fellows return, because they will not only be less busy, but less poor. Cambridge is a very delightful place. Do not let any-

thing I have told you mortify you, or be the cause of depressing your spirits."

Now George Romney had deposited £200 in the bank when he started on his foreign tour. This he drew out in order to free his luckless brother from debt, after doing which, and furnishing the means for Peter to set up a studio at Southport, he found himself £50 to the bad. It was all of no avail; Peter drank himself off his troubled little stage, and died in May 1777, at the age of thirty-four.

Contemplates a Bold Step

Now by this time George Romney found himself so completely at the end of his immediate resources that he very nearly abandoned altogether his noble ambition. It is believed that he contemplated shunning the fierce competition which he must encounter in London, and seeking to earn a competence by painting pot-boilers in the provinces. The years he had spent abroad, though they had been of infinite advantage to his powers as a painter, had interrupted that professional connection by means whereof the painter must live. His rivals had been industrious in his absence, improving their business, and the name of Reynolds was on every critic's lip—his pictures the chief feature of every Academy exhibition and the talk of the town. What chance of distinction—nay, of subsistence itself—had this dreamy, retiring competitor, who had refused to exhibit for years, and who seemed to shun rather than to court attention, of attracting sitters from that fashionable throng for whom a painter's name counts for so much,

the quality of his work for so little? What prospect had a man of setting up a successful practice in London after he had turned forty?

Takes a house in Cavendish Square, 1775

It is well for British art that George Romney bore a stout heart under his shrinking exterior, and retained a pretty confidence in his own powers. Had either of these failed him at this crisis in his career, had not two or three faithful friends stood by him in his need, how many charming canvases would be missing at this day from the walls of our public galleries and private houses! It was a bold act—most people who knew of it must have wagged their heads and declared it a rash one—with which Romney clinched his decision. Come weal, come woe—come fame or ruin—he would abide in London and match himself fairly against the masters of his craft. The great studio of the Academician, Francis Cotes, who died in 1770, still stood empty in Cavendish Square. He had been not only a good, but a popular and successful, artist in crayons; peradventure fashion would not entirely abandon the vacant threshold. At all events, people would be apt to notice the painter who should occupy such substantial premises in an excellent quarter of the town. At that period Belgravia and Pimlico existed not; Chelsea and Kensington were detached villages, with no more than an agreeable stir. Of Paddington, some of those who dwelt in Mayfair had scarcely heard; Bayswater was fine cow-pasture; and, forty years later, Mr. Croker avowed from his place in

the House of Commons that he did not know where was Bloomsbury Square.

In 32 Cavendish Square, then, Romney set up his easel about Christmastide 1775, and waited what fortune might send him in the coming year. Weeks passed and nothing happened. The painter saw stretching before him the same dreary vista of arrest and ruin from which he had rescued, for the nonce, his brother Peter. At this darkest time of a London winter how wistfully his thoughts must have reverted to the light and beauty of Italian skies, the majesty and artistic affluence of Rome, where he had been so happy twelve months before!

Things were looking their worst, when sudden and effective aid appeared. The Duke of Richmond, President of the Society of Arts, remembered—or was reminded of—the painter whose works had excited his interest. Romney, too little pliable for the bidding of Mæcenas, received him cheerfully enough in the guise of a sitter. He painted him three-quarters length, seated reading, in profile. The portrait was admired; copies were in request by friends of the duke. The corner was turned, and well turned; sitters followed in quick succession, for fashion was vastly deferential to dukes when George III. was king.

Excellent Duke of Richmond! He was not a mere wealthy *dilettante*, ready to spend prodigious sums for the benefit of dealers upon the works of dead men; he knew, we may believe, something about the qualities of painting, and he commissioned Romney to execute

several portraits of his friends—Admiral Keppel, Edmund Burke, Lord John Cavendish, Lord George Lennox, the Hon. Mrs. Damer, and others.

The artist's fee at this time was fifteen guineas for a half-length, but abundance of work soon enabled him to raise it to eighteen guineas, at which figure it remained till the beginning of 1781; then for six years the price was fixed at twenty guineas. From January 1787 to October 1789 it was five-and-twenty guineas, and from the latter date to 1793 thirty guineas; lastly, from 1793 onwards he charged five-and-thirty guineas. For a three-quarters length the price was double that for a half-length, and for a full-length double that for a three-quarters. Of Romney's extraordinary industry and rapid execution proof may be had in his professional earnings during a single year. In 1786 these amounted to £3,675, and as his price at that time was but twenty guineas for a half-length, it appears that he must have executed upwards of one hundred portraits. Such a performance is the more remarkable in that, unlike Sir Joshua Reynolds, Romney never permitted his work to be touched by pupils, but finished, or left unfinished, every picture himself.

At the very outset of this period of prosperity, the artist very nearly forfeited his life, either by a sudden fever, or by the startling remedy prescribed by a fashionable physician. David Garrick had promised to sit for his portrait, and Romney was doubly anxious to execute the commission, both because of the distinction of the sitter and because he was such an

intimate friend and staunch partisan of Reynolds; but the actor proved faithless and never presented himself, which John Romney, of course, attributes to the personal malevolence of Sir Joshua. Romney, however, recognising no copyright in countenances, determined that as the great actor would not sit to him, he would sit and see the great actor, and take his portrait by stealth as, in his youth, he had done that of the worthy parson of Kendal.[1] Garrick was to make his last appearance on the stage on the night of 10th June 1776, and Romney formed one of the crowd seeking admission to Drury Lane Theatre on that great occasion. Failing to obtain a seat, he went off to the only other theatre in the town at that time, "the little house in the Haymarket," and on the way thither got wet in a shower. Sitting in his wet clothes in the hot, ill-ventilated house, he contracted a violent chill, and next day was in a high fever. Richard Cumberland, happening to call at Cavendish Square, found his friend alarmingly ill, and attended only by a puzzle-headed apothecary. Cumberland at once drove off and fetched Sir Richard Jebb, who directed the sick man to drink a bottle of Madeira at once! It says a good deal for the constitution which George Romney had inherited from his dalesmen sires that he survived both the illness and the remedy. This incident was the foundation of a lasting friendship between Romney and Jebb. Sir Richard always attended the artist in subsequent disorders without fee, refusing all remuneration except a drawing

[1] See p. 19.

or two and a portrait of himself, begun at Romney's special request, but never finished.

Friendship with William Hayley, 1776

It was in 1776 that Romney formed the acquaintance of one who, thenceforward, exercised more influence upon his actions than any other individual. This was William Hayley, a well-intentioned soul with far more vanity than discretion, who had earned considerable repute as a writer by his *Triumphs of Temper*. His ambition had been to combine in his own person the parts of poet and painter, but an inflammatory affection of the eyes obliged him to relinquish the brush and pencil, and stick to the pen. Having made up his mind to quit London, he retired to a villa at Eartham in Sussex, where he began to collect portraits of his literary and artistic friends. In this he was assisted by Jeremiah Meyer, the miniature-painter, who had shown an early and friendly interest in Romney, and now introduced him to Hayley as a painter likely to be useful to his design. From that moment, Hayley took Romney under his special protection, and, by alternate flattery and officious advice, obtained an extraordinary control over his conduct.

Meyer, himself an Academician, discerned great merits in Romney's work, and earnestly tried to persuade him to offer himself for election to the Academy, or, at least, to send in some pictures for exhibition. There is no reason to suppose that Romney would have felt disinclined to do so, or that any opposition would have been offered to his election; for it is

Miss Benedetta Ramus (p. 92).

absurd to attribute, as has been done, his exclusion from that august body to the hostile influence of Sir Joshua Reynolds. But Hayley, with mischievous zeal, interfered to prevent it. "I had," says he, "a long conference with Meyer and Romney together on this important topic; and I must confess that I took an opposite side of the question, and used many arguments, which my intimacy with the painter suggested, to guard him against that incessant disquietude and vexation which I imagined his connection with the Academy must inevitably produce. As the arguments were chiefly founded on the mental peculiarities of my friend, they were far from exhibiting any sort of disrespect towards a society which is justly entitled to national regard. I may yet observe how subsequent events afforded me reason to rejoice that I had endeavoured to suppress, and not to quicken, that particular ambition which a benevolent artist, whom I sincerely loved and admired, had wished to quicken in the bosom of our friend."

Hayley dissuades Romney from joining the Academy

It is difficult to read without irritation this busybody's complacent account of the mischief which he wrought in this affair. He not only deprived the Royal Academy of a hand that would have added glory to its dawn, but he encouraged in George Romney that suspicious sensitiveness which was the bane of his nature, and confirmed him in holding aloof from easy intercourse with men of his own profession. It has been shown already that John Romney's testimony is

not to be accepted without reserve, and too much gall may have found its way into the son's estimate of his father's friend.

"The influence," says he, "which the friendship of Hayley exercised over the life of Romney was in many respects injurious. His friendship was grounded on selfishness, and the means by which he maintained it was flattery. By this art he acquired a great ascendency over the mind of Mr. Romney, and knew well how to avail himself of it for selfish purposes. He was able, also, by a canting kind of hypocrisy, to confound the distinctions between vice and virtue, and to give a colouring to conduct that might, and probably did, mislead Mr. Romney on some occasions. He likewise drew him too much from general society, and almost monopolised him himself, and thus narrowed the circle of his acquaintanceship. By having intimated an intention of writing Mr. Romney's life, he made him extremely afraid of doing anything that might give offence. There was a wrong-headedness in the general conduct of Mr. Hayley, arising from the influence of powerful passions, that disqualified him for being a judicious and prudent adviser; yet he was always interfering with Mr. Romney, and volunteering his advice, and I have too much reason to believe that whatever errors the latter may have committed, they were mainly owing to the counsel or instigation of Mr. Hayley."

A less partial judgment perceives in Hayley a kindly creature, coveting the society of men accomplished in arts and letters, delighting to assemble year after year

in his villa at Eartham a little Mutual Admiration Society, into which he sometimes tempted such greater lights as Cowper and Gibbon. He considered himself no more than repaid for his hospitality to Romney by numerous pictures and drawings, which he found no difficulty in appropriating from his easy-going guest, and he was ready upon every occasion with some feeble ode or sonnet, in which he appraised the painter in extravagant terms. Yet there can be no doubt that Cumberland, had Romney trusted him as he did Hayley, would have been the better counsellor, and saved the artist from a host of troubles which the other helped to bring upon him.

Method of Painting

Romney had been established just a year in Cavendish Square when he received a visit from his son John, then about twenty years of age, who found his father on a winter evening painting in umber by lamplight, the subject being the time-worn one of "Susannah and the Elders," a picture which, like so many from the same hand, never was finished. He says that his father used to begin work at eight in the morning or earlier, painted all day, and, when the light failed, turned to making designs in chalk, sometimes of life-size. In spring his working-day extended to thirteen hours, except on those rare occasions when he went abroad in the evening. A half-length portrait was generally finished in three or four sittings—at least if no hands were introduced. The first sitting lasted three-quarters of an hour, the others an hour and a half each. He would sometimes

have five, and even six, sitters in a single day, and if, as occasionally happened, a sitter failed to keep an appointment, Romney snatched the welcome interval for work on some fancy subject. Such recreation was, no doubt, wholesome for the man, else one might be tempted to grudge it to him, for John Romney says that his father ought to have given this spare time to finishing other portraits, of which so many remain incomplete. It was as a portrait-painter that Romney was destined to shine, his fancy compositions being held now in little esteem. They were generally thrown aside in haste, sometimes after much beautiful work had been put into them. Now "A Girl and dead Fawn" went among the fast-accumulating lumber of the studio for want of a fawn to paint from; another time the death of a pretty child whom he had as model put untimely end to "Children in a Boat drifting out to Sea"; and again, a fine design of two milk-girls lamenting the capsizing of their pail by a she-goat was interrupted by reason of the scarcity of she-goats in Cavendish Square. In the original sketch (Plate facing p. 32) for "The Seamstress," a dog is represented in a very natural and life-like attitude. It certainly helps the composition, as may be seen by comparison with the Plate of the finished picture (facing p. 40), and must have been there when the rapid study was made; but it does not appear in the picture, no doubt because a dog was not at hand to paint from.

Just as Hayley interfered to keep Romney from joining the Academy, so we may trace his injurious

influence in encouraging him to desert portraiture for fancy compositions. Portrait painting, he told Romney, was both the support and ruin of an artist, filling his coffers but "impeding his progress in that higher field of imagination which promises a richer harvest of delight and honour." Pernicious advice this to one whose weakness lay in lack of early discipline, and whose tendency lay too much towards dreaminess.

Hayley dissuades Romney from Portraiture

Several causes, besides the artist's unbusinesslike habits, combined to add to the extraordinary number of his unfinished works. Sitters did not always fulfil their engagements, sometimes from accident or misfortune, at other times because they were not of perfect integrity.

Why he left so many Unfinished Works

"I could mention," writes John Romney, "several other causes which contributed to produce those vast heaps of unfinished portraits that obstructed the passage to his gallery. The chief were the poverty or meanness of the parties to whom the pictures belonged, which might, however, have been obviated had Mr. Romney enforced the first payment. . . . I have known ladies' portraits, amounting to the value of a thousand guineas, remain unfinished for many months for want of a model with fine hands and arms. Some portraits were abandoned in consequence of *crim. con.*[1]; but more frequently a less flagrant

[1] The legal term for matrimonial infidelity before the passage of the Divorce Act.

vice led to the same result. It was no uncommon circumstance that a *chère amie* having been brought to sit for her portrait, both she and the picture were deserted before the latter was finished, and Mr. Romney not only lost his labour, but, what was of far more importance to him, his valuable time."

His undue Haste in Painting

There can be no doubt that Romney's excessive rate of production was not attained without considerable detriment to his work. Leaving out of account the undue proportion of unfinished pictures, the speed of hand which has left such conspicuous traces upon many of his canvases degenerated not seldom into haste and carelessness. On the other hand, his rapid method of painting was best suited to give expression to his perception of colour, which was perhaps not so delicate as that of either Reynolds or Hoppner. What he perceived he laid on directly in clear, plain painting; had he worked more upon them he might have imperilled the simplicity of his brush, without gaining brilliancy or depth of tone. The ground tint, especially in the hair, is sometimes left unpleasantly hot, through want of patience in the painter to work on cool lights. In drawing, Romney was often defective and awkward in composition. A glaring instance of both these faults is to be seen in the head of Lady Hamilton, now in the National Portrait Gallery. The figure is bending forward, resting on the elbows, and the chin on the hands; an easy, unconventional attitude, entirely marred by the sharp twist of the neck, which makes

the countenance appear like a mask held up before the sitter's face.

Permanence of his Work

Inferior to Reynolds both as a draughtsman and a colourist, Romney practised a much sounder method than his great rival in the application of his pigments. Reynolds, it is well known, tried too many tricks. His fleeting glaze, exquisite as must have been its effect when first laid on, has been fatal to the colour in some of his finest portraits, whence the flesh tints have almost entirely disappeared. Into such devices Romney never was betrayed. He persevered in the plain art of laying paint as he originally received it from his eccentric preceptor Christopher Steele, however much the choice and quality of pigments may have been modified by the profitable years he spent in Italy.

Long before Romney's paintings had regained the popular fancy, or approached the extraordinary pitch of admiration accorded to them in recent years, John Romney called attention to the permanence ensured by his father's method in the application of colour. "He never sacrificed the durability of his colours in order to obtain by meretricious arts a temporary applause for rich and mellow tints. His style is clear, chaste, and unsophisticated; *and he will obtain from time what others have anticipated by trick.*" Doubtless we have in this sentence an echo of Romney's own words, explaining to his son, unlearned in art, the principles upon which he worked; and certainly the painter's purpose has been amply effected.

Canvases painted by him more than one hundred and thirty years ago retain all the glow and radiance, the transparency of shadow and solidity of light, originally imparted to them.

One Robinson, a pupil of Romney's about the year 1785, described his master's method to Hayley as follows:—"His pencil was uncommonly rapid, and to see him introduce the background into one of his large pictures was something like enchantment. He was very anxious concerning the preparation of his colours; the arrangement of his flesh-palette was very curious and simple, and in some of his figures, particularly in the arms, it is easy to trace the different gradations of tints as they stood on the palette. This may be observed in his most delicate flesh, particularly in the arms of a *Bacchante* with a dog, sent to Sir William Hamilton at Naples; in his *Serena* in the boat; in the left arm of Mr. Henderson in the character of Macbeth. This last was the most finished of all his flesh colour, and he told me he could go no farther. The head of Creon's daughter is less finished than any other from the same lady [Lady Hamilton]: the child is very fine; the drapery was painted in an hour from a living model, which manner he preferred whenever he could accomplish it. The lions were by Gilpin. . . . Perhaps the 'Girl Spinning' is the best picture he painted at this period; he first caught the idea from observing a cobbler's wife sitting in a stall."

It is amusing to read the Rev. John Romney's serious reflections upon his father's "reprehensible strictness"

Mrs. Lee Acton (p. 93).

in carrying out the precept of Apelles—"No day without a line." Not even on Sundays would the painter rest, but, in the absence of incessant sitters, turned with zest to fanciful compositions. "I doubt," says the reverend gentleman, with delicious gravity, "whether a painter might not be as much justified in painting a Scripture subject on a Sunday, before or after divine service, as an ecclesiastic in writing a paraphrase on some passage in the sacred volume, or in illustrating some moral precept. For instance, if he were to paint an impressive picture of Christ rebuking the unclean spirit in the boy possessed, or of Christ raising Lazarus, or Jairus's daughter, etc., the beneficial influence of such a work upon the minds of those who cannot read might be very great indeed, or even of those who can."

At all events, although his motives may not have been such as to earn approval from the precise, Romney observed the Protestant Sabbath so far as to devote it to painting, not for profit, but for his own pleasure and intellectual solace. Subjects from Shakespeare always had a powerful attraction for him, and that from very early years; but he always welcomed suggestion for compositions taken from other poets. The following letter retains interest, both as showing how much further Romney's sympathies had extended than could have been expected in one so imperfectly trained in a Lancashire village school, and also as illustrating the onerous etiquette then observed by literary men. The writer was then engaged upon a translation of the dramas of Euripides and Æschylus:—

DR. POTTER TO GEORGE ROMNEY.

"SCARNING, 26*th Dec.* 1780.

"DEAR SIR,—You have such an aversion to writing that I know it is in vain to expect the favour of a letter from you; therefore, with regard to yourself, I must be contented with hoping you are well. You may, however, receive some pleasure from knowing that the volume of the English *Euripides* is finished; nay more—it is in the press, and will be published as soon as the printer can get through his work; but I fear this will not be till the end of March. When the work is ready to be delivered, I shall take a journey to town of necessity, as I shall not be able to settle the list of subscribers without waiting in person on some gentlemen who are too great to be addressed by letter, and who, I flatter myself, are friendly to me. My daughter sent me word that she left my rude copy of the *Bacchæ* at your house; I do not apprehend that it can afford you any scene for a picture. I am now at work upon the *Iphigenia at Aulis,* which I hope to finish before I come to town. If you wish to have the scene of her sacrifice, I will bring it with me, and that of Polyxena, which is very fine. I am now going upon a visit near Norwich, where I expect to be on Thursday evening; from thence I shall send this letter, for the sake of a postscript which I shall then have occasion to add.

"I am, dear sir,

"Your faithful, humble servant,

"R. POTTER.

"P.S.—To-morrow I shall send you from hence a turkey, which will be at the 'Bull' in Bishopsgate Street on Saturday, about two in the afternoon. I shall be glad to hear that it arrives safe.

"Norwich, 28*th*."

It is only too likely that the kind parson never received acknowledgment for the turkey. At all events, eleven years later, he writes a mild remonstrance to his ever-careless friend:—

"30*th Dec.* 1791.—Though I have lost my connexion with my old turkey merchant, and am removed thirty miles from him, I had some time ago an opportunity of ordering him to send you one of his finest fowls. Whether he has sent it, and you have received it, I know not; you will never let me know. Do not think I have so trifling a mind as to wish to be thanked, but there is some satisfaction in being certain that what was intended as a remembrance was received; and more in knowing that a friend whom one values is well."

Romney was very sensible of dramatic action in poetry. Most educated men retain a painful recollection of their introduction to the beauties of the classics. Struggles over prosody, syntax, and construction exhaust the schoolboy's faculties, and leave him unmoved before the most stirring scenes and by the loftiest sentiments. It is far different when one of mature years, with perceptions trained to the apprehension of grandeur and beauty, is suddenly admitted behind the veil of a dead language, and beholds with a fresh eye

the splendour hitherto hidden from him. Romney was profoundly affected by the poetry of Æschylus through Potter's translation; he declared that here was the painter's poet, second only to Shakespeare in powerful delineation of human passions.

His Behaviour to his Family

It was natural to expect that the painter, settled in his comfortable and roomy abode, should now put an end to the separation from his wife that had lasted for so many years. It has remained a lasting shadow on his repute that he did not do so—at all events, that she did not come, for, after all, we do not know that he did not propose that she should join him in London. The mere absence of letters to that effect proves nothing. If he did invite her to take her rightful place in his house, is it not possible—probable—that she shrank from sharing the position to which he had risen? Who knows? At all events, there is no trace of complaint from Mrs. Romney, nor anything to show that her husband did not keep her supplied with a fair share of his earnings. The son who wrote his father's memoir, though fairly dispassionate in criticism of that father's conduct, never hints at reproach in regard to his mother's treatment. What a censorious world is not so ready to note is Romney's liberality to other members of his family. We have already seen how he befriended his luckless brother Peter. He had hardly begun to derive an income from his work in Cavendish Square when another brother, James, sought his assistance, and not in vain. George advanced him his whole store, £600,

to fit him out for India. As it turned out, this was a more satisfactory investment than the other, for James did well, and rose to the rank of colonel in the East India Company's service.

Neither was Romney's liberality confined to members of his own family. He helped many a struggling art student from his own purse, and at one time, when his friend Cumberland found himself straitened after the manner of literary men, Romney lent him £500. In any case, though one cannot withhold sympathy for Mrs. Romney, nor avoid regret that her husband laid himself open to serious reproach by his apparent neglect of her, he must be absolved from having acted under that most unlovely of motives—love of money.

CHAPTER V.

RIVALRY WITH REYNOLDS.

[1778-87.]

Two suns in one heaven—Romney's rapid rise in favour—Scale of fees by Reynolds and Romney—Fickleness of public esteem—Fluctuations in price—The incident of Emily Bertie.

Two Suns in one Heaven

It was about the year 1778 that the rivalry between Romney and Reynolds had become the talk of the town. That was the year in which William Hayley published his *Epistle on Painting,* addressing it to George Romney. The essay was anonymous, and people attributed it to Cumberland. It attracted a good deal of notice, and served to emphasise the position to which Romney had attained. That an author of Cumberland's repute should pass over the President of the Royal Academy, whose pictures were the glory of each annual Exhibition, and dedicate his treatise to an artist who held himself coldly aloof, refusing every inducement either to offer himself for election to the Academy, or to exhibit his pictures anywhere, gave point to Lord Chancellor Thurlow's declaration that "All the town is divided into two factions—the Reynolds and the Romney, and I am of the Romney."

Reynolds and Romney

It is hard to believe that Reynolds, had it not been for gossips and mischief-makers, would ever have conceived animosity against a painter whose very name had been unknown until his own pre-eminence was secure. No doubt he disapproved of some of Romney's work, as he had already done of some of Gainsborough's, and spoke unfavourably and with apparent harshness about "the man in Cavendish Square"; but who can not discern now the humorous twinkle in his eye as he uttered that phrase whereof so much has been made? for Sir Joshua was a man of singular amiability, and, however distasteful to him Romney's unsociable character and secluded habits may have been, he never could have set himself deliberately to injure or hinder him in his profession. It is equally unlikely that Romney, had he been let alone by his admirers, who wished to pit him against the head of the profession, would ever have been actuated by more than legitimate emulation of the foremost English painter. But to Reynolds such emulation was represented by busybodies in an aggressive aspect, and, in the end, instead of acting merely as a stimulus, it became an irritant. Romney, on the other hand, with his retiring, sensitive, and suspicious nature, had been persuaded at the outset of his work in London that Reynolds was against him, and his feelings towards the President acquired and retained a morose, inflexible character. Probably their enmity has been exaggerated. Left to themselves, these two great painters would have exerted no more than a negative repulsion upon each

other; but the keenness of their respective partisans served to strengthen this into something like active antipathy. Richard Cumberland, knowing both men intimately, had the wit to understand their relative position, and the literary knack to describe it exactly:—

"Reynolds . . . had a measure of prosperity amply dealt out to him; he sunned himself in an unclouded sky, and his Muse, that gave him a palette dressed by all the Graces, brought him also a cornucopia rich and full as Flora, Ceres, and Bacchus could conspire to make it. . . . In all the most engaging graces of his heart; in disposition, attitude, employment, character of his figures, and, above all, in giving mind and meaning to his portraits, if I were to say Sir Joshua never was excelled, I am inclined to believe so many better opinions would be with me, that I should not be found to have said too much.

"Romney . . . shy, private, studious, and contemplative; conscious of all the disadvantages and privations of a very stinted education; of a nature naturally hypochondriac, with aspen nerves that every breath could ruffle, was at once in art the rival, and in nature the very contrast of Sir Joshua. A man of few wants, strict economy, and with no dislike to money, he had opportunities enough to enrich him even to satiety; but he was at once so eager to begin and so slow in finishing his portraits, that he was for ever disappointed of receiving payment for them by the casualties and revolutions in the families they were designed for. So many of his sitters were killed off, so many favourite

Jane Duchess of Gordon and her Son (p. 93).

ladies were dismissed, so many fond wives divorced, before he would bestow half-an-hour's pains upon their petticoats, that his unsaleable stock was immense; whilst with a little more regularity and decision he would have more than doubled his fortune, and escaped an infinitude of petty troubles that disturbed his temper."

Romney's rapid Rise in Favour

As time went on, the energy which Romney put into his work brought into view the full extent of his talents. He had not been settled long in Cavendish Square before he overtook and even passed the President of the Royal Academy in fashionable esteem—at least, as a portrait-painter; and though neither of them believed it while alive, it is by their portraits that both these masters must be judged. "Certain it is," says Northcote in his *Life of Reynolds,* "that Sir Joshua was not much employed in portraits after Romney grew into fashion, although the difference between the two painters was so immense." Northcote meant that the difference was all in favour of Reynolds, but he wrote at a period when Romney had fallen out of all repute, while to Reynolds had been accorded the unchallenged place of the greatest British painter.

It would be unfair to leave out of account the degree in which Romney's advance upon the elder artist's supremacy was accelerated, if not mainly caused, by his far lower scale of charges. Set two painters, of something approaching equal merit, to compete for custom, the one charging at the rate of one-third of

the other's fees, and it requires no extraordinary foresight to predict which will attract most sitters, nor any profound insight into human nature to perceive how Reynolds might be nettled at seeing his customers trooping off to the cheaper artist.

Scale of Fees by Reynolds and Romney

In the period from 1762 to 1765, when Romney was painting heads at £3 3s., half-lengths at £6 6s., and whole-lengths for £12 12s., Reynolds was charging respectively for these, twenty-five, fifty, and one hundred guineas. Romney raised his price for heads to five guineas in 1765, to seven guineas in 1767, to ten guineas in 1769, and to twelve guineas in 1770, till he went to Rome in 1773. From the time he began work in Cavendish Square in 1775, his fee for a head was fifteen guineas, raised to eighteen guineas from 1776 to 1781; Reynolds's corresponding charge at this period standing at thirty-five guineas.

Taking the last nine years of Reynolds's practice —1781-89—it will be found that he asked eighty guineas for a head; during which period Romney was painting heads, first for twenty, and then for five-and-twenty guineas. He raised this charge in 1789, when Reynolds was off the scene, to thirty guineas, and in 1791 to thirty-five, which was the highest point he ever touched. The highest price Romney ever received for a portrait was 120 guineas; whereas Reynolds latterly regularly charged 200 guineas for a whole-length figure.

"A curious work," wrote J. W. Croker several years

after Romney's death, "might be written on the reputation of painters. Hayley dedicated his lyre (such as it was) to Romney. What is a picture by Romney now worth?" Little enough when Croker penned this thought; yet at the present day, when both Reynolds and Romney have been in the tomb for more than a century, a fickle public, if it still assigns pre-eminence to the first, has revoked the verdict by which it consigned the works of the latter to the lumber-room, and something like the old rivalry has been revived.

Fluctuations in Public Esteem

There is neither cause nor intention to revive the controversy in these pages, but it is instructive to note the contempt into which Romney's paintings were allowed to fall, and the amazing suddenness of their restoration to esteem. When the contents of his Hampstead Gallery were disposed of at Christie's in 1807, a portrait of Lady Almeria Carpenter was sold for 31s. 6d. Of two portraits of Lady Hamilton, one, a whole-length as Cassandra, was knocked down for £8 8s., another for £10 10s.; and the lovely head of Mrs. Robinson (Plate facing p. 56) fetched £19 19s. There was a rise in 1810 to 135 guineas, for which price the Hon. E. Greville sold a picture of his brother's mistress, afterwards Lady Hamilton, in the scarcely appropriate character of Diana. Seventeen years later, in 1827, Lord de Tabley sold "Titania and Puck" for £162 15s. Nothing further is recorded till 1842, when Lord Waldegrave parted with the portrait of Lady Elizabeth Berkeley (afterwards Margravine of Anspach) for £32 11s. This was the

portrait that awoke Horace Walpole's too sibilant muse:—

"Full many an artist has on canvas fix'd
All charms that Nature's pencil ever mix'd :
The witchery of eyes—the grace that tips—
The inexpressible *douceur* of lips ;
Romney alone, in this fair image, caught
Each charm's expression and each feature's thought ;
And shows how in its sweet assemblage sit
Taste, Spirit, Softness, Sentiment and Wit."[1]

In 1860 the revival set in fairly when "Lady Hamilton as St. Cecilia" (Plate facing p. 64) was disposed of for £472 10s., and in 1875 it became still better marked by the sale of "Lady Hamilton at the Spinning-wheel" for £808 10s. In the six following years eighteen of Romney's pictures were sold, all except one reaching three figures, the highest price being given for a portrait of Mrs. Tickell—£840. The year 1882 witnessed the opening of a fresh era, when £1,386 was paid for the well-known portrait of Miss B. Ramus holding a book (Plate facing p. 72). From that time forward the records of Christie's auction-rooms show a continual rise in prices. In 1888, "Lady Hamilton reading of Nelson's Victories" (25 inches by 26½) brought £1,312 10s.; in 1890, "Lady Hamilton as Sensibility" sold for £3,045, and as "Circe" (93 inches by 58) for £4,042 10s. The same lady as a "Welsh Girl" (48 inches by 39½) went for £2,205, and a portrait

[1] In 1880 the same picture was bought in at Christie's for £367 10s.

of Lady Augusta Murray (49½ inches by 39½) for £3,990. In 1896, Lord Thurlow's daughters (60 inches by 47) fetched £2,677; and a portrait group of Viscountess Clifden and Lady E. Spencer (74 inches by 58) brought £11,025. Other notable prices have been given for portraits of the Marchioness of Townshend (87 inches by 69)—£5,460 in 1898; of Charlotte Pierse (63 inches by 47)—£7,350 in 1900; and of Mrs. Crespigny (50 inches by 60)—£5,880 in 1901. Altogether, in the fourteen years from 1888 to 1901 inclusive, there has been paid for works by Romney sold at Christie's alone upwards of £133,500.[1] This takes no account whatever of numerous pictures by this artist which are known to have changed hands by private treaty, at prices averaging far higher than those paid by dealers at auction sales. Neither can there be reckoned the sums which have been offered and refused. For example, it is within my knowledge that for the splendid whole-length of Mrs. Lee Acton (Plate facing p. 80) a dealer offered no less than 16,000 guineas, which the owner declined. The fee received by the artist for this portrait was not more than 120 guineas.

Perhaps I may be permitted to supplement these statistics by an incident in my personal experience.

In 1882 I was asked to send to the Winter Exhibition in Burlington House a portrait of my great-grand-aunt, Jane Duchess of Gordon, with her son, the Marquis of Huntly (Plate facing p. 88). Now it

[1] While these sheets were going through the press a very indifferent portrait by Romney of Lady Coote sold for upwards of £10,000.

had happened that this picture had always been attributed to Reynolds, and it was insured in consequence for 5000 guineas. But the hanging committee recognised the work of Romney, and it was placed in their catalogue under the name of that painter. No sooner was the picture hung than dealers opened negotiations for purchase. I had no wish to part with it, but at last, being hard pressed by one of the most eminent of that fraternity, I replied: "Well, Mr. ——, if you were to offer me five thousand guineas, I might think about it."

"Five thousand guineas!" exclaimed the expert, with a compassionate smile at my ignorance; "five thousand guineas! Why, my dear sir, there never was a picture of Romney's worth more than twelve hundred and fifty."

"Very well, Mr. ——," quoth I; "then I am quite content to keep my picture."

Seven years later, in 1889, the same picture was sent to the Guelph Exhibition at the New Gallery. These years had been very disastrous to British agriculture, and when the dealers re-opened negotiations they found me in a far more pliable mood, and in the end I parted with my picture for 5,500 guineas, but not to the same gentleman who had been so eager about it in 1882. He now came and reproached me for not letting him have the refusal of it this time.

"But, Mr. ——," said I, "you told me that its utmost value was twelve hundred and fifty guineas."

"That was its full value at the time," he replied; "but the public taste has matured very fast since then."

Posthumous Renown

It must ever be a sorrowful source of reflection to compare the prices received by living artists for their pictures with those given for them after the painters are dead. Romney, indeed, always managed to support himself handsomely by his work; his was not the deplorable lot of the peasant painter, Jean François Millet, who offered his now famous "Angelus," which had been painted sixteen years before, to the dealers for 2000 francs (£80), and, failing to get it, died in a three-roomed cottage. Fourteen years after his death, in 1875, that picture was bought for the Louvre at the price of 1,500,000 francs (£60,000), but his mother and sister remained in penury. But what shall be said of the public judgment of works of art which is subject to such violent revulsions? And who shall so shrewdly apply the abstract rules of art as to decide who was the greatest painter—Gainsborough, Reynolds, or Romney? Murky, indeed, were the firmament of eighteenth-century British art but for these three orbs, equal in magnitude, differing in the quality, but scarcely in the degree of their lustre.

Yet is not every firmament so spacious as to accord a free orbit for three such luminaries. Reynolds, first in the ascendant, outlived Gainsborough; but the time came when he viewed with somewhat less than equanimity the rise of the third star. He would flame out at times to the scathing of those who augmented the repute of Romney, and the town understood, encouraged, and enjoyed the display. One such occasion

The Incident of Emily Bertie

was Sir Joshua's unkind treatment of Emily Bertie. This lovely frail one sat for her portrait to him in 1780, having paid in advance seventy-five guineas—half the artist's fee—as was the custom. She did not return after the first sitting, perhaps owing to one of those domestic vicissitudes to which ladies of her ancient, if not altogether honourable, profession are normally exposed. Shortly afterwards she sat to Romney, who painted her three-quarters length for her protector, one Mr. Pott. Sir Joshua, resenting this as a slight, found his revenge in finishing Emily's portrait, which was hung in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1781, under the title of "Thaïs." The courtesan was represented with a flaming flambeau, rushing to set fire to Persepolis. "It was a cruel *snouch* in the painter," remarked the art critic of the *Earwig,* in reviewing the pictures of that year; "a fine girl having paid him seventy-five guineas for an hour's work, and being unable to pay for the other half of her portrait, to exhibit her with such a sarcastic allusion to her private life—to call her Thaïs, to put a torch in her hand, and direct her attention to set flames to the Temple of Chastity. Such rigorous punishment seldom is inflicted by a rich man on a pretty woman, *merely* from her want of money; we must therefore search among other passions for the reason."

CHAPTER VI.

EMMA.

[1782-87.]

Amy Lyon *alias* Emma Hart—Her early life—First acquaintance of Romney with her, 1782—Scandalous inferences—Frequent sittings of Emma to Romney—The Mistress of the Attitudes—Emma passes under the protection of Sir William Hamilton—Romney's visits to Eartham, 1784-92—His most productive period, 1776-87—Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery, 1787—Sir Joshua holds aloof—Dispersal of the Gallery, 1804.

It was in the year 1782 that a fresh personality appeared upon Romney's scene, one that was to exert a powerful and lasting influence upon his art, and also to impart a warmer human interest than he was accustomed to admit into his solitary life. Amy Lyon was the daughter of parents in the peasant rank of life in Cheshire. Born about 1763, she became nursery-maid, firstly in the family of Mr. Thomas, of Hawarden, and next in that of Dr. Budd, of Blackfriars, London. After that she had an engagement vaguely described as assistant to a dealer in St. James's Market. Among this dealer's customers was a "lady of fashion," who, attracted by the girl's remarkable beauty and grace

Amy Lyon alias Emma Hart

of manner, adopted her as lady's companion. While in this situation, Amy heard that an old playmate of hers in Flintshire had been seized by the press-gang to serve in the American War. Determined, if possible, to save him from this much-dreaded fate, the warm-hearted girl presented herself before Captain Payne, R.N., and implored him to release her friend. Her dazzling beauty was too much for this officer's integrity; he set the young man free, but he kept the maiden captive. The result was that Amy became the mother of a girl, but by that time the sailor, it is said, had gone to sea. Next, she passed under the protection of Sir Henry Fetherstonehaugh, who took her to his country seat, Up Hall, where life seems to have been modelled on the most outrageous Georgian lines. Amy Lyon's presence proved to be no restraint upon the baronet's associates; indeed, the freedom of her own conduct was such that he quarrelled with her on account of her "giddy ways," as she mildly expressed it, and dismissed her in December 1781, when she was on the point of becoming the mother of a second child. Penniless, she found her way back to her home at Hawarden, whence, after the birth of her child, which did not live, she applied for help to the Hon. Charles Greville, brother of the second Earl of Warwick. This gentleman, probably the cause and partner of her "giddiness" at Up Hall, ultimately took her under his protection, but it is difficult to follow her career step by step according to the chronology of different writers. It is not certain whether it was before or

after her connection with Fetherstonehaugh that she was employed by a certain notorious quack, called Dr. Graham, to personify Hygeia at his Temple of Health in the Adelphi. This worthy rendered his lectures on the art of living piquant and attractive by exhibiting to his audience the perfect figure of this beautiful girl. Also, he employed her to illustrate the virtues of what he proclaimed as the "earth cure," under which patients had to strip and submit to be buried up to the neck in earth. Amy used to be so buried, and the public admitted at a shilling a head to view her rosy countenance on the surface of the ground. Those who chose to pay five shillings were entitled to remain and see her dug out!

Early in the year 1782, Amy Lyon, having adopted the name of Emily or Emma Hart, had become the mistress of Mr. Greville. He was a member of Parliament, with an income of only £500 a year, and retired with Emma to economise in a little house in the Edgeware Road, near Paddington Green. Twenty pounds a year was all he allowed the girl, and her mother was brought up from Flintshire to act as cook and housekeeper, under the assumed name of Mrs. Cadogan. Not a very edifying establishment this, but an improvement upon the drunken orgies of Up Hall, and Emma seems really to have been in love with Greville. For the rest, it was no worse than a great deal that passed for diversion in the days when George IV. was Prince of Wales.

The manner of Romney's acquaintance with Lord

Warwick and the Grevilles, through an introduction by Richard Cumberland, has been explained already. It was natural, then, that Greville should bring his mistress to sit for her portrait in the studio in Cavendish Square. She came upon the artist as a revelation; here, at last, was his ideal of feminine beauty. From the day he first beheld Emma Hart, Romney never wearied in portraying her classical head, and in fixing the fleeting expression of her countenance and figure. Form, colour, and grace—never was there in painter's model such a consummate union of the qualities which he most excelled in transmitting to canvas. Full-lengths, half-lengths, heads, studies in her own person and in fancy characters—St. Cecilia and Cassandra, Iphigenia and Calypso, Magdalene and a Bacchante, Joan of Arc and Sensibility, a Pythian Priestess and a Spinning Girl—followed each other in bewildering multitude. Finished and unfinished, the catalogue of her recorded portraits includes about thirty pieces.

First Acquaintance of Romney and Emma, 1782

Greville was intensely jealous about his lovely Emma. She told Romney that, in the early days of their *liaison,* he had taken her to Ranelagh, where his peace of mind was so upset by the attention she attracted that she never again went with him to any place of public entertainment, and exchanged her finery for the dress of a lady's-maid, wearing no other costume during the four years she lived with Greville.

Meanwhile, during Greville's absence on his social

and Parliamentary duties, time must have hung rather heavily on Emma's hands in the seclusion of Paddington Green, albeit her lover encouraged her to take lessons in singing and music, and to cultivate a taste for the fine arts. Her chief amusement consisted in visits to the studio in Cavendish Square. Romney, like herself, was native of a northern county; his reserved nature expanded towards this brilliant creature, born, as she had been, in the same social grade as himself. They found plenty of common matter for conversation; and, while the artist revelled in portraying this vision of beauty, the sitter had been either less or more than a woman had she not derived pleasure from the enthusiasm inspired by her charms. A very real friendship sprang up between them, whence it was no more than what might be expected that people should draw the most sinister conclusions. In the anonymous *Memoirs of Lady Hamilton*, published in 1815, it is roundly stated that Romney's "propensities to sensual indulgence were well known to all his acquaintance." If that was the case, then was Romney exceptionally fortunate in his friends, who must have been of superhuman discretion and charity. Neither Hayley nor Cumberland, neither Cowper nor Blake, has a word to say about this idiosyncrasy, which circumstance detracts significantly from the nameless biographer's claim to credit, when he goes on to affirm that Romney became enamoured of Emma Hart while painting her, as Apelles did of Campaspe. At all events the jealous Greville harboured no sus-

Emma's frequent Visits to the Studio

picions, and never interfered to prevent Emma from constantly visiting the studio; whither, says the punctilious John Romney, she always came, and whence she always departed, in a hackney coach, never appearing in the streets without her mother. So little did Greville suspect the artist that, six years later, in 1788, after he and Emma had parted and she was living with Sir William Hamilton at Naples, he wrote to Romney, "I heard last week from Mrs. Hart. She desired me to tell you that she hoped to captivate you by her voice next spring, and that few things interest her more than the remembrance which you and Mr. Hayley honour her with."

Food for Scandal

It came, then, to this, that it was impossible for a man of eight-and-forty, living apart from his wife, to receive incessantly in his studio a beautiful young woman of twenty, with a disreputable past, and being at the time the kept-mistress of another man—to induce her to sit to him and pose in various characters and attitudes, some, it must be admitted, of an ambiguous or suggestive kind—withal, to form an enduring friendship with her and to weary his friends with rhapsodies upon her beauty—without giving rise to scandalous insinuations, which speedily hardened into positive statements of immorality. It must be admitted that scandal has often thriven upon scantier material; but of anything approaching proof that Romney's relations with Amy Lyon, *alias* Emma or Emily Hart, afterwards Lady Hamilton, were anything more than platonic there is

absolutely nothing. As to the allegation that some of the characters in which Romney represented his friend and sitter were such as no modest woman would sit for, the same might have been said of any model; and Emma's antecedents and experiences had not been of a kind to make her coy in the display of her charms. John Romney earnestly assures his readers that she used to sit only for the face and a sketch of the attitude, as in the case of the Bacchante, and that the drapery (or absence thereof) was painted from other models.[1] It is from these materials that people must form their own conclusions, but the utmost that the evidence seems able to bear is the Scottish one of "Not proven." Emma never became fluent in literary expression, and little can be made out of the terms of her letters to Romney from Naples in after years—"My dear sir, my friend, my more than father."

The Mistress of the Attitudes

If Emma Hart owed the cultivation of her voice and musical gifts, and the improvement of her lamentable orthography to the pains bestowed upon her education by Greville, it was in Romney's studio she acquired that proficiency of pose which constituted her chief accomplishment as Lady Hamilton. He delighted to cause her to assume every variety of aspect—tragic or comic, domestic or dramatic,—and to depict the changes upon

[1] In regard to the study of a head of Lady Hamilton, the property of the Earl of Wemyss, exhibited in the Guelph Exhibition at the New Gallery, it is certainly difficult to reconcile the expression and attitude with any ordinary relations between painter and sitter (Plate facing p. 112).

features which were as mobile as they were comely. Thus was the Mistress of the Attitudes formed, and here was laid the foundation of that singular kind of drawing-room entertainment wherewith she tickled the frivolous society of London and Naples :—

"She represents in succession the best statues and paintings extant. She assumes their attitude, expression, and drapery with great facility and swiftness and accuracy. Several Indian shawls, a chair, some antique vases, a wreath of roses, a tambourine and a few children are her whole apparatus. She stands at one end of the room, with a strong light to her left, and every window closed. Her hair is short, dressed like an antique, and her gown a simple calico chemise, very easy, with loose sleeves to the wrist. . . . It is a beautiful performance, amusing to the most ignorant, and highly interesting to lovers of art." [1]

The sittings in Cavendish Square continued incessant until the year 1785, by which time Mr. Greville had pretty well exhausted his credit, and found it necessary to dispense with the luxury of a mistress. The means he adopted to do so were unusually cynical and repulsive, even according to the lax standard of that period. There is no need to dwell here upon the ugly episode, nor to say more than is necessary about the events which deprived Romney for several years of his favourite sitter.

Greville's uncle, Sir William Hamilton, Ambassador at Naples, coming home on leave, was introduced to

[1] Mrs. Richard Trench's *Journal*, October 1800.

Study from the Head of Lady Hamilton (p. 100).

Emma by his dutiful nephew. Hamilton, a critic of the mature age of five-and-fifty, pronounced her perfect. "She is better," he said, "than anything in nature. In her particular way she is finer than anything that is to be found in antique art." He made no difficulty in taking her off his nephew's hands. In March 1786, Emma Hart, accompanied by her mother, left England for Naples, reluctant, it is said, to leave Greville, whom she loved, but persuaded by him to go to Italy in order to get the best instruction in singing. In November of that year she became the acknowledged mistress of Sir William Hamilton, and five years later married him in England, signing the register by her old name of Amy Lyon, although the wedding was reported in the public prints as that of Sir William Hamilton and Miss Hart.

Emma changes Hands

Two years after her departure arose the question of payment by Mr. Greville for a picture Romney had painted of Emma Hart as the "Spinning Girl."[1] Greville had no ready-money, and agreed that it should be sold to another purchaser.

Lady Hamilton as the "Spinning Girl."

"There are circumstances," wrote this philosophic legislator to Romney, in connection with this transaction, "which force the natural bias of characters, and render it prudent to change the scene of action to train them to necessary sacrifices. The separation from the original of the Spinstress has not been indifferent to me,

[1] Sold at Christie's in 1875 for £808 10s.

and I am but just reconciled to it from knowing that the beneficial consequences of acquirements will be obtained, and that the aberration from the plan I intended will be for her benefit. I therefore can have no reason to value the Spinstress less than I have done; on the contrary, the just estimation of its merits is ascertained by the offer from a person who does not know the original; yet I find myself daily so much poorer, that I do not foresee when I can pay for it, and I am already too much obliged to you to avail myself in any degree of your kindness to me. Perhaps Mr. Christian [Curwen] might accept my resignation of it and pay for it, and give me the option of repurchasing, if the improbable event of my increase of means shall enable me to recover what I now lose with regret. But I can make no condition, and I leave the full and entire disposal of it to you."

Visits to Eartham

It has been necessary to lay some stress on Romney's unsociability, which was in such striking contrast to the habits of Reynolds and Johnson, and their literary and artistic coterie. Nevertheless, he was warmly attached to such friends as he had, and they to him—none more so than William Hayley, who year after year persuaded Romney to visit him at Eartham. It was there that, in the autumn of 1784, he began, and never finished, that vigorous portrait of himself which now hangs in the National Portrait Gallery.[1] Fortunately the head was left in a very forward state, and was pronounced by Hayley to be

[1] See Frontispiece.

the best extant portrait of the artist, and an exceedingly good likeness of him at the age of forty-nine. It loses nothing in vigour and animation from the bareness of the rest of the canvas, which retains interesting evidence of Romney's bold and rapid method. Hayley, well acquainted by this time with his friend's dilatory and uncertain habits, would not allow him to take the picture to London to be finished, but kept it to adorn his new library at Eartham, where so many of Romney's other works found a home.

It was during one of these visits to Eartham that Romney painted the portrait of Anna Seward, receiving acknowledgment in the form of some stanzas of more than usual insipidity, wherein Hayley's mahogany figures as "the Hayleian board!" It was the prevailing custom among literary and artistic people in that day to laud each other with unctuous poetic tributes, nobody being a more hardened offender in this line than Hayley himself. Of all the effusions so sedulously preserved by Romney's biographers, none merited the dignity of print if it were not the sonnet with which William Cowper, already within the shadow of his crushing calamity, recompensed the author for his portrait.

"To George Romney, Esq.

"Romney—expert infallibly to trace,
On chart or canvas, not the form alone
And semblance, but, however faintly shown,
The mind's impression too on every face
With strokes that time ought never to erase—

Thou hast so pencill'd mine that, tho' I own
The subject worthless, I have never known
The artist shining with superior grace.
But this I mark—that symptoms none of woe
In thy incomparable work appear.
Well—I am satisfied it should be so,
Since, on maturer thought, the cause is clear;
For in my looks what sorrow could'st thou see,
While I was Hayley's guest and sat to thee?
W. COWPER."

These lines, however, were not written till 1792, and a letter of that year from Romney to his son may be quoted by anticipation, in order to show the kind of life which had such a strong attraction for the artist:—

"LONDON, *October* 10*th*, 1792.

"DEAR JOHN,—I have not been able till very lately to say much in favour of my health; but, thank God, I am now well recovered from a very unhealthy and uncomfortable summer. I was near a month at Mr. Hayley's, where I met Mr. Cowper and Mrs. Smith[1]; and yet, in spite of such good company, and bathing, my health continued very poorly. Mr. Cowper is a most excellent man; he has translated Milton's Latin poems, and I suppose very well. Hayley is writing the life of Milton, so you may imagine that we were deep in that poet; everything belonging to him was collected together, and some part of his works read every day. Mrs. Smith is writing another novel, which,

[1] The novelist.

as far as it is advanced, is, I think, very good. She began it while I was there, and finished one volume. She wrote a chapter every day, which was read at night, without requiring any correcting. I think her a woman of astonishing powers. She has two daughters grown to womanhood, a son in the East Indies, and another at Winchester school; and she supports them almost wholly by her writing. She and the two poets were employed every morning from eight o'clock till twelve in writing, when they had a luncheon and walked an hour. They then wrote again till they dressed for dinner. After dinner they [Hayley and Cowper] were employed in translating an Italian play on the subject of Satan; about twenty lines was the number every day. After that, they walked or played at coits; then tea, and after that they read till supper-time. This was their general plan of each day. I mention this as the most rational employment of time, and of the greatest industry.

"I am studying hard, and have had a great number of letters to write, which has been the cause of my delay. Indeed, writing harasses me more than anything else.

"Our good friend[1] is in the north. If you see him you may talk with him concerning what you said to me about making a purchase in the north."

One result of these Miltonian exercises was that in the following year Romney executed his picture of

[1] Mr. Greene of Gray's Inn.

"Milton and his Two Daughters," which he sold to Mr. Whitbread for two hundred guineas.

It will be noted that Hayley lived to write the memoirs of two of his guests—George Romney and William Cowper. Hayley distinctly states that Romney invited him to become his biographer; but it is evident that to make such a request spontaneously would have been at variance with all that we understand of the artist's reserved and unobtrusive character. Reading between the lines, one can discern how the officious host alternately flattered and pestered his guest into confidential talk about his youth and subsequent life, and at last extracted his passive assent to a proposal to which he probably felt mainly indifferent.

Most productive Period, 1776-87

We must now revert to the time when Romney was fairly launched upon the most productive decade of his artistic work. Among the most notable portraits painted at this period may be mentioned those of the Duchess of Gordon and her son the Marquis of Huntly (Plate facing p. 88), Lady Elizabeth Compton (afterwards Lady George Cavendish), Mrs. Robinson (Plate facing p. 56), the Countess of Warwick, and nearly all the portraits and studies of Emma Hart, better known as Lady Hamilton. In 1783, Hayley brought Edward Gibbon to sit for his portrait, who was on the point of exchanging, as he says in his journal, the *fumum et opes, strepitumque Romæ,* for the serene retirement of Lausanne. In July of the same year, William Pitt sat to Romney. His studio was now besieged by

distinguished and fashionable people, and even from the moderate fees he charged he was able to earn at the rate of £3000 a year. His note-books, which were purchased at auction by Mr. Humphry Ward in 1894, show a long list of well-known, and even famous, ladies and gentlemen who came to sit. The beautiful group of the sisters, Viscountess Clifden and Lady Elizabeth Spencer, sold by auction to a dealer in 1896, for £11,025, was painted in 1786. It represents one of the ladies playing the harp, and it is not a little instructive to note that, although her pose appears perfectly natural, it is one which it is impossible for any human being to assume. The harp was a desirable feature in the composition; that it should be represented as being struck gave a motive to the picture; but let any lady attempt to produce music in the attitude of the player and she will be convinced of the deception.

It was in 1786 also that the first direct rays of royal patronage penetrated Romney's studio—beneficent rays so ardently courted by most painters, but hitherto neglected, if not positively shunned, by this one. The portrait was that of Mrs. Jordan in the character of the "Country Girl," painted for the Duke of Clarence, who, in the following year, gave an order for a half-length of Mrs. Billington.

In 1788 H.R.H. the Duchess of Cumberland and John Wesley were among his most notable sitters, but by this time Romney had begun to weary of portrait-painting. The departure from England of

Emma Hart—or Lady Hamilton, as she may now be termed by anticipation—had deprived the painter in 1786 of his chief direct source of inspiration. He conceived a distaste for the delineation of features less lovely and less expressive than Emma's, and longed to give himself up to imaginative work in which he could still allow his fancy to play round the adorable image.

GEORGE ROMNEY TO WILLIAM HAYLEY.

"*February*, 1787.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I often think how much more satisfaction I should have in life, had I the power of communicating my feelings and sentiments with facility. I begin to feel that a tolerable share of that power is extremely necessary for me at this time, since I have been thrown more into public life. Assist me all you can, both in what will correct me in writing, and what will contribute to my advantage in my profession. I have now entered upon a new plan, and must fight through it with all my might. Do not think I despair! but I find it necessary to gather all the assistance I can collect from my friends, as I have so very little time either to think or read for myself. This cursed portrait-painting! How I am shackled with it! I am determined to live frugally, that I may enable myself to cut it short as soon as I am tolerably independent, and then give my mind up to those delightful regions of imagination.

"You promised you would collect and send me

Study of Lady Hamilton (p. 103).

subjects for pictures. Farewell, my very dear friend, and believe me to be most sincerely and affectionately yours. "G. R."

Would that Romney had realised where his true strength lay, or that Hayley had possessed the foresight to restrain him from these flighty projects; then had British art been the richer at this day.

Romney had long been ruminating over the idea referred to in this letter, which had already taken practical form at a dinner-party in Mr. Josiah Boydell's house at Hampstead, on 4th November 1786. West and Romney, the painters, were there, Hayley the poet, Hoole, the translator of Ariosto, Romney's early friend, Daniel Braithwaite, and George Nicol, the publisher. Their host was the nephew of a remarkable man, Alderman Boydell, whose career had been a sort of reflection of Whittington's. Born in 1719, the son of a Shropshire land-surveyor, he conceived such an inclination for the fine arts as led him to abandon the paternal office at the age of one-and-twenty. He travelled afoot to London, entered himself as a student in the St. Martin Lane Academy, and became apprentice to the engraver W. H. Toms. Soon he learned enough of the craft to support himself by the production of small landscapes, sold at sixpence for a set of six; so diligent and successful was he that, by the time he had turned thirty, he was in possession of enough capital to set up business on his own account.

Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery, 1787

In 1761 he made a very lucky hit in employing Woollett to engrave Wilson's "Niobe." He paid the engraver upwards of £100—"an unheard of price, being considerably more than I had given for any copper-plate,"—but the prints, sold at 5s. each, brought the enterprising publisher some £2000. With Woollett's engraving of West's "Death of General Wolfe" he did even better, acknowledging that by the sale of impressions of this plate he turned £15,000. At the time of the above-mentioned dinner-party, he had not yet become Lord Mayor, as he did in 1790; but he was an exceedingly affluent, generous, and influential alderman, to whom English engravers of the later eighteenth century owed their prosperity and renown.

Having brought the art of engraving in Great Britain to a high level, Boydell had conceived the ambition to do the like for historical painting by founding a Shakespeare Gallery, to which the leading British artists should be invited to contribute. He found a willing supporter of his project in Romney; indeed, the painter's son claims that his father was the first to suggest the idea to Boydell. It has been shown that Romney's imagination, from very early days, had been profoundly sympathetic with the creations of Shakespeare; indeed, had he been of such independence as to enable him to choose his own line, it is probable that our inheritance of the artist would have consisted, not of a priceless series of portraits, but of a multitude of compositions representing scenes from Shakespeare's plays and Milton's poems. We

have cause to be grateful for those economic considerations which compelled this artist, and others of his day, to submit to the discipline imposed by portraiture. The creations of Shakespeare have proved enduring, but they change their aspect subjectively to successive generations. The pictorial representation of them which satisfied the understanding of the eighteenth century, moves but feebly minds of the twentieth. The esteem now bestowed upon Romney's portraits is far more enthusiastic and more permanent than what is given to his more ambitious compositions; and justly so, seeing how far more profoundly the intellect is stirred by an artist's interpretation of nature, than by his transcription of another mind's interpretation.

Well, round the Hampstead dinner-table the conversation took a strong Shakespearian turn; Hayley had been sitting to Romney as Prospero in a composition from the *Tempest*. Romney, usually so silent, began to advocate, with nervous enthusiasm, the scheme of a Shakespeare Gallery; warmed by good wine, the company received it with favour. Other dinners followed; the services of other artists were enlisted, and Boydell's businesslike method soon set things upon a proper commercial footing. The pictures were to be engraved, so as to form a series of plates for a sumptuous new edition of Shakespeare's plays, to be published by Nicol.

It was some time before the President of the Royal Academy could be induced to give the scheme his

support. He spoke coldly of it at first, but at last yielded to Boydell's golden persuasion, and agreed to paint for the gallery a scene from *Macbeth*, for which he received one thousand guineas —five hundred in advance and five hundred on delivery. West also received one thousand guineas for his "King Lear," besides stipulating for the choice of his engraver. But the bargain which Romney made was sadly in keeping with his dreamy, unbusinesslike method. He asked only six hundred guineas for his "Tempest," and had to wait many years for payment. His "Infant Shakespeare attended by the Passions" he presented to the Gallery without fee—a bad bargain in more ways than one, for John Romney records that his father sacrificed two thousand guineas by sending away sitters in order to work upon the "Tempest."

Sir Joshua holds aloof

The ninety-ninth number of the *Observer* consists of the pretended translation of a Greek manuscript, in which Richard Cumberland commemorates the foundation of the Shakespeare Gallery under the guise of a scheme projected by certain Athenians in honour of Æschylus. At the present day the only interest of this paper consists in the sketches given of Reynolds, West, and Romney, under the titles of Apelles, Parrhasius, and Timanthes, Romney being represented as follows:—

"This modest painter, though residing in the capital of Attica, lived in such retirement from society, and was so absolutely devoted to his art, that even his person was scarce known to his competitors. Envy never drew a word from his lips to the disparagement of a

contemporary, and emulation could hardly provoke his diffidence into a contest for fame, which so many bolder rivals were prepared to dispute."

For some years the Shakespeare Gallery promised fairly to fulfil the intentions of its promoters as a lasting memorial to the greatest British poet. In 1789 it contained thirty-four pictures, sixty-five in 1791, and one hundred and sixty-two in 1802, including works by Reynolds, Romney, Stothard, Wright of Derby, West, Smirke, Westall, Angelica Kauffmann, Opie, Fuseli, Barry, and others. Boydell paid the best men liberally, and trusted to recoup himself from the foreign demand for engravings, for undoubtedly he had been the means of creating a taste for British engravings on the Continent. But the political convulsions consequent upon the French Revolution utterly destroyed the export trade. Boydell fell into financial difficulties, and in 1804 applied to Parliament for power to dispose of his stock-in-trade by lottery. His stock included no less than 4,432 plates, whereof 2,293 were engravings after British artists. It was proved in support of Boydell's petition that he had spent £300,000 upon plates, £46,266 upon pictures and drawings, and £30,000 on the Shakespeare Gallery. The whole property, Shakespeare Gallery included, was disposed of by 22,000 lottery tickets, which covered Boydell's debts, though he did not live to feel the relief, for he died on 12th December, just before the lottery was drawn.

Dispersal of the Shakespeare Gallery, 1804

CHAPTER VII.

AMBITIOUS SCHEMES.

[1787-94.]

Work for the Shakespeare Gallery—Lord Thurlow's advice—Romney's friendship with John Flaxman—Royal patronage—Revisits Paris, August 1790—Observations on French Society.

Romney now threw his whole energy into the realisation of Alderman Boydell's project, and took measures to keep sitters at bay. He escaped from London earlier than usual to the congenial tranquillity of Eartham, where he met his old and kind friend Meyer, the miniature-painter. Romney was so deeply absorbed in Shakespearian visions that he felt Meyer's presence rather irksome than otherwise, which Meyer was not slow to perceive, and considerately took his departure, leaving the other to pursue his studies undisturbed. This was almost the last scene in a friendship which had been of great advantage to Romney, for Meyer died in 1789. Hayley, who had been recommended riding for the benefit of his health, could not take much open-air exercise because of the tendency to inflammation of his eyes, and had erected

Work for the Shakespeare Gallery, 1787

n his grounds a wooden riding house. In this favourite retirement, which afforded him a walk of a hundred feet under cover, Romney began to meditate on the various pictures from Shakespeare that he hoped to produce; and here he formed on a very large canvas the first sketch of his scene from the *Tempest.*

Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who knew and appreciated at its true value Romney's ability as a portrait-painter, understood better than others the artist's limitations in respect of education, temperament, and constitution.

Hayley sent a correspondent the following lively account of a conversation between the Rev. Thomas Carwardine and the Chancellor on the subject of the new scheme :—

"London, *Nov.* 10, 1787.

"I must try and amuse you, as well as my extreme haste will allow, by a little history of Romney, Carwardine, and the Chancellor. Carwardine asked his great patron to subscribe to the Shakespeare, showing him the papers.

"*Lord Thurlow:* What! is Romney at work for it? He cannot paint in that style; it is out of his way. By God! he'll make a balderdash business of it.

"*Carwardine:* Your lordship does not yet thoroughly know Mr. Romney; for he has such a native modesty, that it prevents his showing before your lordship his real powers.

"*Lord Thurlow:* Have you seen his design?

"*Carwardine:* No, my lord; he shows it to no mortal yet.

"*Lord Thurlow:* I should be glad to talk to him about it. Bring him to dine with me to-day.

"*Carwardine:* I certainly will, my lord.

"Carwardine brings this dialogue fresh to me; away we post to the *pittore*.

"*Carwardine:* Romney! I have been talking to the Chancellor about you and your great picture. He says you cannot paint from Shakespeare.

"*Romney:* Does he? I should be glad to talk to him about it, for he has some grand ideas in his gloomy head.

"*Carwardine:* I rejoice to hear you say so. You shall talk with him to-day, for you are already engaged to dine with him.

"*Romney:* Are you in earnest? But I cannot go.

"*Carwardine:* You must go. It is the happiest incident for your grand work that could have arisen.

"In short, Carwardine talked the terrified artist into spirits sufficient to make him go, with some pleasure, to this awful dinner, of which you shall hear more in my next."

"*November* 12.

". . . You will be curious to hear how our friend Romney passed his day with the Chancellor. Carwardine tells me their dialogue was highly entertaining to him, as they debated several points with warmth and spirit on both sides. They had no intruder to disturb the trio, and continued with their great host till ten in the evening."[1]

[1] The usual dinner-hour at this period was 4 P.M.

Hester Countess Fortescue and her Sister.

John Flaxman

Friendship with John Flaxman

One of the brightest and kindliest passages in Romney's rather dreary life was his friendship for the sculptor, John Flaxman. John was the son of a moulder of plaster casts from whom Romney was in the habit of buying such figures as he required for his studio-work, and attracted the painter's interest by his boyish talent for modelling and design. Romney offered the lad every encouragement to persevere, and bestowed useful criticism upon his handiwork; for none understood better than he the supreme value of those years when mind and sense are still plastic, and the incalculable advantage of studying from the best examples before the artist's style is fixed.

Young Flaxman was admitted a student of the Royal Academy in 1769, and won the silver medal in 1770, after which he was chiefly employed in preparing designs for the pottery of Messrs. Wedgwood. Earnestly did Romney impress upon him the advantage of studying in Rome, but it was not until the spring of 1788 that the young sculptor had accumulated the means to enable him to make the venture.

"If you will permit me," he wrote on 25th May from Rome, "to use so familiar an expression, I can say with truth my dear friend Romney will always occupy one of the first places in my mind, as well for his talents and virtues, as for the obligations I am under to him."

Two years later, when his independence was well established, his feelings were still warm towards his Mentor.

"I take the advantage of Mr. Bunce's return to England, to repeat my thanks to you for the many singular instances of friendship I have received from your kindness; and I hope you will believe whatever distance of time or place may separate us, they can never diminish my high respect for your character and gratitude for your good offices."

Royal Patronage, 1789-90

In 1789 and 1790, Romney painted two portraits of Mrs. Fitzherbert, the charming and hardly-used lady to whom the Prince of Wales had been secretly married in 1785. In mentioning this to his son, Romney wrote:—"I knew it would give you much pleasure to hear that Prince William[1] has sat to me, and that the Prince of Wales has been at my house, and admired a new picture of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and told me he would sit to me when he returned from Brighton."

Revisits Paris, August 1790

In the summer of 1790 Romney received an invitation to join Dr. Warner, Chaplain to the British Embassy in Paris, in a journey to that capital. Lord Gower, the British Ambassador, was the eldest son of the first Marquis of Stafford, who had shown a great deal of interest in Romney and his work. Hayley and Thomas Carwardine travelled with them. Lord Gower received them most attentively, introducing Romney to the Duc de Chartres (afterwards King Louis Philippe), who personally conducted him through the famous galleries of his father, Égalité Orléans. With them also went

[1] Afterwards William IV.

Madame de Genlis, who was governess to the family of the Duc d'Orléans. "The Duc de Chartres," wrote Romney to his son, "is a very fine young man, about sixteen, and very accomplished." In visiting the collection in the Luxemburg, Romney was accompanied by the painters David and Greuze, whose works he pronounced to be superior to those of any other French artists of the day.

At this time Louis XVI. was still nominally the head of the State, but the preliminaries of Revolution had been in full course for more than a year, and a letter from Romney to his son, written from Paris, describes the aspect of the capital as it presented itself to him.

Observations on French Society

"The people," wrote Romney, "are still gay and good-humoured, but not so fantastic as they were; indeed, it is a pleasant place to live in when a man wishes to dissipate. Everybody meets either at the theatres (of which there are nine open at this season when Paris is the thinnest of people)[1] or in the Palais Royal every evening. The last is a large quadrangle with a beautiful arcade on all sides. The whole of the Piazza is filled with rich shops for all kinds of trinkets and elegancies, and with splendid coffee-houses; it is planted with trees, and crowded with people of all ranks, walking till twelve o'clock at night. The whole of the apartments over the shops are let to ladies of pleasure, whose windows look down upon the people walking in the arcade and

[1] There were but two theatres in London at this period.

the square, which renders it one of the most licentious and splendid places in Europe. We have been much delighted with the performances in the theatres, particularly by the women; they are far before us; it is astonishing how exquisitely some of the women act, especially in comedy. I wish I could say that Mrs. Jordan was upon a par with some of them.

"I cannot help reflecting that the minds of the people, and I may say their morals too, become almost entirely changed when daily habituated to public spectacle and rendezvous. It is viewing nature through a false medium, which warps, and often entirely destroys, those delicate feelings that grow up with us, and are the basis of true happiness."

Hayley repaid the kindness shown to the party while in Paris by an effusion from his too facile Muse addressed to Madame de Genlis and Pamela, which, of course, he printed in his memoir of his fellow-traveller. Romney showed his gratitude two years later in a manner more worthy of consideration. When Madame de Genlis brought Mlle. d'Orléans and Mlle. Stephanie Syms (commonly known as "Pamela," and afterwards Lady Edward Fitzgerald) to London, he painted one portrait of Madame de Genlis and two of Pamela (Plate facing p. 128), whereof one fell to the share of the indefatigable Hayley.

CHAPTER VIII.

DECLINING POWERS.

[1791-96.]

Romney begins to decline—Is revived by the return of Emma, 1791—The sittings are resumed—Romney's relapse and Hayley's remedy—Marriage of Emma, 6th September 1791—Her departure as Lady Hamilton—Romney's unsettled state—Grandiose schemes, 1792-96—Visit to the Isle of Wight, July 1794—Painting resumed, November 1794—Romney paints Lord Egremont's family, 1795.

ROMNEY'S return from Paris in 1791 marks the turning-point in his physical and intellectual powers. He was but fifty-seven; indeed, his artistic and productive faculties remained unimpaired for some time after this; but one can discern the first symptoms of mental disturbance in the alternate moods of depression and extravagant scheming to which he became subject.

Romney begins to Decline

He discontinued to a great extent his diligence in portraiture, and threw himself more ardently than ever into the scheme of Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery, to which he contributed three compositions—namely, "Shakespeare nursed by Tragedy and Comedy"; "The Infant Shakespeare attended by the Passions"; and a scene from the *Tempest*, in which Hayley, as has been

said, appears as Prospero. But throughout the early months of 1791 he suffered from intense mental and physical depression. "In all probability," he wrote to Hayley early in May, "if my health be not equally good, I shall leave off business and go abroad; but it will be a year or more before I can settle my future plans."

Return of Emma, 1791

It required something of an unusual and exciting kind to restore him, and that came to pass in the manner surest to effect a cure. One glad summer morning there presented itself in the Cavendish Square studio a vision of loveliness—the divine Emma herself, fantastically arrayed *à la Turque,* the radiant bearer of good news which she hastened to impart to her beloved artist. Romney, we may be sure, though shy, was not slow in sympathy; his sense of social morality was not so delicate, his regard for etiquette not so scrupulous, as to damp the delight with which he heard that Sir William Hamilton had brought to England her who had lived for five years as his mistress, in order to make her his wife. Hamilton was present himself at this interview, and showed no sign of mistrust when Emma threw her arms round the painter's neck and kissed him.

Romney was himself again. All that was brightest and most inspiring had returned into his life. Emma declared that, short and busy as must be her time in England, some of it should be devoted to sittings as of yore to her favourite artist, for, as she exclaimed upon hearing that Hayley was writing Romney's

memoirs, "Then he must put in a great deal about me, for I pride myself in being your model." A few days later Romney wrote with exultation to Hayley, explaining why he could not visit Eartham.

The Sittings resumed

". . . At present, and the greatest part of the summer, I shall be engaged in painting pictures from the divine lady. I cannot give her any other epithet, for I think her superior to all womankind. I have two pictures to paint of her for the Prince of Wales. She says she must see you before she leaves England, which will be in the beginning of September. She asked me if you would not write my life. I told her you had begun it; then she said she hoped you would have much to say of her in the *Life,* as she prided herself in being my model. So you see I must be in London till the time when she leaves town."

Again on 7th July, after a fortnight's blissful occupation :—

". . . I dedicate myself to this charming lady; there is a prospect of her leaving town with Sir William for two or three weeks. They are very much hurried at present, as everything is going on for their speedy marriage, and all the world following her and talking of her, so that, if she had not more good sense than vanity, her brain must be turned. The pictures I have begun are 'Joan of Arc,' a Magdalene, and a Bacchante for the Prince of Wales; and another I am to begin as a companion to the Bacchante. I am also to paint another picture of Constance for the Shakespeare Gallery."

But while Emma was absent on her country visits, and Romney lost the saving grace of her presence, his lurking malady resumed its sway. He became the prey of morose and disquieting suspicion, which he imparted with touching simplicity to his friend Hayley, in a letter dated 8th August:—

Romney's Relapse

"As you will probably wonder at my silence, it will be necessary to give some account of the cause. In my last letter I think I informed you that I was going to dine with Sir William and his Lady. In the evening of that day there were collected several people of fashion to hear her sing. She performed, both in the serious and comic, to admiration, both in singing and acting; but her Nina surpasses everything I ever saw; and I believe, as a piece of acting, nothing ever surpassed it. The whole company were in an agony of sorrow. Her acting is simple, grand, terrible, and pathetic. My mind was so much heated that I was for running down to Eartham to fetch you up to see her. But alas! soon after, I thought I discovered an alteration in her conduct to me. A coldness and neglect seemed to have taken the place of her repeated declarations of regard for me. They left town to make many visits in the country. I expect them again the latter end of this week, when my anxiety (for I have suffered much) will be either relieved or increased, as I find her conduct. It is highly probable that none of the pictures will be finished, except I find her more friendly than she appeared to me the last time I saw her. I had it in contem-

Pamela (p. 124).

plation to run down for a day or two, before she returned to town, to bring you up with me, and I mentioned it to her. She said, 'Do so,' but in a cold manner, though a fortnight before, when I said I would do so, she was very desirous that I should bring you to town. You will see everything is in great uncertainty, but it may turn out better than I expect."

People will argue about the relations between George Romney and Emma Hart so long as interest in the lives of either of them shall endure; but they shall hardly touch the truth who shall perceive in this letter the anxiety of a father rather than the jealousy of a hapless lover.

Hayley's Remedy

Hayley prescribed for his lovelorn friend in a manner comically characteristic both of himself and of the age. Instead of trying to persuade his friend to act as became a man wanting but three years of threescore, and to make reasonable allowance for the intoxicating circumstances of a young woman just about to exchange a life of ignominy for one of honour and distinction, he wrote a couple of stanzas, and sent them to Romney for presentation to the "divine lady":—

"Gracious Cassandra! whose benign esteem
To my weak talent every aid supplied,
Thy smile to me was inspiration's beam,
Thy charms my model and thy taste my guide.

"But say! what cruel clouds have darkly chill'd
Thy favour, that to me was vital fire?
O let it shine again! or, worse than kill'd,
Thy soul-sunk artist feels his art expire."

It is well for the dignity of this narrative that either Romney's sense of the ridiculous, or his diffidence, or simply his want of opportunity, delayed the presentation of this preposterous effusion, whereof the knowledge comes to us only through its author, whose want of humour allowed him to print it. The "cruel clouds" were dispelled by the apparition in Cavendish Square of Emma herself—her old self—radiant, voluble, and exhilarating. Once more Romney revived, and wrote to Hayley on 29th August:—

". . . Cassandra came to town on the 16th, and I did not see her till the 20th, so you may suppose how my feelings must have suffered. She appointed to sit on the 23rd, and has been sitting almost every day since; and means to sit once or twice a day till she leaves London, which will be about Wednesday or Thursday in the next week. When she arrived to sit she seemed more friendly than she had been, and I began a picture of her, as a present for her mother. I was very successful with it; for it is thought the most beautiful head I have painted of her yet. Now, indeed, I think she is as cordial to me as ever; and she laments very much that she is to leave England without seeing you. I take it excessively kind in you to enter so deeply into my distresses. Really my mind had suffered so very much that my health was much affected, and I was afraid I should not have had the power to have painted from her any more; but since she has assumed her former kindness, my health and spirits are quite recovered. She performed in my house

last week, singing and acting before some of the nobility with most astonishing powers. She is the talk of the whole town, and really surpasses everything both in singing and acting that ever appeared. Gallini offered her two thousand pounds a year, and two benefits, if she would engage with him, on which Sir William said pleasantly that he had engaged her for life."

The marriage took place on 6th September, and the Hamiltons left immediately thereafter for Naples. Certainly the bride had little reason to be dissatisfied with the reception she had received in England. Fêted and flattered, there was hardly a house in London whereof the master—ay, and the mistress too—were not anxious to receive her, even while her relations with Sir William remained such as Society must ban. Only in one particular was Emma's triumph short of complete—strict, homely Queen Charlotte positively refused to receive her at Court. But this rebuff was amply atoned for by Queen Marie Antoinette, who, when Lady Hamilton stayed a few days in Paris on her journey to Naples, treated her with marked consideration; and the Queen of France was sister to the Queen of Naples.

Departure of Lady Hamilton, 1791

Lady Hamilton found the Court of Naples and Society in general as ready to honour her as wife of the British Ambassador as to welcome her for her own bewitching attractions. Yet neither honour nor welcome caused her to forget the devoted friend she had left behind; she wrote to him with singular frank-

ness, and with somewhat less than her accustomed lofty indifference to orthography.

LADY HAMILTON TO GEORGE ROMNEY.

"CASERTA, *December 20th*, 1791.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have the pleasure to inform you we arrived safe at Naples. I have been received with open arms by all the Neapolitans of both sexes, by all the foreigners of every distinction. I have been presented to the Queen of Naples by her own desire. She as shown me all sorts of kind and affectionate attentions. In short, I am the happiest woman in the world. Sir William is fonder of me every day, and I hope he will have no cause to repent of what he as done; for I feel so gratefull to him, that I think I shall never be able to make him amends for his goodness to me.

"But why do I tell you this? You know me enugh. You was the first dear friend I opend my heart to. You ought to know me, for you have seen and discoursed with me in my poorer days. You have known me in my poverty and prosperity, and I had no occasion to have liv'd for years in poverty and distress, if I had not felt something of virtue in my mind.

"Oh, my dear Friend! for a time I own through distress my virtue was vanquish'd. But my sense of virtue was not overcome. How gratefull then do I feel to my dear, dear husband, that as restored peace to my mind, that as given me honer, rank, and what is more, innocence and happiness. Rejoice with me, my dear

Sir, my friend, my more than father. Believe me, I am still that same Emma you knew me. If I could forget for a moment what I was, I ought to suffer. Command me in anything I can do for you here. Believe me, I shall have real pleasure. Come to Naples, and I will be your model:—anything to induce you to come, that I may have an opportunity to shew my gratitude to you. Take care of your health for all our sakes. How does the pictures go on? Has the Prince been to you? Write to me. I am interested in all that concerns you. God bless you, my dear Friend. I spoke to Lady Sutherland[1] about you: she loves you dearly. Give my love to Mr. Hayly. Tell him I shall be glad to see him at Naples.

"As you was so good to say you would give me the little picture with the black hat, I wish you would unfrill [unframe?] it and give it to Mr. Duten. I have a great regard for him. He took a deal of pains and trouble for me; and I could not do him a greater favour than to give him my picture. Do, my dear friend, do me that pleasure; and if there is anything from Naples, command me.

"We have a many English at Naples as Ladys Malmsbury, Malden, Plymouth, Carneigee, Wright, etc. They are very kind and attentive to me. They all make it a point to be remarkably civil to me. You will be happy at this, as you know what prudes our Ladys are. Tell Hayly I am allways reading his *Triumphs of Temper*. It was *that* that made me Lady

[1] Wife of Lord Gower, British Ambassador in Paris.

H., for God knows I had for 5 years[1] enugh to try my temper, and I am affraid if it had not been for the good example Serena tought me, my girdle would have burst; and if it had, I had been undone, for Sir William more minds temper than beauty. He therefore wishes Mr. Hayly would come that he may thank him for his sweet-tempered wife. I swear to you that I have never been once out of humour since the 6th of last September. God bless you.—Yours,

"E. HAMILTON."

Unsettled State

There is nothing to show that Romney ever contemplated a journey to Naples in response to what must have been to him a very seductive invitation. After the departure of his goddess, he became more unsettled, and his projects more capricious than ever.

"I told you," he wrote to Hayley in June 1793, "that I had new plans in my mind, and I am now putting them into execution. I have taken lodgings in a new garden ground, on the Kilburn road, where I breakfast every morning, and where I work for two hours in advancing my designs (for my large series of pictures). I have advanced them very much, and expect to complete them before summer is over. I have formed a plan for building a painting-room, which perhaps may be the first stone of a theatre, as it may join to a plan of that sort when I wish to take it up. Indeed, spending my mornings in this way, has led me

[1] The five years she lived as Sir William's mistress.

to form various schemes and plans which neither you nor anybody else would suppose. . . ."

His health was unequal to the incessant strain.

". . . I would pursue any plan," he wrote on 6th July, "to enjoy health and spirits, if it was ever so laborious, for I have been so overcome with lassitude that I had not power to do anything, though not ill . . ."

Again on 18th July:—

". . . I rejoice to find that you are to have the illustrious historian, Gibbon, shortly your guest. I most ardently wish that I could make one of the triumvirate. . . . I am glad to hear the pleasing account of the tender-minded Cowper, and am delighted that he enters into the spirit of your schemes: may Providence prosper them! but I do not yet know the character of these sublimely intended works,[1] yet I am flattered at the prospect of sharing in them. I continue to go to my little villa to breakfast, and make designs every morning, which has been a delightful relief this hot weather. I have eight children to wait upon me, and fine ones—I begin to feel the necessity of having these innocent little spirits about one; they give more soft delight to the mind than I can describe to soften the steps down declining life."

It was even so. The broad day of performance was well-nigh past; designs came thick and fast—designs which might never be accomplished, for the night was drawing near, when no man may work. Nevertheless, Romney continued to produce a few fine portraits, such

[1] Hayley was about to build another villa for himself at Felpham.

as a whole-length of Henry Dundas, for Aberdeen University, and the Margrave and Margravine of Anspach[1] in 1793, the Duke of Portland and the Earl of Euston in 1794. But chiefly he devoted himself to subjects from Shakespeare and Milton, and other fancy compositions. The "Indian Woman" (*Midsummer Night's Dream,* ii. 2) was sold to Mr. Beckford of Fonthill, for three hundred guineas. The "Death of Ophelia" and "Susan; or, When the Seas were Roaring," were never finished, neither were sundry studies for Titania. In these compositions may be perceived the constant recurrence of the haunting features and bewitching attitudes of the absent Emma. Unable to get her out of his thoughts, he was no longer that George Romney who, by dint of fierce concentration of energy and purpose, and the exclusion of every distraction or embarrassing obligation, had recovered the early arrears of training, and raised himself to the first rank of painters. He became thoroughly dissatisfied with his ample studio in Cavendish Square—ample, indeed, in itself for the requirements of any artist and the accommodation of any number of sitters, but now prodigiously littered and cumbered by the accumulation of unfinished canvases—and began to draw designs for a mansion and gallery which he determined to build for himself.

Nor was this all. His work in the heroic style upon Shakespearian subjects had caused him to have re-

[1] The Margravine's portrait was sold at auction in 1842 for £32 11s.; and in 1880, being offered again, was bought in for £367 10s.

Mrs. Raikes.

course to cla$sical models, and in order to have a sufficient variety of these always under his eye, in 1792 he had sent £100 to John Flaxman in Rome, desiring him to expend the money in plaster casts. The sculptor faithfully fulfilled the commission, as appears in the following extract from a letter of 12th September:—

Grandiose Schemes, 1792-96

"I have sent you ten large cases of plaster casts by the ship *Arno* from Leghorn, John Burstall, master. They were carefully packed under my own observation, and I hope will arrive safe. I have spent several months in collecting them; some I have had moulded from the antique on purpose, and I think I have sent you the cream of the finest things in Rome, as far as the money would go. There is a group of 'Laocoon and his Sons,' which cost eighty Roman crowns, or eighteen pounds English; the 'Apollo Belvidere' cost forty Roman crowns, or nine pounds English, etc., etc."

Now the arrival of such trifles as the Laocoon and the Apollo Belvidere, with the promise from Flaxman of more to follow, must have taxed the accommodation in Cavendish Square to the utmost, and increased Romney's impatience to begin his projected gallery for paintings and sculpture. To this he intended to admit art students, whose work he would superintend, thereby putting within their reach the means of instruction and study, of which he had so sorely felt the want in his own early days. Combined with this scheme

was one for a Milton Gallery, on the lines of that for Shakespeare, and these grandiose projects now occupied his time and thoughts to the detriment of work in which he chiefly excelled.

Meanwhile, Pineapple Place, which was the name Romney bestowed on his Kilburn studio, proved rather a costly luxury. One morning he discovered some of the eight children, in whose ministrations he had found so much solace, in tears. Inquiring into the source of their grief, he found that his landlord, father of the children, was in pecuniary difficulty, and stood in danger of losing his home unless he could find the means of borrowing £200. Far as Romney had shown himself from being an exemplary head of a household, his hand was ever free to relieve distress when it came under his immediate notice. The circumstances of this case may not seem altogether above suspicion; we may be sure that the impulsive artist was not scrupulous in scrutiny of his landlord's integrity; he paid the £200 without delay, and continued to spend his mornings in Pineapple Place, devoting his afternoons irregularly to sitters in Cavendish Square.

Returning in September that year from the annual visit to Eartham, he was impressed with the unloveliness of London in a degree betraying a relapse into hypochondria:—"The approach to London," he wrote to Hayley, "affected me in various ways. I observed a sharpness in the countenances of the people I met, with passions so strongly marked I suppose none could mistake. Deep design, disappointed ambition, envy,

hatred, melancholy, disease, and poverty. . . . The square and parti-coloured appearance of the buildings, the variety of noises and bustle, had a very unpleasant effect on my senses; and now I have arrived, how hard I have found it to reconcile my mind, so relaxed with the beautiful scenes of Eartham, to the old habits of mechanical drudgery. I find myself not well ever since I left you, but hope to be better in a few days, as I have now been at work, and find I can proceed in my old way. What a thing is habit!"

How different were the eyes with which, thirty years before, the young painter had looked out upon the theatre of his ambition! What was it that made him now speak of his darling art as "mechanical drudgery," and prevented him from deriving delight from the exercise of his powers? Reynolds—if Reynolds had been the source of his disquiet—was off the scene; Romney stood acknowledged as the actual, though not the titular, head of his profession; surely here was material for legitimate satisfaction. Success—how barren it seemed! Riches—how unsatisfying! Still there hovered before the painter something to be attained—something which we now recognise as far inferior to what was already within his grasp—something he was determined to accomplish if only intellect in its frail envelope would not break down.

He was continually beseeching Hayley to send him subjects for painting. The more conscious he felt of his own increasing weakness the more he relied upon the advice of Hayley.

"*October* 11*th*, 1793.

"I am delighted with the ideas you have suggested. I must say you are more happy in forming in your mind subjects suitable for pictures than all the men of learning and taste I have ever met with, put together. I shall be ever grateful for those you have suggested at various times for my improvement and pleasure, and request you will never forget me in that point. . . . If you and Cowper would join in a work with prints from designs of Flaxman and your humble servant—but more of this when I have the pleasure of seeing you. . . ."

"*December* 12*th*.

". . . I have been low some days past, which prevented my writing. I had not the power. Perhaps it is the weather affects me. Yet I have not been negligent in my ideas of pictures. I have been arranging some of the subjects in the 'Seven Ages,' and think I shall be able to make some of them out soon. Then I mean to send them to you for your approbation. I think of making my pictures the size of my 'Indian Woman,' and the number of the set twelve. What do you think of my plan?"

"*January* 10, 1794.— . . . My 'Ophelia' is nearly finished, and the 'Seven Ages' are going on well. I mean to paint the first directly—but silence!"

"29*th*.—Poor Gibbon! his last words were—*Mon Dieu, Bon Dieu!* They have affected me so much, I shall turn my thoughts more to Christianity than I have done. The approach of death convinced him

that there is something more than he had formerly believed."

We have Hayley's assurance that Romney was deeply persuaded of the truth of the Christian religion, and that personally he was exceedingly devout. It throws no degree of doubt upon that statement that, in all his published correspondence, there is almost as complete absence of reference to his Maker and spiritual affairs as there is to his wife and domestic interests.

"*February 15th.*—I like your new plan, but it would be a work of many years, and much depends on my health and spirits. I had formed a plan of painting the 'Seven Ages,' and also the 'Visions of Adam with the Angel,' to bring in the Flood and the opening of the Ark, which would make six large pictures (but this is a profound secret). Indeed, to tell you the truth, I have made designs for all the pictures, and very grand subjects they are. I beg no human creature may have a hint of it. My plan was, if I should live, and retain my senses and sight, to paint six other subjects from Milton: three where Satan is the hero, and three of Adam and Eve. Perhaps six of each. I have ideas of them all, and, I may say, sketches; but alas! I cannot begin anything for one year or two, and if my name was mentioned I should hear nothing but abuse, and that I cannot bear. Fear has always been my enemy; my nerves are too weak for supporting anything in publick."

"*May 27th.*— . . . I suppose there are five degrees or stages of recovery in a sick man before he reaches

robust health. I think I am now in the beginning of the fourth, and when I shall arrive at four and a half (which is as high as my feeble health will admit, and which is robust health in me), I shall begin to look about me, and jostle in the world again. Yes! and bend my bow at those that kick and tread upon me. It is a hard fate that a painter is obliged to live in a state of warfare and jostling. I never more earnestly wished myself out of the bustle of business than at present. O for tranquillity and peace!"

Who was kicking and treading upon him? What was the warfare that reached the seclusion of Pineapple Place? They existed wholly in the morbid imagination of the painter, who, in truth, had fallen into such a condition as to be intolerant of everything but Hayley's unfailing incense. John Romney took alarm at the symptoms of failure in his father's mental powers, and persuaded him to accompany him on a trip to the Isle of Wight, in July 1794. They remained at Cowes for three weeks, uneventful, save that Lord Howe's fleet was anchored at Spithead, with the French ships captured off Ushant. Repose wrought some repair upon Romney's health, and his usual letters to Hayley were written in better spirits.

Visit to the Isle of Wight, 1794

"*July* 17, 1794.— . . . We arrived here on Saturday evening; on Sunday we crossed the island to Steep Hill, the villa of Tollemache. The sudden appearance of the sea and rocky scenery struck me more forcibly than anything of the kind I had ever seen before. It

was a bird's-eye view of the sea, with ships of war sailing below us. The blue sea (for that was the colour), broad and extensive, and marbled beautifully by several streams of wind. . . . If I were to dwell on the beauties and the grandeur of the assemblage of objects it would detain me an hour. In short, it is the thing that hit my taste. What must such a scene be in winter, and in a tempest? Good God! I think I see the waves rolling, and a ship striking upon the rocks!"

After leaving the Isle of Wight, Romney spent a few days at Eartham; but his restlessness returned upon him; he imagined that his presence was required in London, although so soon as he got there he fell a prey to his former delusions.

"13*th September*.— . . . I wish I could say I am better, or that my mind is agreeably amused. To divert my mind a little, I have begun the first stage of man, and the prison scene; also a great cartoon. I am now without a friend here that I dare speak to. They ask me why I do not finish my pictures, etc., etc. I wish to God you could contrive to come and stay all the winter. Forgive me!"

A cheering incident revived him so far that he was able to do some good work during the winter.

"*November* 4, 1794.—Huzza! Huzza! tidings from Flaxman, my dear friend. He was at Verona, and says he will be in London on the Lord Mayor's Day. . . . I expect my academy to be ready soon, and I hope to be able to practise all the winter in company with dear

Tom,[1] and another promising young artist. Rose dined with me yesterday, and you were often in our memory."

"17*th*.— . . . I suppose you have had by this time a letter from our dear returned sculptor. I am still more charmed with him than ever; his company is delightful. Indeed, I am made happy by his return."

Painting resumed, November 1794

The immediate result of this temporary exhilaration was the production of a fine picture—"Newton making Experiments with the Prism," which ultimately suffered an unfortunate injury at the hands of its author. Five years after it was painted, Romney took a fancy to alter the head of one of the girls who made up the group—the laughing one in the middle. Alas! by that time—1799—the light of intellect, once so bright and penetrating, was flickering in the socket—the hand, once so deft a minister, was uncertain and shiftless; the result was but a blotch, and, with a petulant sigh, Romney flung his palette aside. After his death, his son tried to efface the blemish with turpentine, but succeeded only partially in restoring the original painting.

In 1795, says the Rev. John Romney, the tenth Earl of Westmorland, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, sat for his portrait, which was sent to Dublin. I have not been able to trace this portrait, and am inclined to think that there is some confusion in the dates, and that it was about ten years earlier that Romney painted the

[1] Hayley's son, who had been training under Wright of Derby, and intended to be a sculptor.

Miss Ramus.

same nobleman in the uniform of the Guards. This fine portrait exhibits the painter at his best (Plate facing p. 152). Certainly none of his portraits of men excel it in graceful pose and purity of colour. It hangs now in Lord Jersey's beautiful gallery at Osterley Park, beside the portrait of Lord Westmorland's first Countess, Sarah, daughter and heiress of Mr. Child the banker, at that time owner of Osterley Park (Plate facing p. 160). Miss Child eloped with Lord Westmorland to Gretna Green in 1782; and her eldest daughter, Lady Sarah Fane, who married the fifth Earl of Jersey, became in turn heiress of the Osterley property.

During the same year (1795) Romney was closely beset by sitters, but he was less disposed than ever to exercise his great gift in portraiture. He hankered continually after historical and sacred subjects, and began a large piece representing the "Temptation of our Lord," whereof the head of Christ, reproduced by Hayley in his biography, is a profile of such a conventional type as to prevent us from sharing the poet's regret that the picture was never finished.

Hayley continued to encourage Romney in his unhappy aspirations after imaginative painting, and even Hayley's son, the student in sculpture, was permitted to add the weight of his advice. "I am quite in his [Romney's] confidence," writes this sage of fifteen to his father, and adds that, considering glory infinitely preferable to gold, he continually exhorted "the immortal painter" to relieve himself from drudgery by bidding adieu to portraits. Romney's letters to Hayley at this

time show how much he stood in need of some sensible friend to keep him at rational occupation, and lead him away from extravagant schemes.

"17*th June* 1795.— . . . I am going to decline business and wind up my bottom; and then build me a house, which I hope will inspire me with new vigour, and I pray God I may recover my spirits to go on anew. I have still the same passion for art, and begin to feel at times a regeneration in my mind that approaches to something more refined . . ."

"10*th July*.— . . . Your letter was of more value to me than you are aware of. The kindness expressed in it left an impression that dwelt on my mind, and saved me from falling into some melancholy malady. I have been very much under the impression of that dreadful feeling for many months past. I believe it is partly constitutional, but I hope my spirits will clear up when I am once settled. The time is now approaching. It will be near August before I can disentangle myself from my portrait business . . ."

"30*th July*.— . . . I am still unsettled where and when I shall fix my first stone, and make my gravel walks, and plant my cedars: but to build my house and plant my cedars I am quite determined. God light up the imaginations of lawyers! . . ."

"3*rd September*.— . . . I certainly should be happy to execute the picture you mention of Lord Egremont's family. Perhaps it would be my last . . ."

"8*th September*.— . . . I certainly shall hasten to you in a few days with my pleasing companion Carwardine.

I shall also send canvas and colours to begin the picture (for Lord Egremont) . . ."

Towards the end of September, Romney went to Eartham, and began in the riding-house there a large portrait-group of Lord Egremont's family. A month later, he returned to finish it, but the illness of one of the children in the group obliged him to move his canvas to Petworth, whither he rode across the hills from Eartham every morning, much to the advantage of his health. His besetting melancholy was put to flight, and he began the year 1796 in good spirits. "My gallery," he wrote to Hayley in February, "has been much frequented. Among its visitors I have had Charles Fox, etc. The Prince has been with me again, and promised to sit." But the recovery was transient; in the following month Romney was writing again to Hayley, bemoaning the "terrible tyranny of disease." He retained just enough power of application to finish the large Petworth group, and to execute his last important piece, a composition in which William Hayley is represented seated with Tully's *Essay on Friendship,* with his son Thomas, the young sculptor, and William Meyer, son of the Royal Academician, standing beside him, all full length, and Romney himself, introduced in a subordinate and sketchy manner.

Painting of Lord Egremont's Family, 1795

CHAPTER IX.

WRECK.

[1796-1802].

The Hampstead house and gallery—Romney's debility—He visits Salisbury and Cambridge—Travels to Lancashire—Takes up his abode at Hampstead, December 1798—Last visit to Eartham—Goes home to his wife—Last days, 1799-1802—Return of Lady Hamilton to England, 1800—Death of Romney, 15th November 1802—His monument excluded from Dalton Church—Romney's character—His standing as a painter—The case of Hazlitt.

GEORGE ROMNEY was passing swiftly into the shadows. When his son visited him in 1796, he discerned painful evidence of an unsettled mind. Gone was the insatiable ardour for work, gone the rapidity of hand and rare penetration of vision, gone—or at least suspended—the delicate sense of beauty in form and colour; in fact, although it was not known to his friends, Romney had suffered at this time a slight paralytic attack, which temporarily destroyed his perceptive power and artistic expression. Sitters had been sent to flight; even studies for pictures had been discontinued and flung aside—piled in contemptuous confusion from cellar to attic. In their place the artist

The Hampstead House and Gallery, 1796

had surrounded himself with great sheets, on which he was incessantly drawing designs for the new house and gallery upon which he had set his heart. His son was only just in time to prevent him from signing a contract to purchase four acres of ground in the Edgeware Road, whereon to build a palace of art. Had this project been carried into effect, nothing short of ruin would have been the result; for, although Romney had made a considerable fortune, his schemes were conceived on a scale far exceeding its limits. John Romney, judiciously humouring one whom he perceived too clearly to be hovering on the borderland of insanity, sympathised with his father's desire for more extensive premises, but managed to persuade him that to obtain a ready-built house would be preferable to building a new one. One was found at Hampstead and purchased for £700, and plans were made for the addition of a gallery for £500 more. With this, John left his father quite content, and returned to Cambridge, where he was a Fellow of St. John's. No sooner was the son's back turned than the father's brain began to teem afresh with extravagances, wherein he was encouraged, rather than otherwise, by William Hayley, who himself at the time was indulging architectural freaks in his new villa at Felpham. The Hampstead house was roomy and comfortable, with a large garden and convenient stables. Romney must needs have the stables pulled down, and buy more land whereon to build new ones, acting as his own architect. The garden was roofed in for a riding arcade, not so much in order that the

artist might ride therein, but because Hayley had a riding-house at Eartham. Then, upon the site of the old stable rose an ambitious gallery for statuary and paintings, with a few living-rooms attached. Instead of the modest outlay of £500, which John Romney had calculated would adapt the property to his father's requirements, about £3000 was spent on the new buildings. This was far beyond what was prudent, and, when sold after the painter's death, the entire structure brought just £357.

While masons and bricklayers were at work, Romney paid a visit to Cambridge. "The last time," he wrote to Hayley in August 1796, "I had the pleasure of seeing you was a day indeed; a day I shall never forget, it was so very friendly and gallant to me. It was the first step to my recovery. The journey to Cambridge afterwards with our friend Carwardine contributed to what you began. The shaking of the coach, the scenery, the variety of company and kindness from all, contributed to bring me to a working mood. I have now finished the Petworth picture, so that it may be removed, and I have also painted a lovely daughter of Lady Townshend."

Visits to Cambridge and Salisbury, 1796

After spending the month of September at Eartham, Romney treated young Hayley to an excursion to view Lord Pembroke's statues at Wilton. They spent a couple of nights at Salisbury, and also visited Longford, where Lord Radnor had a fine collection of pictures. Tom Hayley seems to have been an intelligent lad, and

of much promise as a sculptor; at all events, Romney had formed a high opinion of his gifts, which he used to express in no measured terms to the fond father. On this occasion the youth was so greatly enchanted by the statues at Wilton that Romney said to him, "Tom, you and I will visit this scene again at some future time, and get leave to draw here together for a month."

This trip to Wilton and Longford proved to be the last occasion on which Romney displayed anything of hope or exhilaration. Early in the following year he was writing in the old strain to Hayley.

"*January 7th, 1797.*— . . . I have not much to say concerning myself but that I have been extremely low-spirited and not able to work, which I feel as the worst of evils. I cannot neglect speaking of dear Tom, and the advancement he has made in art. I speak with admiration and love on his last productions. They are of a pure gusto; they are original, and show strength and improvement of mind. God prosper him! and he will one day make a figure."

"*March 17th.*— . . . I have still been very poorly since I received your very kind letter and consolatory invitation; but, as I think I am getting better, I may be able to travel down with Tom for a week or two. I am better in other respects; my feelings have undergone a change. In the first place, I have sold my picture of the 'Indian Woman' for a good price.[1] There is also a plan on foot to ornament St. Paul's with pictures and sculpture.

[1] See p. 136.

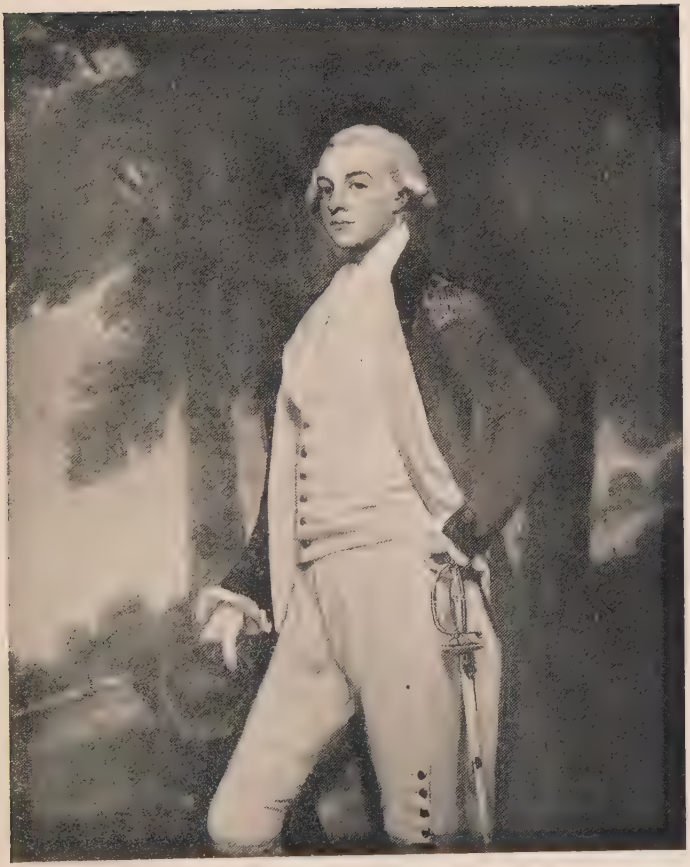
Pray God it may succeed! What an opening for dear Tom!"

The year 1797 was one of great debility and depression. In the following year, while the walls of what Hayley calls Romney's "singular fabrick" at Hampstead were rising, the artist, restless and ill at ease, took a journey to his native north. His son met him there, and observed that, although his father seemed outwardly in better health, the mental symptoms were disquieting. He took him to the Lakes, and to the scenes of his boyhood and youth; but he was pained by the indifference shown by Romney to the beauties of landscape. He does not say whether his father visited Mrs. Romney on that occasion; indeed, the mysterious silence as to the degree of intercourse maintained during all these years between the husband and the wife is one of the most perplexing features in Romney's life.

Revisits Lancashire, 1798

Returning from the north, Romney visited Hayley in the new villa at Felpham—"the only autumn," observes his host, "of the last twenty-three years in which I had the mortification of seeing Romney in a state of absolute manual inactivity and mental discomfort." Physically a wreck, disquieted and miserable in spirit, unable either to rouse himself to work or settle himself to repose, he hurried back to Hampstead. The comfortable old house had been let. Solitary and intensely depressed, he took up his abode before Christmas in the cheerless gallery before the

Goes into Residence at Hampstead, Dec. 1798



John, Tenth Earl of Westmorland (p. 145).

walls were dry. The house in Cavendish Square, where so much glorious work had been accomplished, he sold to Mr. Shee.[1] Scores of cartloads of casts and canvases were conveyed to the new gallery—far more than could be properly arranged there. Many of the paintings were stowed in the riding-arcade, whence some were stolen and where others were ruined by exposure to the weather.

Last Visit to Eartham, Jan. 1799

The gloom deepens. Every time Hayley saw his friend he perceived more profound dejection, increased apprehension of shapeless ills. Romney retained enough mental activity to be conscious of his wretched state, and of his helplessness to escape from it, but not enough to enable him to resume the work which of old used to carry him through fits of depression. Solitude became full of horror for him, yet he shrank from intercourse with all but two or three students who worked in his gallery. At last, having become accustomed in the course of many years to derive restoration from the country air and congenial habits of Eartham, he offered a visit there in January 1799. At first the change had an encouraging effect. Tom Hayley was there, now a hopeless invalid, suffering from curvature of the spine. Romney from the first had taken a tender interest in this youth's studies; stimulated by his presence and that of a fellow-student, he resumed work with brush and pencil, designing a composition from the play of

[1] Afterwards Sir Martin Shee, President of the Royal Academy, 1830-50.

Macbeth, and executing a portrait of himself. Hayley says it was an affecting sight to see the old artist and the young one, each struggling hopelessly against his infirmity to produce something worthy of the name of Art.

Romney remained a couple of months at Eartham, returning in March to his sepulchral home at Hampstead, where Hayley saw him for the last time on 28th April 1799. Thus these friends parted. Let justice be done Hayley. He was vain and tactless; an exceedingly injudicious counsellor for Romney, yet there is no doubt he loved him. Friendship such as existed between these two strange beings is a thing to be held in reverence of all men.

Returns to his Wife, 1799

Now follows the strangest, saddest episode in the brilliant but troubled life which we have been following. All creatures, feeling the approach of death, struggle homewards to die. But where was George Romney's home? Not in that bleak shell of brickwork on Hampstead Hill, chilled as it was by unfulfilled hopes and haunted by delusive dreams. No; nor yet within those walls in Cavendish Square where he had found shelter for three-and-twenty years, known the ecstasy of accomplishment and the tranquil glow of friendship, and basked in the sunshine of one radiant presence. After all, was Romney's real home still under some grey roof in Kendal, where the Mary of his youth—grey enough herself now—waited unmurmuring, but not unmindful?

Even so.

Alone, imparting to no human being his intention, Romney quitted London for the last time, and travelled down to Kendal. Of the manner of his arrival there, and the reception he met with, conjecture receives aid only from his subsequent letters to Hayley, dictated to his early friend Cocking, poet and arithmetician, for Romney was too feeble now to guide a pen. In these letters he makes grateful mention of his wife's exceeding thoughtfulness and care. As the great painter's personality fades into the gathering mist, the figure of this true and tender wife stands revealed in a clearer light than heretofore. She had helped her husband in his struggles—helped him with her little savings, with her household economies, with patient acquiescence in his plans, perhaps to a greater extent than we can know in sympathy with his ambition. When that ambition was realised, she sought no share in its radiance, nor offered, by act or murmur, any interference with its projects. She effaced herself, moving quietly about her humble home while her husband was busy among the fine ladies of the town. But now, in these last, dark days, she resumed her place as helpmate, earning from Edward Fitzgerald the just encomium—"This quiet act of hers is worth all Romney's pictures—even as a matter of Art."

What were Romney's feelings in this re-soldering of severed ties? Of what feelings was that shattered intellect capable? Has Tennyson rightly interpreted them in his touching verses, "Romney's Remorse," in which he represents the aged painter, conscious of

his helplessness, yet clinging desperately to his life's work?—

> "This Art, that harlot-like
> Seduced me from you, leaves me harlot-like
> Who love her still, and whimper, impotent
> To win her back before I die——"

yet turning in the end to her who only could ease his pain.

> "I have stumbled back again
> Into the common day, the sounder self,
> God stay me there! if only for your sake,
> The truest, kindliest, noblest-hearted wife
> That ever wore a Christian marriage-ring."

Last Days, 1799-1802

In his lucid intervals Romney felt that his race was run, and he gave up all intention of returning to London. His mental condition was not so much an aberration of intellect, as simply a failure of reasoning power. He was able to instruct his son as to the sale of the Hampstead property; and, feeling anxious at last to provide a home for his wife, he bought some land at Whitestock Howe, near Newton-in-Cartmel, where, in 1805, his son, the Rev. John Romney, built a substantial house now known as Whitestock Hall. It stands in the valley of Rusland, a secluded dale traversed by a by-road from the Leven estuary, unfrequented by tourists who so greatly pervade the neighbouring Lake district. This property remained in possession of the family till 1901, when the painter's great-grandson, finding himself in straitened circumstances, disposed of it. Mr.

A. W. Rumsey, of Millfell, sends me the following note of a visit he paid to Whitestock Hall after the sale:—

"An old retainer freely gossiped of the many pictures with which, in happier days, the house was stored, more especially of one of the artist that used to hang in the dining-room, and 'leukt reet at ye as ye com in.' Doubtless this was the same that was bought for the National Portrait Gallery,[1] at Miss Romney's sale in 1894. The old man assured me that Romney's pictures were now in vogue on account of the excellent recipe for paint-mixing he acquired from 'Count' Steele, which defied the ravages of time."

Romney continued to dictate by the hand of Cocking, or of John Romney, letters to Hayley, now his last link with the outer world. It is affecting to note how fondly he clung to his friendship with the man from whom he was accustomed to receive that encouragement and flattery whereof his unstable and distrustful nature stood in constant need. He informed Hayley that he was past all work in oil-colours, but could still amuse himself occasionally by sketching portraits in crayons.

In the year 1800 Lady Hamilton returned to England, and when Hayley informed Romney that she had been inquiring kindly about him, and was anxious to receive her portrait which he had painted for her mother, Romney replied—

"What you say respecting Lady Hamilton gives me great pleasure indeed. If the picture you mention be at Hampstead, I shall be happy in gratifying her mother

[1] See Frontispiece.

with it, and I trust you will take the trouble of conveying it to her in the properest manner."

Hayley was able to announce the discovery of the portrait, and its delivery to Mrs. Lyon, *alias* Mrs. Cadogan; upon which Romney wrote in December 1800:—

"The pleasure I should receive from a sight of the amiable Lady Hamilton would be as salutary as great; yet I fear, except I should enjoy more strength and better spirits at a better time of the year, I shall never be able to see London again. I feel every day greater need of care and attention, and here I experience them in the highest degree."

In the spring of 1801, Cocking died. He had taken up his abode in the house of the Romneys, and had acted willingly as his old friend's amanuensis, and here was another link with the past severed. Towards the close of that year, Romney began to look forward eagerly to the return of his brother James from India. Few delights are purer than those which we derive from the distinction or good fortune of near relatives. George Romney's favourite brother, Peter, had been the occasion of disappointment and shame; James, whom he had found in funds to fit him out for India in 1776, was now on his way home, having attained the honourable rank of colonel in the East India Company's service — a considerable rise, it will be noted, from the humble home in Dalton-in-Furness. It is sad to record that, when James arrived, Romney's memory did not serve to identify him. Somebody

asked whether he did not recognise his brother; Romney looked attentively at him for some moments, burst into tears—showing the momentary revival of memory—and from that moment sank into irrecoverable imbecility.

The end came not long afterwards. At Kendal, on 15th November 1802, George Romney expired, wanting exactly one month of sixty-eight years of age. His obsequies and last resting-place were in contrast as distinct from those of his great rival Reynolds as their lives had been. Reynolds, ten years before, had been laid with great pomp in the greatest English cathedral. Malone proudly records that his pall was borne by "three dukes, two marquesses, and five other noblemen." Flaxman's monument commemorates at once the famous painter and the desire of his countrymen that his memory should be lasting.

Death, 1802

It was a sparse and unpretentious procession that followed the remains of Romney to the green little God's-acre of Dalton-in-Furness.

John Romney, who, in the somewhat perplexing relations of his parents to each other, had acted with intelligent affection and discretion, caused a simple monument of black marble to be prepared, never doubting that it would be admitted to a place on the walls of Dalton Church. He obtained leave from the vicar, and instructed a mason how to erect it on the position chosen—"the only proper situation in the church"; but the steward of Lord George

Cavendish[1] interfered, pointing out that the structure of the church—that part of it, at least—was the property of his lordship as lay-rector. John Romney, himself a clergyman, confidently appealed from the steward to the proprietor, but in reply received an abrupt refusal, with an intimation that he ought to have known better than to make the request. The monument, therefore, was taken back to Kendal, and erected in the parish church there.

His Monument excluded from Dalton Church

One is at a loss to divine the motives of Lord George Cavendish in offering this singular slight to an artist whose high attainment was recognised during his life, though it suffered temporary eclipse after his death. His lordship's action was the more remarkable, inasmuch as he had been personally acquainted with the painter, to whom Lady Elizabeth Compton sat for her portrait during her engagement to Lord George, who, there is evidence to prove, was present at some of the sittings. Possibly, local considerations may have tended to bring this slight upon Romney's memory; the abandonment of his wife for so many years may have caused neighbours to regard it as the reverse of exemplary, and undeserving of special honour. It is to be apprehended that, were all our illustrious dead to be commemorated in proportion to their domestic virtues, some of the finest monuments would be missing at this day from our places of worship.

Previous to 1895, it was difficult to find the stone

[1] Created Earl of Burlington in 1831.

The Countess of Westmorland (p. 145).

which marks the grave of George Romney; but in that year his great-grandson restored it, and now it may be seen of all men, bearing the brief inscription—

GEORGIUS ROMNEY, ARMIGER,
PICTOR CELEBERRIMUS,
OBIIT 15TH NOVEMBER 1802.

Mary Romney long survived her husband. Hers was not the fiery temperament that swiftly consumes its mortal envelope. She accepted her lot as it befell, with the silent patience that stands many a wife in good stead of more engaging attributes, and lived to the great age of 96. She died on 20th April 1823, and was buried, not beside her husband at Dalton, but in Rusland Churchyard. Close by her grave is that of her only son, John, the biographer of his father, who lived to the age of 74—an excellent pastor, we may rest assured, and a pious son, but, as may be divined from his writings, wholly devoid of the saving grace of humour. Peradventure it was better so, else could his spirit hardly brook the inscription upon his stone: "In the deceased were happily united the possession of elegant accomplishments and the practice of every Christian grace!" Hard by lie his son (another Reverend John, of local renown rather as a sportsman than as a divine) and his two daughters, who died the one in 1889 and the other in 1893.

Retrospect upon George Romney's troubled life is more apt to dwell upon his imperfection as a man than upon the resolute courage with which he drove his way

through every obstacle to his appointed aim. His was not a personality to attract the love of others; shy, suspicious, reserved—he never sought to win sympathy or court the aid of friends. That he did receive both sympathy and aid in very large measure was owing to no effort of his own, but to the kindly interest taken by some persons in the struggling young artist, and to the confidence inspired in others by his unusual artistic gifts. Without such help, Romney's name would never have been spoken outside a few parishes in north-western England; given such help, there was that in the man which carried him to the rank of genius. In no human craft is the effect of circumstance more apparent than in the artist's. Many years ago, the late Sir Noel Paton aptly illustrated this in a lecture to some art students by an incident in his own studio. Struck by the beauty of form in the chrysalides of some common butterfly, he brought three of these home and put them in a glass-topped box filled with cotton-wool, intending to make careful drawings of them. The box was laid aside and forgotten. Long afterwards, Sir Noel found it again, and saw therein the little tragedy that had been enacted. The uppermost of the three chrysalides had opened, and, dead under the glass with outstretched wings, lay a beautiful butterfly, perfect in every part. The second chrysalis also had burst and the insect had struggled forth, but the wool had prevented expansion of the wings, which were crumpled and useless. The third and lowest chrysalis had died without undergoing other change.

Such is the power of circumstance and opportunity to mar or make what we hail, with much wind and clamour, as a career. Well, it was by the forelock that Romney seized opportunity, though it lingered late. In his early, strenuous years he shrank from no sacrifice, however searching, from no effort, however exhausting. Later, when he had accomplished much and his vigour began to ebb, he coveted that which Sir Walter Besant sighed for in his posthumously published autobiography. "There is nothing in the world so desirable as a poetic life—if uninterrupted—without anxieties for daily bread, sustained by noble thought and encouraged by great success." The obvious bar to happiness in such a scheme is that it is rooted in selfishness. True—ambition itself is selfish, exclusive; it is only the strongest, soundest nature that shall regulate and keep it in place and proportion as the propelling power to grand performance. Every plan of life that excludes consideration of others, except as sources of profit or applause, carries within it the seeds of confusion and bitterness. This is in the eternal order of human affairs. Romney's character was neither sound nor strong, albeit there were strong fibres woven therein. It was a narrow nature, and the misery of his declining years arose from the void he had created by cutting himself off from all except those who were sources of profit—his sitters,—or sources of applause—Hayley and the like.

As to Romney's rank as a painter, fashion or taste (one can scarcely term it critical discernment) has

bestowed upon him tardy redintegration. Caprice never dealt so wantonly with the works of any other. Many painters there have been whose handiwork, neglected while they lived, has risen into furious favour after they were no more. It was Romney's peculiar lot to win his way to the highest vogue while still in full vigour; no sooner was he dead than it was as though his works had been buried with him. In appraising the quality of those works one is beset by the shamefast consciousness that the esteem bestowed upon it now has been shorn of all value by the contempt shown to it by our sires and grandsires. Who are we that we should set up our judgment as superior to theirs? What guarantee can be given that our children will not blush when they read of the tens of thousands now freely given for pictures which yesterday might have been had almost for the asking? Let us at least show the courage of our opinion and explain the qualities in Romney's painting which have attached our fickle taste.

In the first place there is the soundness of his method and the simplicity of his palette, which have preserved for our delectation the freshness of his colouring, while it has undergone the mellowing influence of time. In this Romney enjoys a vast advantage over his great rival, Sir Joshua, whose fascinating but fleeting glaze has played posterity a scurvy trick. Next, there is Romney's sense of dignity and grace. Faulty as he often is in drawing, his subjects always seem at ease and in repose; their drapery is generally simple, and is never suffered to dispute importance with the coun-

tenance. Lastly, this artist was fortunate almost beyond all others in his sitters, and it is only his portraits that deserve consideration here. He was far from happy in his fancy compositions, and the pictures of English ladies sitting for their portraits are infinitely better than when he induced them to pose in assumed characters. Had a man of means a charming wife, pretty children, or a beautiful mistress, it was to Reynolds or Romney he went to get them painted. During the years from 1777 to 1789 Romney held the field. And none who ever set a palette had a more delicate sense of feminine beauty than George Romney; none perceived more keenly or rendered more surely than he, that blend of sensuous attraction and chaste meditation in the matron—of instinctive coquetry and unconscious reserve in the maiden—which we prize as the scarcely definable charm of the daughters of England. So greatly did he delight to impress his portraits of women with these qualities, so many of his sitters have such frank blue eyes and fresh complexions free from every suspicion of powder or paint, that one is almost tempted, in jealousy for our own fair ones, to suspect the artist of a tendency to idealise. Certain it is that no limner ever excelled George Romney in representing the character, as well as the features, of English women, and, so long as colours last and canvas holds, his portraits are likely to retain the place they have regained in the favour of lovers of Art.

Later in time by a generation came one who, though he left sage maxims for the conduct of life, missed the

way to happiness not less grievously than did George Romney. As cold as Romney's was William Hazlitt's forgetfulness of home and parents; not less completely than he did Hazlitt cast off the obligations of a husband, not less resentfully keep friendship at bay; and both men made of the world a wilderness, barren but for a single friendship which each retained to the last; for Hazlitt had his Lamb, as Romney had his Hayley. Equally irritable and suspicious, there was this difference in the two characters. Hazlitt was morbidly sensitive, not for himself or his own repute—for that he took scant care—but for the principles he embraced and the opinions he professed. "It was not Hazlitt," says De Quincey, "whom these wretches struck at; no, no; it was democracy, or it was freedom, or it was Napoleon, whose shadow they saw behind Hazlitt; and Napoleon, not for anything in him that might be really bad, but in revenge of that consuming wrath against the thrones of Christendom, for which (said Hazlitt) let us glorify his name eternally." Hazlitt never forgave Southey and Coleridge for acquiescing in the restoration of the Bourbons. He treated their apostasy as a personal and unpardonable offence.

Unreasonable enough, and destructive of all wholesome intercourse, yet redeemed by Hazlitt's manly defiance from meanness. Less to be deplored, therefore, than Romney's wincing suspicion, which construed every piece of frank criticism as malignity, and beheld in every friendly overture a snare, unless, like Hayley's, it was veiled and muffled in unstinted flattery.

Appendices.

I. Catalogue of the Works of George Romney.

II. Engravings after George Romney.

III. Romneys in London Galleries.

IV. Designs and Studies by George Romney.

V. List of Principal Works relating to George Romney.

I.

Catalogue of the Works of George Romney.

THE difficulty of presenting anything like a complete catalogue of the works of this painter is seriously enhanced, first, by the fact that he never exhibited any of them after the year 1772, and, next, by the neglect with which his art was treated for half a century after his death in 1802. Without the assistance of Mr. Algernon Graves and other friends, I should have fared very feebly in the attempt; and I cannot express my gratitude too warmly for the help they have given me.

Mr. Graves, whose monumental work on the paintings of Sir Joshua Reynolds is so justly esteemed by all who interest themselves in the fine arts, has collected a great mass of material relating to George Romney, and has most generously put it at my disposal. He furnished a catalogue of Romney's works exhibited previously to 1882, for Lord Ronald Gower's *Romney and Lawrence*, published in that year, and has allowed me to make use of it as he has carried it up to date. These materials, and others, I have thrown into alphabetical form for convenience of reference, forming the most comprehensive catalogue of this painter hitherto presented, and one that may serve for the guidance of students until the great compilation appears which is understood to be in preparation under the care of Mr. Humphry Ward. I have not had access to papers enabling me to give an exact chronology of Romney's works, but this is of less importance in his case, seeing that all the pictures upon which his reputation rests were produced within the period between his return from Italy in 1774 and 1794. In two or three cases it has happened that the present owner of

works by Romney has requested that his name should not be published, and I have only mentioned the place where I have seen these.

SUBJECT.	LAST RECORDED OWNER.
1. A'Court, Lætitia, Wife of W. P. A'Court, Esq.	Lord Heytesbury, 1863.
2. Acton, Nathaniel Lee	Lord de Saumarez, 1902.
3. Acton, Mrs. Lee (first wife of above)	
4. Acton, Mrs. Lee (second wife of above); engraved by Messrs. Colnaghi in 1901, in which year the owner refused an offer of 16,000 guineas	
5. Adair, James, Recorder of London (engraved by C. H. Hodges in 1789).	
6. Albemarle, Anne Countess of, and Son	In London, 1902.
7. L'Allegro (engraved by R. Dunkerton in 1771)	Lord Bolton, 1866.
8. L'Allegro e il Penseroso (engraved by G. Keating in 1798).	
9. Allen, Joseph, M.D., Master of Dulwich College (engraved by C. Townley).	
10. Anspach, The Margrave of	Fishmongers' Company, 1902.
11. Anspach, Elizabeth Margravine of (whole-length)	
12. The same (whole-length)	Mr. Craven, 1882.
13. The same, when Lady Craven (head)	Mr. H. R. Grenfell, 1882.
14. Arden, Forest of. (*See* Shakespearian subjects.)	
15. Ariadne (finished study, 24½ in. by 24 in.; sold at Christie's in 1894 for £33 12s.)	Mr. Shepherd, 1894.
16. Artist, An (¾-length; exhibited by the painter at the Society of Artists in 1772).	
17. Badcock, Mrs.	Mr. Clough Taylor, 1866.
18. Bankes, Mrs., of Kingston Lacy	Mr. W. R. Bankes, 1881.

Appendix I.

	SUBJECT.	LAST RECORDED OWNER.
19.	Barkley, Dr.	Mr. Philip E. Powey, 1883.
20.	Beauchamp, Mary Lady	Lord Burton, 1902.
21.	Beggar Man, A (exhibited by the painter at the Society of Artists in 1771).	
22.	Beresford, Hon. Mrs. (engraved by J. Jones in 1792).	
23.	Berwick, Lord	Lord Berwick, 1886.
24.	Betterworth, Miss (afterwards Mrs. Sargent)	Mr. R. G. Wilberforce, 1883.
25.	Billington, Mrs., as St. Cecilia (½-length; sold at Christie's in 1894 for £945	Messrs. Agnew, 1894.
26.	Blanshard, Mrs. J. A.	Mr. C. S. Pemberton, 1890.
27.	Bolton, First Lord	Lord Bolton.
28.	Bo-peep, Little	Mr. E. Humly, 1885.
29.	Boone, Children of Charles	Mr. T. Colleton Garth, 1865.
30.	Bosanquet, Mrs., and Five Children	Rev. G. Bosanquet, 1885.
31.	Bosanquet, Samuel (engraved by C. Turner in 1806).	
32.	Boy, A.	Mr. G. E. Briscoe-Eyre, 1882.
33.	Boy, A Blue	Sir Charles Tennant, Bart., 1902.
34.	Boy, Head of a	Mr. J. H. Anderdon, 1862.
35.	Braddyll, Colonel (whole-length, with horse)	Mr. E. Foster, of Clure, 1882.
36.	Braddyll, Mrs. (whole-length)	Sir H. Meysey Thompson, Bart., M.P., 1882.
37.	Bravo, A Roman (painted in 1773; 20 in. by 15 in.; sold at Christie's in 1894).	
38.	Brooke, Lady	Sir Richard Brooke, Bart., 1885.
39.	Broughton, Lady	Sir P. Grey-Egerton, Bart., 1864.
40.	Browne, Harrietta, Wife of Isaac Hawkins	Earl of Kinnoul, 1882.
41.	Brownlow, Earl (engraved by L. Schiavonetti).	
42.	Burges, Ynyr (engraved by J. Jones in 1785).	

	SUBJECT.	LAST RECORDED OWNER.
43.	Burgoyne, Mrs. Montague .	Madame de Quaire, 1882.
44.	Burke, Right Hon. Edmund (engraved by J. Jones; a proof sold at Christie's in 1894 for £43 1s.).	
45.	Burton, Mrs. . . .	Mr. C. W. Mansell-Lewis, 1885.
46.	Calcraft, Miss Kitty . .	Mr. E. Marston, 1902.
47.	Camelford, Thomas Lord .	Mr. J. B. Fortescue, 1902.
48.	Campbell, General Sir Archibald	Gen. J. S. Brownrigg, 1882.
49.	Canterbury, John Moore, Archbishop of (engraved by J. Jones in 1792).	
50.	Cardiff, Charlotte Lady (whole-length; engraved by F. Bartolozzi, R.A., in 1790).	
51.	Cardiff, John Lord (whole-length; engraved by F. Bartolozzi, R.A., in 1790).	
52.	Cardigan, James Earl of (engraved by J. Grozer in 1792) .	
53.	Carew, Jemima Yorke, Mrs. .	Mr. W. H. Pole-Carew, 1876.
54.	Carlisle, Frederick Earl of (painted in 1780, and engraved in 1782 by T. Holloway and J. K. Sherwin).	
55.	Carlisle, Edmund Law, Bishop of (engraved by W. Dickinson in 1777) . . .	Earl of Ellenborough, 1868.
56.	Carlisle, William Paley, Archdeacon of (engraved by J. Jones in 1792) . . .	Earl of Ellenborough, 1868.
57.	Carlisle, Countess of (engraved by J. Walker in 1781) . .	Duke of Sutherland, 1902.
58.	Carpenter, Lady Almeria (sold at Romney's sale in 1807 for 31s. 6d.).	
59.	Carwardine, Ann, Wife of Rev. Thomas, and Child (engraved by J. R. Smith; engraving sold in first state at Christie's in 1894 for £94 10s. . .	Lord Hillingdon, 1902.

Appendix I.

	SUBJECT.	LAST RECORDED OWNER.
	Cassandra. (*See* under Lady Hamilton, and Shakespearian subjects.)	
60.	Cathcart, Charles Allan (engraved by W. Sharpe in 1791).	
61.	Cavendish-Bentinck, Lady Edward (engraved as "Miss Elizabeth Cumberland," by J. R. Smith in 1779; proof sold at Christie's in 1894 for £32 12s. and £31 10s.	Lord Hillingdon, 1902.
61A.	Chamberlaine, Edward (engraved by Johann Jacobé in 1780).	
62.	Chaplin, Mr., of Blankney	Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, M.P., 1890.
63.	Chaplin, Mrs.	Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, M.P., 1890.
64.	Child, A	Mr. J. H. Anderdon, 1848.
65.	Child, A, at Play with a Dog	Mr. Thornhill, M.P., 1863.
66.	Child, A, Caressing a Pomeranian Dog	Miss Romney, 1865.
67.	Child, A, Crying in a Bath (12½ in. by 12 in.; sold at Christie's in 1894 for £9 19s. 6d.)	Mr. Abrahams, 1894.
68.	Child, R. (whole-length)	Earl of Jersey, 1902.
69.	Child, Mrs. (afterwards Lady Ducie)	Earl of Jersey, 1902.
70.	Clanricarde, Henry, 12th Earl and 1st Marquis of (sold at Christie's in May 1902 for 45 guineas)	Mr. Humphry Ward, 1902.
71.	Clanricarde, Hester Countess of (sold at Christie's in May 1902 for 800 guineas)	Mr. Lane, 1902.
72.	Clavering, Thomas and Catherine (engraved by J. R. Smith in 1779)	Sir H. A. Clavering, 1884.
73.	Clifden, Lady, and Lady E. Spencer (engraved by H. T. Greenhead, *c.* 1895)	Lady Clifden, 1892.
74.	Clifford, Sophia Lady de	Sir A. K. Stephenson, K.C.B., 1892.
75.	Clive, Hon. Charlotte	Earl of Powis, 1892.

	SUBJECT.	LAST RECORDED OWNER.
76.	Clive, Lady, Widow of Sir E. Clive	Mr. E. B. Clive, 1845.
77.	Close, Miss . . .	Rev. Sir F. L. Currie, Bart., 1893.
78.	Coke, Mr. . . .	Mr. Clarke, 1833.
79.	Conversation, A (exhibited by the painter at the Free Society of Artists in 1766, and sold at Miss Romney's sale in 1894 for £73 10s.; 36½ in. by 36 in.)	Mr. Lawrence.
80.	Cooke, Mrs. H. . . .	General Hepburn, 1884.
81.	Coote, Lady (sold at Christie's in June 1902 for upwards of £10,000).	
82.	Cork, Euseby Cleaver, Bishop of (painted in 1789) . .	Christ Church, Oxford, 1902.
83.	Cornewall, Children of Sir G. .	Rev. G. H. Cornewall, 1883.
84.	Cosway, Mrs. . . .	Sir Joseph Hawley, Bt., 1873.
85.	Cowper, William, the Poet (painted at Eartham in 1792)	National Portrait Gallery, 1902.
86.	The same (?) (a head; sold at Christie's in 1894, for 11 gns.; 12 ins. by 12 in.) . .	Messrs. Agnew, 1894.
87.	Craven, Elizabeth Lady .	National Gallery, 1902.
88.	Crouch, Mrs. Anne (a head, oval; 22 in. by 19 in.; engraved by F. Bartolozzi, R.A.; sold at G. Romney's sale in 1807, for 5½ guineas, and again at Miss Romney's sale in 1894, for £78 15s.) . .	Mr. Shepherd, 1894.
89.	Cumberland, Richard (engraved by Valentine Green, A.R.A., in 1771) . . .	National Portrait Gallery.
90.	Currie, Mrs. Mark . .	National Gallery, 1902.
90A.	Curwen, John Christian . .	Mr. H. T. Curwen, 1890.
91.	Curwen, Mrs. (whole-length) .	Mr. H. T. Curwen, 1890.
92.	Dame, The Haughty . .	Mr. J. H. Anderdon, 1875.
93.	Damer, Hon. Mrs. . .	Duke of Richmond, 1868.
94.	Davenport, Mrs. (engraved by J. Jones; impressions sold at Christie's in 1894 for £58 16s. and £46 4s.) . . .	Mr. W. Bromley Davenport, M.P., 1902.

Appendix I.

	SUBJECT.	LAST RECORDED OWNER.
95.	Dawes, John (engraved by Slann).	
96.	Dawson, Mrs.	Rev. W. Dawson, 1893.
97.	De Burgh, Lady Hester Amelia, afterwards married to Mr. W. Trenchard (sold at Christie's in May 1902 for 400 guineas)	Mr. McLean.
98.	De Burgh, Lady Margaret Augusta, afterwards married to Mr. Luke Dillon (sold at Christie's in May 1902 for 920 guineas)	Messrs. Agnew.
99.	Delawarr, Earl (half-length)	Mr. A. Buckley, 1882.
100.	Derby, Countess of (engraved by John Dean in 1780)	Sir Charles Tennant, Bart., 1902.
101.	Divine, portrait of a (an early work; 12 in. by 12. in.; sold at Christie's in May 1894 for 17s.)	Messrs. Leggatt, 1894.
102.	Douglas, Lady Susan	Right Hon. J. W. Fitzpatrick, 1865.
103.	Drummond-Smith, Mrs.	Marchioness of Northampton, 1873.
104.	Dublin, Robert Fowler, Archbishop of	Mr. Robert Fowler, 1872.
105.	Duff, Colonel Patrick (engraved by C. H. Hodges in 1791).	
106.	Dundas, Lady Elizabeth	Mr. J. Dundas, 1867.
107.	Dundas, Major-General T. (engraved by W. Nutter in 1800)	Mr. J. Dundas, 1867.
108.	Dundas, Right Hon. Henry (whole-length; engraved by J. Young in 1798).	
109.	Dunlop, ——, of Carmyle, Provost of Glasgow	Mr. Henry Graves, 1882.
110.	Dwarf, Head of Baiocco, a Roman (painted in 1774; 18 in. by 15. in.; sold at Christie's in May 1894 for £5 15s.)	Mr. Lawrence.
111.	Egremont, Earl of	Sir E. Sullivan, Bart., 1879.
112.	Fagniani, Mlle. (afterwards Marchioness of Hertford)	Earl of Carlisle, 1890.

	SUBJECT.	LAST RECORDED OWNER.
113.	Family Piece, A (exhibited by Romney in 1769, at the Free Society of Artists).	
114.	Family Piece, A Large (exhibited by Romney at the Free Society of Artists in 1768).	
115.	Family Portrait, A . .	Mr. R. Monier, 1857.
116.	Farmer, Dr. Richard (engraved by J. Jones in 1785, and by Reading).	
117.	Farrer, Mrs. . . .	Mr. R. A. Fawcett, 1895.
117A.	Fellowes, Hon. Newton (afterwards fourth Earl of Portsmouth) . . .	The Earl of Portsmouth, 1902.
118.	Feversham, Lord (destroyed by fire at Duncombe Park).	
119.	Fitzgerald, Lady Edward ("Pamela"), and her Children (sold at Christie's in 1848).	
120.	Fitzherbert, Mrs. (painted in 1789).	
121.	Flaxman, John, R.A. (half-length) . . .	National Portrait Gallery, 1902.
122.	Flaxman, John, R.A. (whole-length) . . .	Mr. Thomas Green, 1882.
123.	Flaxman modelling Bust of Hayley . . .	Colonel Dawson Green, 1884.
124.	Foote, Samuel (copied from Reynolds)	Earl Amherst, 1846.
125.	Forbes, Captain . . .	Henry Graves & Co., 1882.
126.	Forbes, Admiral the Hon. John (engraved by C. Townley and Page)	Lords of the Admiralty, 1902.
127.	Forbes, Miss . . .	Mr. William Lee, 1882.
128.	Fortescue, Countess, and Sister .	Mr. J. B. Fortescue of Dropmore, 1902.
129.	French, Mrs. . . .	Rev. Francis French, 1863.
130.	Garrick, David (painted for Sir R. Sullivan; sold at Christie's in 1859 for £115) . .	Mr. Farrer, 1859.
131.	Garrow, Rev. David (engraved by C. H. Hodges in 1787).	

Appendix I.

	SUBJECT.	LAST RECORDED OWNER.
132.	Geary, Admiral Sir Francis .	Mr. Francis Geary, 1863.
133.	Genlis, Madame de (head; painted in 1792)	Mr. J. H. Anderdon, 1877.
134.	Gentleman, A (¾-length; exhibited by the painter at the Free Society of Artists in 1765).	
135.	Gentleman, A (¾-length; exhibited by the painter at the Free Society of Artists in 1766).	
136.	Gentleman, A (exhibited by the painter at the Free Society of Artists in 1768).	
137.	Gentleman, A (exhibited by the painter at the Free Society of Artists in 1768).	
138.	Gentleman, A (exhibited by the painter at the Free Society of Artists in 1771).	
139.	Germaine, Lord George (engraved by Johann Jacobé in 1787).	
140.	Gibbon, Edward, the Historian (painted in 1783) . .	Mr. Henry Willett, 1867.
141.	Gipsy, A Harrow . .	Miss Tidswell.
142.	Girl, A Little . . .	Prof. Sidney Colvin, 1867.
143.	Girl, The Reading (18 in. by 15; sold at Christie's in 1894 for £38 17s.) . . .	Mr. McLean.
144.	Glencairn, Isabella, Countess of (engraved by W. Walker) .	Rev. T. A. Holland, 1887.
145.	Gloucester, H.R.H. Prince William of (engraved by J. Jones in 1793).	
146.	Gordon, Jane, Duchess of, and her Son, the Marquis of Huntly (sold by Sir Herbert Maxwell in 1891 for 5,500 guineas) .	Mr. Wertheimer, 1896.
147.	Gower, Granville, Second Earl .	Duke of Sutherland, 1902.
148.	Graham, Sir Bellingham, Bart. .	Sir R. Graham, Bart., 1902.
149.	Grantham, Thomas, Lord (engraved by W. Dickinson in 1793).	

	SUBJECT.	LAST RECORDED OWNER.
150.	Grecian Mother, The (60 in. by 48½; unfinished; sold at Christie's in 1894 for 5 guineas	Mr. Leggatt.
151.	Greville, Hon. C. H. (engraved by H. Meyer in 1810).	
152.	Griffith, R. . . .	Sir Richard Griffith, Bart., F.R.S., 1872.
153.	Griffith, Mrs. C. . .	
154.	Grove, Thomas . . .	Sir Thos. Grove, Bart., 1881.
155.	Grove, Mrs. . . .	

*** Hamilton, Lady (Amy Lyon *alias* Emma Hart). The portraits and studies of this celebrated beauty are bewildering in number; they have appeared in so many exhibitions, and many of them have changed hands so often, that it is almost impossible to avoid confusion. In the following list an attempt has been made to indicate the principal pieces without repetition. The Rev. J. Romney mentions others which are not included here:—

156.	Hamilton, Lady . . .	Mr. J. H. Anderdon, 1848.
157.	The same . . .	Lord Northwick, 1854.
158.	The same . . .	Sir E. W. Antrobus, Bt., 1856.
159.	The same . . .	Sir Percy Burrell, Bart., M.P., 1863.
160.	The same . . .	Lord de Tabley, 1863.
161.	The same . . .	Mr. F. H. Fawkes, 1864.
162.	The same . . .	Mrs. Calvert, 1868.
163.	The same . . .	Earl Cawdor, 1880.
164.	The same . . .	Mrs. Harvey, 1881.
165.	The same . . .	Mr. J. Fairfax Jesse, 1876.
166.	The same, a Fancy-sketch .	Lord de Tabley, 1863.
167.	The same, as Alope (engraved by R. Earlom in 1787).	
168.	The same, as Ariadne (engraved by Charles Brome) .	Baron L. de Rothschild, 1890.
169.	The same, as a Bacchante .	Lord de Tabley, 1884.
170.	The same, as a Bacchante dancing on a Heath (60 in. by 48 in.; sold at Christie's, July 1875, to Mr. Graves for Miss Romney, at £461 5s., and again in May 1894 for £630) . .	Messrs. Agnew, 1894.

Appendix I.

	SUBJECT.	LAST RECORDED OWNER.
171.	Hamilton, Lady, as a Bacchante with a Dog (engraved by Appleton in 1902) .	Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne, M.P., 1902.
172.	The same, as a Bacchante with a Goat (50 in. by 40; engraved by C. Knight in 1797; sold at Christie's in 1894 for £315. The similar picture, sent to Sir W. Hamilton at Naples, is believed to have been lost at sea)	National Gallery, 1902.
173.	The same, as Cassandra (engraved by F. Legat in 1795 for Boydell's Shakespeare, and the head only by Caroline Watson in 1809).	Lord C. Townshend, 1848.
174.	The same, as Cassandra .	Capt. G. Godfrey, 1877.
175.	The same, as Cassandra (bust)	Lord Taunton, 1868.
176.	The same, as the Comic Muse	Messrs. Agnew & Sons 1875.
177.	The same, as Diana . .	Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne, M.P., 1882.
178.	The same, as Emma (engraved by John Jones in 1785, and by G. Zobel).	
179.	The same, as Euphrosyne (a head; engraved by G. S. Shury in 1878) .	Mr. Jeffrey Whitehead, 1879.
180.	The same, as Joan of Arc .	Mr. J. H. Anderdon, 1877.
181.	The same, as Nature (engraved by J. R. Smith and H. Meyer; a proof of the latter in colours sold at Christie's in 1894 for £100).	
182.	The same (?), as the Seamstress. (*See* Vernon, Miss Lucy.)	
183.	The same, as Sensibility (engraved by R. Earlom in 1789, and the head only by Caroline Watson in 1809) .	Lord Burton, 1902.

	SUBJECT.	LAST RECORDED OWNER.
184.	Hamilton, Lady, as St. Cecilia (engraved by George Keating in 1789) . . .	In London, 1902.
185.	The same, as a Wood-nymph .	Mr. B. C. Vernon-Wentworth, M.P., 1902.
186.	The same, at the Spinning-wheel (engraved by T. Cheesman in 1789, and by C. H. Jeens in 1876) .	Earl of Normanton, 1875.
187.	The same, holding a Dog (engraved by H. Meyer in 1782).	
188.	The same, reading a Gazette (engraved by F. Holl in 1877) . . .	Mr. J. P. Morgan, 1895.
189.	The same (head of) . .	Mr. Walter Long, 1858.
190.	The same (sketch of) . .	Mr. H. L. Bischoffsheim, 1902.
191.	Hamilton, Lady Isabella (whole-length; engraved by James Walker in 1782; engraving sold in first state at Christie's in 1894 for £117 12s.).	
192.	Hamilton, Sir William (has been engraved).	
193.	Hanmer, Lady Margaret .	Hon. G. Kenyon, 1876.
194.	Hardy, Admiral Sir C. (engraved by W. Dickinson in 1781) .	Greenwich Hospital, 1902.
195.	Harris, James (a copy after Reynolds; engraved by Bartolozzi in 1776, and in stipple by Ridley for the *European Magazine* in 1802) . . .	National Portrait Gallery, 1902.
196.	Harrowby, First Earl of . .	Earl of Harrowby, 1902.
197.	Hartley, David, M.P. (engraved by J. Walker).	
198.	Hawkesbury, Charles, Lord (engraved by John Murphy, 1788).	
199.	Hayley, Thomas, as "Puck" .	Capt. G. Godfrey, 1877.
200.	Hayley, his Son, Flaxman, and George Romney . .	Mr. Thomas Greene, 1857.
201.	Hayley, William (oval; water-colour; given by the painter to Miss Seward) . .	Mr. Leggatt, 1902.

Appendix I.

	SUBJECT.	LAST RECORDED OWNER.
202.	Hayley, William (engraved by Johann Jacobé in 1779, and by Caroline Watson).	
203.	Hayley, William . .	Mr. Walter Long, 1858.
204.	Hayley, William, Mrs. Hayley, and Lieut. Howell (water-colour; 14½ in. by 11 in.) .	Mr. Leggatt, 1902.
205.	Hebe, A Lady as . .	Earl of Warwick, 1902.
206.	Henderson the Actor (engraved by J. Jones in 1787, and sold at Romney's sale in 1807 for 3 guineas) . . .	Mr. J. P. Knight, 1832.
207.	Henniker, John (engraved by Henry Hudson in 1786).	
208.	Hertford, Marchioness of. (*See* Fagniani, Mlle.)	
209.	Hodgson, F. M. Shudholme (crayon) . . .	General J. S. Hodgson, 1868.
210.	Hodgson, General (engraved by Bond in 1796).	
211.	Horsley, Mrs. . . .	Mr. E. Hawley Palmer, 1887.
212.	Horton, Harriet, Lady . .	Earl of Derby, K.G., 1902.
213.	Horton, Henrietta, Lady .	Earl of Derby, K.G., 1902.
214.	Humphry, Ozias (engraved by V. Green, A.R.A., in 1772, and by Caroline Watson) .	Countess Delawarr, 1867.
215.	Inchbald, Mrs. (30 in. by 25 in.; sold at Christie's in 1894 for £997 10s.) . . .	Sir Charles Tennant, Bart., 1902.
216.	Irwin, Edward (engraved by Thornthwaite and W. Walker).	
217.	Irwin, Eyles, Traveller (engraved by J. Walker in 1780).	
218.	Joan of Arc, Head of, in Helmet (18 in. by 16 in.; sold at Christie's in 1894 for £38 17s.)	Mr. Lawrence, 1894.
219.	Jordan, Mrs., as "The Country Girl" . . .	Baron F. de Rothschild, 1884.
220.	Jordan, Mrs., as "The Romp" (engraved by F. Bartolozzi, R.A.; proof before letters sold	

	SUBJECT.	LAST RECORDED OWNER.
	at Christie's in 1894 for £29 8s.).	
221.	Jordan, Mrs. (engraved by John Ogborne in 1788) . .	Sir Charles Tennant, 1892.
222.	Jouenne, Susan . . .	Lord Hood, 1866.
222A.	Kauffmann, Angelica (attributed to Romney) . . .	In London, 1902.
223.	Kent, Mary and Louisa . .	Sir J. H. Thorold, Bart., 1893.
224.	Kenyon, Lady Mary . .	Hon. G. Kenyon, 1876.
225.	Kenyon, Lord (engraved by W. Holl in 1804) . . .	Hon. G. Kenyon, 1876.
226.	Keppel, Admiral the Hon. Augustus (engraved by W. Dickinson; sold at Christie's in May 1902 for 180 guineas) .	Messrs. Colnaghi, 1902.
227.	Lady, A (whole-length) . .	Exhibited by the artist in 1769, at the Free Society of Artists.
228.	Lady, A (whole-length) . .	
229.	Lady, A (mauve sash and powdered; sold at Christie's in May 1902 for 230 guineas) .	Mr. Hastie, 1902.
230.	Lady, Portrait of a (30 in. by 25 in.) . . .	Mr. H. P. Lane, 1902.
231.	Lady, A, and Child (¾-length; exhibited by the painter in 1771 at the Free Society of Artists).	
232.	Lady, A, in the character of a Saint (exhibited as above in 1765).	
233.	Lady, A Young (exhibited as above in 1764).	

*** So many of Romney's works bore the indefinite title of "A Lady," and have been exhibited or offered for sale so frequently, that it would serve no useful purpose to recapitulate more of them.

234.	Lane-Fox, Hon. Mrs. . .	General Pitt Rivers, 1881.
235.	Law, Edmund (engraved by W. Dickinson).	
236.	Law, Miss . . .	Mr. H. P. Makins, 1888.

Appendix I.

	SUBJECT.	LAST RECORDED OWNER.
237.	Legge, Lady Charlotte, afterwards Lady Feversham (engraved by Josiah Grozer in 1799; engraving in first state sold at Christie's in 1894 for £63)	Earl of Dartmouth, 1902.
238.	Lemon, Lady . . .	Colonel Tremayne, 1882.
239.	Lemon, Sir William . .	Colonel Tremayne, 1882.
240.	Lindow, Mr. and Mrs. . .	National Gallery, 1902.
241.	Linley, Miss . . .	Mr. J. H. Anderdon, 1872.
242.	Liverpool, Charles, Earl of. (*See* Hawkesbury. I imagine this is the same portrait) . .	Mr. John Cotes, 1867.
242A.	Llandaff, Richard Watson, Bishop of (¾-length; engraved by John Jones twice in 1793, and again in 1794; by H. R. Cook in 1810; by W. T. Fry in 1817; and by Engleheart in 1823).	
243.	Llandaff, Richard Watson, Bishop of (engraved by H. Meyer in 1809).	
244.	Lloyd, Mrs. . . .	Lord Rothschild, 1902.
245.	Long, William, Esq. . .	Mr. Thomas Greene, 1857.
246.	Lushington, Sir Henry (when a boy)	Sir H. Lushington, Bart., 1856.
247.	Lushington, Lady . .	Mr. Bischoffsheim, 1902.
248.	Macpherson, James . .	Mr. J. Maxtone-Graham, 1867.
249.	Male Figure, A (a study; 20 in. by 16 in.; sold at Christie's in 1894 for 2 guineas) . .	Mr. Lawrence, 1894.
250.	Manby, Master, with a Dog .	Miss Romney, 1868.
251.	Mansfield, Countess of (engraved by J. R. Smith; engraving sold in first state at Christie's in 1894 for £93 9s. and £77 14s.) . . .	Earl Cathcart, 1868.
252.	The same . . .	Earl of Mansfield, 1902.
253.	Marlborough, Duchess of (engraved by J. Jones in 1793).	

	SUBJECT.	LAST RECORDED OWNER.
254.	Marlborough, George, Duke of (whole-length; engraved by J. Jones in 1786).	
255.	Marshall, Mrs. Chitty . .	Mr. H. M. Marshall, 1892.
256.	Martindale, Miss (engraved by R. Josey in 1878) . .	Mr. Chaworth Musters, 1885.
257.	Maxwell, Mrs. . . .	Mr. Champion Russell, 1884.
258.	Meditation . . .	Mr. M. H. Colnaghi, 1895.
259.	Melancholy (exhibited by the painter at the Society of Artists, Spring Gardens, in 1770).	
260.	Mellar, Miss . . .	Mr. F. C. Pawle, 1889.
261.	Melville, Henry, Lord . .	Mr. Robert Dundas, 1867.
262.	Memory of Windermere, A (34 in. by 50; sold at Christie's in 1894 for 22 guineas) . .	Mr. Day, 1894.
263.	Middleton, Lady . .	Duke of Newcastle, 1858.
264.	Milles, Miss Harriet . .	Mr. F. B. Alston, 1875.
265.	Milles, Mr. Jeremiah . .	
266.	Milles, Mrs. . . .	
267.	Milnes, Sir John . .	Lord Houghton, 1866.
268.	Milnes, Lady . . .	Lord Houghton, 1891.
269.	Milnes, Hannah . . .	Lord Houghton, 1868.
270.	Milton dictating *Paradise Lost* (a study; 12½ in. by 24 in.; sold at Christie's in 1894 for £1 11s. 6d.) . . .	Lady Gower, 1894.
271.	Mingay, James, Recorder of London (engraved by Hodges in 1791).	
272.	Miranda (engraved by J. W. Slater and Caroline Watson) .	Mr. J. H. Anderdon, 1860.
273.	Miranda (a head; 17 in. by 15; sold at Christie's in 1894 for £294. Agnew).	
274.	Miranda (a sketch) . .	Rev. J. Romney, 1864.
275.	Mirth (exhibited by the artist in 1770 at the Society of Artists in Spring Gardens).	
276.	Moody, Mrs. . . .	Mr. Stirling Stewart, 1902.

Appendix I.

	SUBJECT.	LAST RECORDED OWNER.
277.	Morris, Mrs., and Child .	General C. Morris, 1882.
278.	Mountstuart, Lord, afterwards Marquis of Bute (engraved by F. Bartolozzi, R.A., in 1790).	
279.	Mountstuart, Lady (whole-length; engraved by F. Bartolozzi, R.A., in 1790).	
280.	Musters, Mr. . . .	Mr. Chaworth Musters, 1885.
281.	Musters, Mrs. (engraved by James Walker in 1790; proof sold at Christie's in 1894 for £36 15s.).	
282.	Nevinson, Edward, Esq. .	Mr. E. Nevinson, 1893.
283.	Newman, R. N. H. . .	Mr. R. H. Newman, 1889.
284.	Newton showing the Effect of the Prism (painted in 1794 and sold at Romney's sale in 1807 for £42) . . .	Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne, M.P., 1902.
285.	North, Hon. Mrs. (engraved by J. R. Smith; proofs sold at Christie's in 1894 for £35 14s. and £75 12s.).	
286.	Nun's Head, A . . .	Mrs. Robinson, 1862.
287.	Nurse in Distress; Children in a Boat (bought by Hoppner at Romney's sale in 1807 for 4½ guineas).	
288.	Officer, An, conversing with a Brahmin (whole-length; exhibited by the painter at the Society of Artists in 1771).	
289.	Officer, An, in Uniform (sold at Christie's in 1902 for 30 guineas) . . .	Mr. Lane, 1902.
290.	Old Man, An (¾-length; exhibited by the painter in 1771 at the Society of Artists).	
291.	Ophelia (a sketch; sold at Christie's in 1894 for £26 5s.) .	Mr. Shepherd, 1894.
292.	Orde, Right Hon. Thomas (engraved in 1786 by John Jones).	

	SUBJECT.	LAST RECORDED OWNER.
293.	Paine, James Thomas, with Pomeranian Dog (engraved in 1780 by J. Dean; proof sold at Christie's in 1894 for £31 10s.; picture sold at Christie's in 1894 for £840; 50 in. by 40 in.)	Messrs. Agnew, 1894.
294.	Paine, Master, as Romulus.	
294A.	Paine, Thomas . . .	National Portrait Gallery, 1902.
295.	Paley, Archdeacon William (engraved by Jones) . .	Mr. John Paley, 1889.
296.	Palmer, Robert . . .	Sir R. P. Beauchamp, Bart., 1878.
297.	Parker, Sir Hyde (whole-length; engraved by J. Walker in 1780).	
298.	Parr, Miss Ann (engraved by Dean; proofs sold at Christie's in 1894 for £52 10s. and £37 16s.).	
299.	Parr, Rev. Samuel (engraved by J. Jones in 1788).	
300.	Parry, Miss Ann (engraved by John Dean in 1778).	
301.	Parson's Daughter, The (head) .	National Gallery, 1902.
302.	Pastoral Scene with Shepherds and Shepherdesses (40 in. by 50 in.; unfinished; sold at Christie's in 1894 for £23 2s.).	Mr. Shepherd, 1894.
303.	Paulett, Lady Catherine .	Baron A. de Rothschild, 1889.
304.	Peckham, Harry (engraved by J. K. Sherwin in 1778).	
305.	Penitence . . .	Major W. S. Rawlinson, 1872.
306.	Penseroso, Il (engraved by R. Dunkerton in 1771) .	Lord Bolton, 1866.
307.	Petre, Lord (engraved by A. Freschi in 1803).	
308.	Pitt, Miss . . .	Lord Burton, 1894.
309.	Pitt, William, as a Boy .	Sir Coutts Lindsay, Bart., 1878.
310.	Pitt, Right Hon. William (engraved by John Jones in 1789).	

Appendix I.

	SUBJECT.	LAST RECORDED OWNER.
311.	Portrait, A (exhibited by the painter in 1771 at the Society of Artists).	
312.	Portrait, Sketch for a . .	Professor Sidney Colvin, 1878.
313.	Potter, Rev. Robert . .	Miss Conway Griffiths, 1868.
314.	Powell, Miss . . .	Formerly belonged to Mr. Thomas Conolly.
315.	Powys, Mrs. Jelf . .	Lord Hillingdon, 1891.
316.	Powlett, Countess (bought in at Christie's in 1872 for £162 15s.)	Mr. Allan Swinton, 1872.
317.	Prescott, Lady, and Three Children	Mr. E. C. Raphael, 1893.
318.	Prescott, Sir George B. . .	Mr. Henry Spicer, 1881.
319.	Price, Lady Caroline . .	Mrs. W. R. Greg, 1891.
320.	Psyche with a Vase (cartoon) .	Liverpool Royal Institution, 1902.
321.	Raikes, Mrs. . . .	Mr. Leopold Hirsch, 1902.
322.	Raikes, Thomas (engraved by C. H. Hodges in 1787).	
323.	Ramus, Miss (engraved by William Dickinson) . .	Hon. W. F. Smith, M.P.
324.	Ramus, Miss Benedetta, afterwards Lady Day (engraved by W. Dickinson; sold in second state at Christie's in 1894 for £30 9s.)	Hon. W. F. Smith, M.P.
325.	Rattray, Mrs. . . .	Capt. Hon. J. M. Yorke, 1893.
326.	Reed, Isaac (engraved by W. Dickinson in 1776).	
327.	Richmond, Charles, Duke of (engraved by James Watson in 1778).	
328.	Robinson, Mrs. (engraved by J. R. Smith in 1781; sold in 1810 for £21, to the Marquis of Hertford) . . .	Hertford House Collection, 1902.
329.	Robinson, Mrs., as "Perdita."	
330.	Romney, George (painted by himself at Eartham in 1782; unfinished; engraved by T. Wright and Caroline Watson; 54 in. by 40 in.; sold at Christie's in May 1894 for £441)	National Portrait Gallery, 1902.

	SUBJECT.	LAST RECORDED OWNER.
331.	Romney, George (portrait by himself; black coat and powdered hair; engraved; sold at Christie's in 1894 for £89 5s.)	Mr. C. Butler, 1894.
332.	Romney, George (portrait by himself; painted in 1795; 30 in. by 25 in.; engraved by Caroline Watson; sold at Christie's in 1894 for £220 10s.) . . .	Messrs. Agnew, 1894.
333.	Romney, George, and his Father	Earl of Warwick, 1868.
334.	Romney, James, the Artist's Brother, holding a Candle (early work; 15 in. by 12 in.; sold at Christie's in 1894 for £22 1s.) . . .	Mr. Wallis, 1894.
335.	Romney, James, the Artist's Brother (in uniform; 30 in. by 24 in.; sold at Christie's in 1894 for £34 13s.) . .	Mr. Shepherd, 1894.
336.	Romney, James (water-colour, oval; 6 in. by 5 in.; sold at Christie's in 1894 for £24 3s.)	Messrs. Agnew, 1894.
337.	Romney, John, the Artist's Son, as a Child (early work; 12 in. by 12 in.; sold at Christie's in 1894, for £5 5s.) . .	Mr. McLean, 1894.
338.	Romney, Mary, the Artist's Wife, as a Young Woman (early work; 22 in. by 18 in.; sold at Christie's in 1894 for £32 12s.) . . .	Mr. Lawrence, 1894.
339.	Romney, Rev. John, the Artist's Son (30 in. by 25 in.; painted in 1794 in two sittings occupying three hours; sold at Christie's in 1894 for £262 10s.) . . .	Messrs. Agnew, 1894.
340.	Romney, Rev. John, the Artist's Son (in crayons; 18 in. by 15 in.; sold at Christie's in 1894 for £6 16s. 6d.) . .	Mr. Sickell, 1894.

Appendix I.

	SUBJECT.	LAST RECORDED OWNER.
341.	Ross, Mrs.	Major Ross, M.P., 1888.
342.	Rouse-Broughton, Catherine, Lady	Sir C. H. Rouse-Broughton, Bart., 1882.
343.	Russell, Lady, with her Son (engraved by R. B. Parker in 1878)	Sir George Russell, Bart., M.P., 1893.
344.	Russell, Sir Henry and Lady	Sir George Russell, Bart., M.P., 1893.
345.	Russell, Sir Henry	Sir George Russell, Bart., M.P., 1893.
346.	Russell, H., Esq.	Sir George Russell, Bart., M.P., 1893.
347.	Salisbury, Shute Barrington, Bishop of (engraved by J. Jones in 1786 and 1814, and in stipple by F. W. Wilkin in 1803).	
348.	Samson and Delilah (unfinished; exhibited by the painter at the Free Society of Artists in 1764).	
349.	Scott, David, M.P. (engraved by J. Young in 1798).	
350.	Serena	Rev. Chancellor Thurlow, 1857.
351.	Serena in the Boat of Apathy	Mr. H. T. Curwen, 1890.
352.	Seward, Miss (engraved by W. Ridley in 1797).	

Shakespearian Subjects.

353.	Arden, Forest of, Jaques and the Stag (painted by Hodges, Romney, and Gilpin)	Sir C. Burrell, Bart., 1817.
354.	Cassandra	Mr. Thomas Chamberlayne, 1848.
355.	King Lear in the Storm (40 in. by 40 in.; exhibited by the painter at the Free Society of Artists in 1763, and sold at Christie's in 1894 for 1 guinea)	Mr. Leggatt, 1894.

	SUBJECT.	LAST RECORDED OWNER.
356.	King Lear, Scene from (72 in. by 60 in.; the painter's last historical work; sold at Christie's in 1894 for 3 guineas) . . .	Mr. Wallis.
357.	Prospero and Miranda (engraved for Boydell's Shakespeare by Benjamin Smith; sold at Boydell's sale in 1805 for 50 gns., and again at Christie's in 1830 for the same price) . .	Mr. Watts, 1830.
358.	Shakespeare, Birth of (cartoon) .	Liverpool Royal Institution, 1902.
359.	Shakespeare, Infancy of (cartoon)	Liverpool Royal Institution, 1902.
360.	Shakespeare, Infant, nursed by Tragedy and Comedy (engraved by Benjamin Smith for Boydell's Shakespeare in 1803, and sold in 1805 for 62 guineas, to Mr. Bryan).	
361.	Shakespeare, Infant, surrounded by the Passions (engraved by Benjamin Smith in 1799 for Boydell's Shakespeare) .	Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne, M.P., 1902.
362.	Shakespeare — Titania, the Changeling, and Puck on the Sea-shore (36½in. by 48½in.; sold at the artist's sale in 1807 for 65 guineas; again at Lord de Tabley's sale in 1827 for 155 guineas; again at Mr. Watts Russell's sale in 1875 for 230 guineas; and a fourth time at Miss Romney's sale in 1894 for £215 5s.) . . .	Mr. Armstrong, 1894.
363.	Sheridan, R. B. (whole-length) .	Colonel Unthank, 1891.
364.	Sheridan, R. B., and Mrs. Robinson . . .	Mrs. Bedford, 1867.
365.	Shore, Miss Henrietta . .	Mr. James Price, 1894.
366.	Shutz, Miss Sophia . .	Mr. R. H. Newman, 1889.

Appendix I.

	SUBJECT.	LAST RECORDED OWNER.
367.	Siddons, Mrs. . . .	Mrs. Philip Martineau, 1868.
368.	Sir Roger de Coverley and the Gipsies (a sketch; 40 in. by 50 in.; sold at Christie's in 1894 for £3 13s. 6d.) . .	Mr. Leggatt, 1894.
369.	Sisters, The (half-length; exhibited by the painter at the Free Society of Artists in 1767, and engraved by R. Dunkerton in 1770).	
370.	Smith, Mrs. Charlotte Turner .	Miss Lucena Smith, 1868.
371.	Smyth, Mrs. Carmichael .	Executors of Sir James Carmichael, Bart., 1902.
372.	Sneyd, Miss, as Serena (oval; engraved by J. R. Smith in 1782)	Mr. H. T. Curwen, 1890.
373.	Stables, Mrs., and Daughters (engraved by J. R. Smith in 1781; engraving sold in second state at Christie's in 1894 for £131 5s.) . . .	Mrs. Addison, 1890.
374.	Stafford (Gower) Children, The, 80 in. by 91 in. (engraved by T. G. Appleton, 1900) .	Duke of Sutherland, 1902.
375.	Stafford, Second Marquis of .	Duke of Sutherland, 1902.
376.	Stamford, Earl of (engraved by G. Keating).	
377.	Stamford, Countess of (engraved by G. Keating).	
378.	Stanley, Lord, and Sister (engraved by J. R. Smith in 1779)	Earl of Derby, 1867.
379.	Stewart, General Charles (engraved by T. Grozer in 1794).	
380.	Stewart, General James (engraved by C. J. Hodges, 1789).	
381.	Stormont, David, Viscount . Stormont, Louisa, Viscountess. (*See* Mansfield, Countess of.)	Christ Church, Oxford.
382.	Study, A . . .	Mr. J. H. Anderdon, 1848.
383.	Study of Several Figures: a Classical Subject (sketch; 36 in. by 36½ in.; sold at Christie's in 1894 for 1 guinea) . .	Mr. Leggatt, 1894.

	SUBJECT.	LAST RECORDED OWNER.
384.	Sutherland, Elizabeth, Countess of (afterwards Duchess of) .	Duke of Sutherland, 1902.
385.	Tayadaneega, the Mohawk Chief (engraved by J. R. Smith in 1779)	Mrs. Urwin, 1877.
386.	Tempest, John Walter (engraved by J. Walker in 1781; proof sold at Christie's in 1894 for £31 10s.).	
387.	Thornhill, John, as a Boy .	Mr. Charles Lane, 1864.
388.	Thornhill, Mrs. . . .	Sir Thomas Thornhill, Bart., M.P., 1892.
389.	Thornhill, Master, with a Pomeranian Dog (engraved by James Scott in 1882) . .	Mrs. Thornhill, sen., 1882.
390.	Thurlow, Lord Chancellor (engraved by W. Dickinson in 1800)	Duke of Sutherland, 1846.
391.	Thurlow, Maria and Catherine .	Lord Thurlow, 1887.
392.	Thyer, Robert (engraved by Worthington).	
393.	Tickell, Mr. (sold at Romney's sale in 1807 for 7s.).	
394.	Tickell, Mrs. (Miss Linley) (sold at Romney's sale in 1807 for 4 guineas, and at Miss Romney's sale in 1894 for £1,207 10s.)	Messrs. Agnew, 1894.
395.	Tighe, Mrs. Henry . .	Lady Laura Grattan, 1872.
396.	Todd, Anthony (engraved by J. Jones).	
397.	Townley-Ward, Mrs. (Mr. H. Hucks-Gibbs; whole-length) .	Lord Aldenham, 1902.
398.	Townshend, Anne, Marchioness	Mr. R. S. Holford, 1887.
399.	The same . . .	Sir G. Graham-Montgomery, Bart., 1882.
400.	Townshend, George, First Marquis	Sir G. Graham-Montgomery, Bart., 1882.
401.	Trench, Mrs. (30½ in. by 25 in.)	M. Charles Sedelmeyer, 1902.
402.	Trimmer, Mrs. . . .	Mr. F. C. Pawle, 1889.
403.	Van der Gucht, Mrs. . .	Mr. B. A. Willcox, 1894.

Appendix I.

	SUBJECT.	LAST RECORDED OWNER.
404.	Vernon, Miss Lucy, as the Seamstress (engraved by T. Cheesman in 1787, and by W. H. Mote in 1876). Lady Hamilton is considered by some critics to have been the original of this picture . . .	Mr. B. C. Vernon-Wentworth, M.P., 1902.
405.	Vincent, Sir Francis, Bart. .	Hon. S. Pierrepoint, 1858.
405A.	Walker, Adam, and Family .	National Portrait Gallery, 1902.
406.	Walker, Thomas (engraved by W. Sharp in 1794).	
407.	Waring, Miss Mary, afterwards Mrs. Close (painted in 1776; sold at Christie's in May 1902 for 800 guineas, the painter's fee having been 20 guineas) .	Mr. Lawrie, 1902.
408.	Warwick, Countess of, and Children . . .	Earl of Warwick, 1889.
409.	Warwick, Henrietta, Countess of (engraved by J. Raphael Smith in 1780; engraving sold in first state at Christie's in 1894 for £221 11s.) . .	Earl of Warwick, 1889.
410.	Warwick, Two Children of Second Earl of . . .	Mr. John Rhodes, 1890.
411.	Warren, Mrs. (engraved by C. H. Hodges in 1787; proofs sold at Christie's in 1894 for £115 10s. and £98 14s.).	
412.	Webster, Mrs., afterwards Lady V. Holland (whole-length) .	In London, 1902.
413.	Westmorland, Earl of (engraved by John Jones in 1792) .	Earl of Jersey, 1902.
414.	Westmorland, Countess of .	
415.	Wells, Mrs.	Rt. Hon. E. P. Bouverie, 1875.
416.	Wesley, Rev. John (engraved by J. Spilsbury in 1789) . .	Rev. G. Stringer Rowe, 1868.
417.	Willett, Miss (whole-length, seated) . . .	In London, 1902.

	SUBJECT.	LAST RECORDED OWNER.
418.	Wilson, Sir John (Judge) (engraved by J. Murphy in 1792). Presented to the Corporation of Kendal in 1871 by Admiral Wilson of The How, Applethwaite.	Corporation of Kendal, 1902.
419.	Wolfe, Death of General (exhibited by the painter in 1763 at the Free Society of Artists; awarded a bounty of 25 guineas; bought for 25 guineas by Mr. Rowland Stephenson, and by him presented to Governor Verelst, who hung it in the Council Chamber, Calcutta).	
420.	Woodley, Miss (engraved by James Walker in 1789; engraving sold in first state at Christie's in 1894 for £123 18s.).	
421.	Wortley Montagu, Hon. Edward (half-length; in Turkish dress; painted at Venice in 1774)	Earl of Warwick, 1857.
422.	Wright, Lady	Mr. C. Litchfield, 1887.
423.	Wright, Sir Sampson	
424.	Yates, Mrs. (21½ in. by 19½ in.).	Lord Llangattock, 1872.
425.	Yates, Mrs., as Melpomene (whole-length; engraved by Valentine Green, A.R.A., in 1772).	
426.	Yates, Mrs., as the Tragic Muse (exhibited by the artist in 1771 at the Society of Artists in Spring Gardens).	
427.	Yates, Sir William (has been engraved).	
428.	York, William Marshall, Archbishop of (engraved by James Ward in 1800; sold at Romney's sale in 1807 to Mr. Edridge, for 4½ guineas).	
429.	Yorke, Mrs.	Sir Richard Griffith, Bt., 1872.

II.

Engravings after George Romney, published between 1770 and 1830; compiled by Henry Percy Horne, Esq.

Abbreviations—*Mez.* for mezzotint; *Pub.* for published; *W.L.* for whole-length; *T.Q.L.* for three-quarter-length; *H.L.* for half-length.

PORTRAITS.

Adair, James.

Mez. by Charles Howard Hodges; T.Q.L., 18 by 13⅞.
I. Before any inscription.
II. Inscription in open letters. Pub. 1st Feb. 1789.
III. Letters of inscription filled in.

Allen, Joseph, M.D.

Mez. by Charles Tounley; H.L., 13⅝ by 11.
I. Inscription engraved.
II. Publication line erased.

Barrington, Hon. Shute.

(*Bishop of Salisbury.*)

Mez. by John Jones; T.Q.L., 17⅞ by 13⅜.
Inscription engraved; entitled "Bishop of Salisbury." Pub. 30th Dec. 1786.
Another, *stipple*, by Francis William Wilkin; H.L., 4⅜ by 3⅜. Pub. 26th July 1803.
Another, *mez.*, by John Jones; H.L., 11⅝ by 9½.
Inscription in skeleton and open letters; entitled "Bishop of Durham," with the word "Proof" at the left corner. Pub. 8th Aug. 1814.

Barrow, Thomas.

Mez. by Thomas Barrow; H.L., 10¼ by 8⅞.
I. Inscription engraved. No date.
II. Modern.

Beresford, Hon. Mrs.

Mez. by John Jones; H.L., 13⅛ by 11.
I. Before any inscription.
II. Inscription engraved. Pub. 16th Feb. 1788.

Beresford, Miss.

Stipple, by Thomas Nugent; W.L., 7¾ by 6½, oval.
I. Before any inscription.
II. Inscription engraved. No date.

Bosanquet, Samuel.

Mez. by Charles Turner; nearly W.L., 17⅝ by 14.
Inscription in skeleton letters. Pub. 2nd Dec. 1806.

Brownlow, Brownlow, Lord.

Stipple, by Luigi Schiavonetti; T.Q.L., 8¼ by 6⅜.
I. Before any inscription.
II. Inscription in open letters. No date.

Appendix II.

Burges, Ynyr.

Mez. by John Jones; nearly W.L., 17⅞ by 14.
I. Before any inscription.
II. Inscription engraved. Pub. 1st March 1785.

Burke, Edmund.

Mez. by John Jones; H.L., 18⅛ by 14⅛.
I. Before any inscription. Not quite finished.
II. Inscription in skeleton letters, without the name of personage. Pub. 10th Dec. 1790.
III. With the name of personage.
Another, *stipple*, by John Jones; H.L., 5 by 4⅛. Pub. 5th Feb. 1787.

Bute, Charlotte Jane, Countess of.

Stipple, by Francis Bartolozzi; W.L., 9¾ by 7¾.
Without any inscription.

Bute, John, Earl of.

Stipple, by Francis Bartolozzi; W.L., 9¾ by 7¾.
I. Before any inscription.
II. Inscription engraved; entitled "Viscount Mountstuart."

Butler, Colonel.

Mez. by Joseph Grozer; H.L., 12¾ by 11.
Artists' names engraved.
This name appears, written, at the bottom of an impression.

Cardigan, James, Earl of.

Mez. by Joseph Grozer; H.L., 12⅞ by 10⅞.
I. Before inscription, edge not cleaned.
II. Inscription in skeleton letters. Pub. Sept. 1792.
III. Day of publication, inserted—29th.
IV. Names of artists and publication line erased and re-engraved. Pub. 1st Jan. 1779.

Carlisle, Caroline, Countess of.

Mez. by James Walker; nearly W.L., 17⅞ by 13⅞.
I. Before any inscription, edge not cleaned.
II. Inscription scratched. Pub. 10th Jan. 1781.
III. Inscription engraved.

Carlisle, Frederick, Earl of.

Line, by John Keyse Sherwin; H.L., 6 by 4⅞.
Names of artists only. Painted 1780; engraved 1782.
Another, *line*, by T. Holloway; H.L., 5⅝ by 4⅜. Pub. 1785.

Carwardine, Mrs.

Mez. by John Raphael Smith; T.Q.L., 13½ by 10⅞.
I. Inscription scratched, without name of personage. Pub. 9th May 1781.
II. With the name added.
III. Inscription engraved. Entitled "Mother and Child."

Cathcart, Charles Allan.

Line, by William Sharp; H.L.
With name of engraver and date only—1st Jan. 1791.

Chamberlayne, Edward.

Mez. by Johann Jacobé; H.L., 13¼ by 11.
I. Before any inscription.
II. With the names of artists and "London, 1780."

Clavering, Catherine Mary, and Thomas John.

Mez. by J. R. Smith; W.L., 18¼ by 14.
I. Before names of personages, inscription scratched. Pub. 29th Jan. 1779.
II. With the names added.
III. Inscription engraved.

Appendix II.

Crouch, Mrs.

Stipple, by Francis Bartolozzi; H.L., 8 by 6⅜.
I. Before any inscription, not quite finished.
II. Before the name of personage, inscription engraved. Pub. 4th Sept. 1778.
III. With the names. Pub. 1st Sept. 1788.
Another, reverse, *stipple*, H.L., 7⅞ by 6⅜, without inscription.

Cumberland, Miss.

(*Afterwards Lady Bentinck.*)

Mez. by John Raphael Smith; H.L., 13⅛ by 10⅞.
I. Before publication line, inscription scratched.
II. Date of publication added. Pub. 10th Sept. 1779.
III. Inscription engraved. Pub. 30th Dec. 1779, by J. R. Smith.
IV. Publication line erased and re-engraved. Pub. 30th Dec. 1779, by H. Humphrey.

Cumberland, Richard.

Mez. by Valentine Green; H.L., 16 by 13.
I. Without the name of personage, inscription scratched. Pub. 28th Oct. 1771.
II. Inscription engraved.
Another portrait, *stipple*, by William Evans; H.L., 5⅜ by 4⅜.

Davenport, Mrs.

Mez. by John Jones; H.L., 13¼ by 11.
Without the name of personage, inscription engraved. Pub. 29th May 1784.

Dawes, John.

Line, by Richard Slann; H.L., 10 by 7⅞.
Inscription engraved. Pub. 31st Jan. 1788.

Derby, Elizabeth, Countess of.

Mez. by John Dean; nearly W.L., 17⅝ by 13⅞.
I. Inscription in skeleton letters. Pub. 24th Aug. 1780.
II. Inscription engraved.

Duff, Patrick.

Mez. by Charles Howard Hodges; H.L., 14⅜ by 11.
I. Before any inscription.
II. Title scratched, rest of inscription engraved. Pub. 3rd Feb. 1791.

Dundas, Henry.

(*Afterwards Lord Melville.*)

Mez. by John Young; W.L., 24½ by 16⅜.
I. Inscription engraved. Pub. 4th June 1798.
II. Modern.

Farmer, Rev. Richard, D.D.

Mez. by John Jones; H.L., 17⅞ by 13⅞.
I. Before inscription, arms.
II. Inscription engraved in open letters. Pub. 1st Jan. 1793.
III. Dots scratched in open spaces of letters.
Another, *line* and *stipple*, by Reading; H.L., 5⅜ by 4⅜. Pub. 1st Sept. 1818.

Forbes, Hon. John.

Mez. by Charles Townley; H.L., 14½ by 13.
I. Inscription engraved. Pub. 20th Nov. 1796.
II. "Sold by W. Richardson, York House, 31 Strand," added.
Another, oval *stipple*, by Page; H.L., 4 by 3⅜. Pub. 30th April 1811.

Garrow, David.

Mez. by Charles Howard Hodges; H.L., 13¼ by 11.
Names of artists only engraved.

Genlis, Madame de.

Stipple, by Caroline Watson; H.L., 5¼ by 4¼.
Inscription engraved. Pub. 14th April 1809.

Appendix II.

Germaine, Lord George.

(*Afterwards Viscount Sackville.*)

Mez. by Johann Jacobé; T.Q.L., 17⅝ by 13⅞.
I. Inscription scratched. Pub. 1st Nov. 1780.
II. Inscription engraved.

Gloucester, Prince William of.

Stipple, by John Jones; T.Q.L., 4¾ by 4.
Inscription in open letters. Pub. 1st May 1793.

Gower Family, The.

Mez. by John Raphael Smith; W.L., 21 by 19⅞.
I. Artists' names and publication line scratched. Pub. 20th Aug. 1781.
II. The same inscription engraved.

Grantham, Thomas, Lord.

Mez. by William Dickinson; nearly W.L., 17¾ by 14.
I. Before any inscription.
II. Name of personage in skeleton letters, rest of inscription engraved. Pub. 1st Nov. 1783.
III. Pub. by Freeman, 20th March 1794.

Greville, Charles Francis.

Mez. by Henry Meyer; H.L., 12¼ by 10.
I. Before any inscription, unfinished.
II. Inscription in skeleton letters. Pub. 26th April 1810.

Hamilton, Lady Isabella.

Mez. by John Walker; H.L., 25 by 15.
I. Names of artists and publication only, scratched. Pub. 10th Feb. 1782.
II. Plate reduced one inch by removal of space at bottom. Inscription engraved on separate plate. Pub. 6th March 1782.
III. Separate plate removed.

Hamilton, Sir William.

Line, by William Sharp; H.L., 8⅞ by 7⅜.
Without any inscription.

Hardwicke, Philip, Earl of.

Stipple, by M. Bovi; T.Q.L., 7⅜ by 6.
I. Before any inscription.
II. Inscription engraved, title in open letters. Pub. Aug. 1796.

Hardy, Sir Charles.

Mez. by William Dickinson; T.Q.L., 16 by 13.
I. Names of artists and publication line only, engraved. Pub. 21st Jan. 1781.
II. With the name and titles added.
Another, oval *stipple*, by H. R. Cook; H.L., 4 by 3⅛. Pub. 21st Feb. 1808.

Hart, Emma.

(*Afterwards Lady Hamilton. As Nature.*)

Mez. by J. R. Smith; H.L., 13 by 10⅞.
I. Inscription in skeleton letters, the title "Nature," in open letters. Pub. 29th May 1784.
II. Inscription engraved, title in open letters.
III. Print reduced by removal of the border to 10 by 8; letters of title filled in.
Another, *mez.*, by Henry Meyer; H.L., 11¾ by 9⅞.
I. Before any inscription.
II. Inscription, without name of personage, engraved.
III. "Lady Hamilton" added.

The same.

(*Entitled Emma.*)

Stipple, by John Jones; H.L., 10⅞ by 9⅛.
I. The title "Emma" scratched, the rest of the inscription engraved. Pub. 29th Dec. 1785.
II. With the title engraved.
III. Modern.

Appendix II.

Hart, Emma.

Similar to the preceding, with handkerchief round the head, but bonnet removed.

Stipple; H.L., 5 by 4. Pub. 1st Aug. 1815.

The same.

(*As a Bacchante.*)

Stipple, by Charles Knight; T.Q.L., 12⅞ by 10¾.

I. Inscription engraved, title in open letters. Pub. by C. Knight.

II. Letters of title filled in and date of publication, 17th June 1797, added.

III. Pub. by C. Knight and Randon, Stainback and Sayer.

The same.

(*As Ariadne.*)

Line, by C. Brome and T. Bragg; nearly W.L., 12⅝ by 10⅝.

I. "Painted by G. Romney. Engraved by C. Brome," scratched. Unfinished.

II. Inscription engraved, entitled "Kate," in open letters. Pub. 4th May 1827.

The same.

(*As St. Cecilia.*)

Stipple, by George Keating; W.L., 12⅛ by 9⅝.

Inscription (without title) engraved. Pub. 25th March 1789.

The same.

(*As the Sempstress.*)

Stipple, by Thomas Cheesman; W.L., 12⅛ by 9¾.

I. Before any inscription.

II. Title "The Sempstress," in open letters, artists' names in stippled letters, publication line in skeleton letters. Pub. 25th April 1787.

III. Inscription engraved.

When the picture was recently exhibited, it was described as a portrait of Miss Lucy Vernon.

Hart, Emma.

(*As the Spinster.*)

Stipple, by Thomas Cheesman; W.L., 14 by 10¼.
I. Before any inscription.
II. Without title, artists' names in stippled letters, rest of inscription engraved. Pub. 1st Aug. 1789.
III. With the title, "The Sempstress," added.

The same.

(*As Sensibility.*)

Stipple, by Richard Earlom; nearly W.L., 12½ by 9¾.
I. Title "Sensibility," in open letters. Pub. 25th March 1789.
II. Letters of title filled in.

The same.

(*As Alope.*)

Stipple, by Richard Earlom; W.L., 10⅜ by 12¾.
I. Before any inscription.
II. Title "Alope," in open letters. Pub. 1st Aug. 1787.
III. Letters of title filled in.

The same.

(*As Cassandra.*)

Stipple, by Caroline Watson; Head 6⅛, circle.
I. Before inscription.
II. With the title "Cassandra." Pub. 14th April 1809.

The same.

(*As Sensibility.*)

Stipple, by Caroline Watson; Head 6⅛, circle.
I. Before any inscription.
II. With the title, "Sensibility." Pub. 14th April 1809.

Appendix II.

Hart, Emma.

(*As Miranda.*)

Stipple, by Caroline Watson; Head 7⅜ by 7.
I. Before any inscription.
II. With the title "Miranda." Pub. 14th April 1809.

The same.

(*As Cassandra.*)

Line, by Francis Legat; W.L., 19½ by 14½.
I. Inscription scratched.
II. Inscription engraved. Pub. 1st Jan. 1795.

The same.

(*As Titania.*)

Stipple, by Edward Scriven; W.L., 7⅛ by 9⅛.
I. Inscription engraved, "proof" scratched. Pub. 1st Dec. 1810.
II. Without the word "proof."

The same.

(*As Comedy, nursing Shakespeare.*)

Stipple, by Benjamin Smith; W.L., 10½ by 12⅝.
Entitled "Shakespeare nursed by Comedy and Tragedy," in running and open letters. Pub. 4th June 1803.
Another, *stipple*, by Caroline Watson; W.L., 7 by 5¾. Pub. 14th April 1809.

The same.

(*As Miranda.*)

Drawn on Stone, by J. W. Slater; H.L., 5½ by 4¾.
Title "Lady Hamilton, as Miranda," in open letters. "Pub. 17th June."

Hart, Emma.

Stipple, by Henry Meyer; H.L., vignette.
With the name. Pub. 10th April 1815.

The same.

Stipple, by J. Condé; H.L., 4 by 3⅛.
With the name. Pub. in the *European Magazine*.

The same.

(*As a Wood Nymph.*)

Mez. by Valentine Green; W.L., 23⅝ by 16½.
I. Inscription scratched. Pub. 14th Feb. 1778.
II. Inscription engraved. Pub. 16th Oct. 1778.

The same.

Stipple, by Middlemist; H.L. Pub. 1st Sept. 1816.

Hartley, David.

Mez. by James Walker; T.Q.L., 18 by 14.
I. Artists' names and publication line scratched. Pub. 10th May 1784.
II. Inscription engraved. Pub. by S. Watts.

Hayley, William.

Mez. by Johann Jacobé; H.L., 13 by 10⅞.
Artists' names, and "London, 1779," engraved.
Another, *mez.*, H.L., 9¼ by 7¾, without any inscription.
Another, *line*, by Thomas Holloway; H.L., 4½ by 3⅞. Pub. 1786.
Another, *stipple*, by William Ridley; H.L., 3½ by 2¾. Pub. 1798.
Another, *stipple*, H.L., 1½ by 1⅛, without any inscription.

The same.

Stipple, by Caroline Watson; T.Q.L., 8⅜ by 6⅞.
Inscription engraved. Pub. 10th April 1823.
The Frontispiece to Hayley's Memoirs.

Appendix II.

Hawkesbury, Charles, Lord.

Mez. by John Murphy; nearly W.L., 18⅛ by 13⅞.
I. Inscription on separate plate, in skeleton and open letters without day of month in publication line. Pub. March 1788.
II. With the day of the month added. Pub. 19th March 1788.
III. Without inscription.
IV. Inscription engraved.

Henderson, John.

(*As Macbeth.*)

Mez. by John Jones; T.Q.L., 16⅛ by 19¾.
I. Artists' names in dotted letters, the rest of the inscription scratched. Pub. 19th May 1787.
II. Inscription engraved. Pub. 1st Dec. 1787.
The witches are portraits of Charles Macklin and John Williams.

Henniker, John.

Mez. by Henry Hudson; H.L., 11⅞ by 9⅞.
I. Before any inscription, edge of plate not cleaned.
II. Names of artists only engraved.

Hodgson, Studholme.

Line, by William Bond; H.L., 6½ by 5⅜.
Inscription engraved. Pub. 27th May 1796.

Humphry, Ozias.

Mez. by Valentine Green; H.L., 16⅛ by 13.
I. Artists' names only scratched.
II. Artists' names and publication line scratched. Pub. 18th May 1772.
III. Inscription engraved.
Another, *stipple*, by Caroline Watson; H.L., 5¼ by 4⅜.
Inscription engraved, name in open letters.

Irwin, Eyles.

Mez. by James Walker; H.L., 9⅛ by 7½.
I. Before any inscription.
II. Inscription engraved. Pub. 2nd July 1780.
Another, *line*, by Thornthwaite; H.L., 3¾ by 3. Pub. 1789.
Another, *line*, H.L., 3½ by 3, without inscription.

Jordan, Mrs.

(*As "The Romp."*)

Stipple, by John Ogborne; T.Q.L., 12⅛ by 9¾.
I. Inscription in open letters. Pub. 24th June 1788.
II. With the name of engraver altered to F. Bartolozzi.
Another, *line*, by W. H. Worthington; H.L., 4⅝ by 3½. Pub. 1st Dec. 1830.
(*See also* "L'Allegro" *and* "Il Penseroso and L'Allegro.")

Kenyon, Lloyd, Lord.

Stipple, by William Holl; T.Q.L., 17¼ by 13⅝.
I. Inscription in skeleton and open letters. Pub. 1st Aug. 1804.

Keppel, Hon. Augustus.

Mez. by William Dickinson; H.L., 13¼ by 11.
I. Artists' names and publication line in running letters. Pub. 30th March 1779.
II. With name and title added.
III. "From an original picture, etc.," added.
IV. "Admiral of the Blue" erased; instead—"First Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty."
Another, *stipple*, by William Ridley; H.L., 3⅞ by 3⅛.
I. Name of personage in open letters. Pub. 1st May 1802.
II. Letters of name filled in.

Law, Edmund.

(*Bishop of Carlisle.*)

Mez. by William Dickinson; T.Q.L., 18 by 14.
I. Before any inscription.
II. Inscription engraved. Dated 1st Nov. 1777.

Appendix II.

Legge, Lady Charlotte.

(*Afterwards Lady Feversham.*)

Mez. by Joseph Grozer; T.Q.L., 17½ by 14.
I. Before any inscription. Edge at bottom not cleared.
II. Publication line and artists' names scratched. Pub. 28th Feb. 1794.
III. Pub. by W. Richardson, 1st Jan. 1799.
IV. Modern.

Macdonald, Sir Archibald.

Mez. by Henry Meyer; T.Q.L., 18 by 14.
Inscription engraved, title in running letters. Dated 1816.

Mansfield, Sir James.

Mez. by John Jones; H.L., 17⅞ by 14.
Names of artists and publication line in dotted letters. Pub. 29th March 1792.

Markham, William.

(*Archbishop of York.*)

Mez. by James Ward; T.Q.L., 17 by 13.
I. Before any inscription.
II. Inscription engraved. Pub. 1st May 1800.

Marlborough, Caroline, Duchess of.

Mez. by John Jones; W.L., 24 by 14⅞.
I. Inscription, without name, engraved on base of pedestal. Pub. 30th July 1791.
II. Plate re-worked, date altered to 1792.

Marlborough, George, Duke of.

Mez. by John Jones; W.L., 24⅛ by 14⅞.
I. Inscription engraved, before name of personage. Pub. 16th Dec. 1786.
II. Name of personage in open letters.
III. Letters of name filled in.

Mingay, James.

Mez.. by Charles Howard Hodges; T.Q.L., 17½ by 13⅞.
I. Before any inscription.
II. Inscription engraved, name in open letters. Pub. 10th Oct. 1791.
III. Letters of name filled in.
IV. Modern.
Another, *stipple*, by Hopwood; H.L., 3⅛ by 2⅜. Pub. 3rd Aug. 1803.

Montagu, Edward Wortley.

Line, by J. Condé; H.L., 3¼ by 2⅞.
Inscription engraved. Pub. 1st April 1793.

Moore, John.

(*Archbishop of Canterbury.*)

Stipple, by John Jones; T.Q.L., 16⅝ by 18½.
I. Names of artists and publication line alone, engraved. Pub. 1st Feb. 1792.
II. With name and title of personage in open letters.
III. Letters of name and title filled in.

Musters, Mrs.

Mez. by James Walker; H.L., 13 by 10¾.
I. Before any inscription.
II. Inscription space cut off, inscription engraved on separate plate. Pub. 1st Nov. 1780.

Newland, Abraham.

Mez. by Joseph Grozer; T.Q.L., 16⅞ by 14.
I. Inscription engraved. Pub. 20th Aug. 1795, at No. 8 Castle Street, Leicester Fields.
II. Address altered to 40 Gerrard Street, Soho.

North, Hon. Mrs.

Mez. by John Raphael Smith; T.Q.L., 18 by 13⅞.
I. Artists' names and publication line scratched. Pub. 12th May 1782.
II. The same inscription engraved.

Appendix II.

Orde, Sir John.

Stipple, by William Ridley; H.L., 3⅞ by 3⅛.
Inscription engraved, name in open letters. Pub. 1st April 1804.

Orde, Thomas.

(*Afterwards Lord Bolton.*)

Mez. by John Jones; T.Q.L., 17¾ by 14.
I. Artists' names only scratched.
II. Inscription, without name of personage, engraved. Pub. 6th June 1786.
III. With the name of personage. Pub. 24th June 1786.
Another, *mez.*, by John Jones, head only, 5¾ by 6½, on same plate with head of Samuel Parr.

Paine, James Thomas.

Mez. by John Dean; W.L., 16½ by 13.
I. Inscription scratched, without name of personage. Pub. 1st Jan. 1780.
II. Inscription engraved.

Paine, Thomas.

Line, by William Sharp; H.L., 9⅛ by 7⅝.
Inscription engraved, name of personage in open letters. Pub. 20th April 1793.

Paley, Rev. William.

Mez. by John Jones; T.Q.L., 18⅜ by 14.
I. Inscription engraved, before the name and title of personage. Pub. 11th April 1792.
II. With the name and title.

Parker, Sir Hyde.

Mez. by James Walker; W.L., 24½ by 15¼.
I. Inscription on separate plate, scratched. Pub. 1st June 1780.
II. Inscription engraved, name in open letters.

Parker, Sir Hyde.

Mez. by Charles Townley; T.Q.L., 17¾ by 14.
Inscription engraved. Pub. 1st Jan. 1785.

Parr, Miss Ann.

Mez. by John Dean; H.L., 12 by 10.
I. Artists' names and address scratched. Pub. 5th Feb. 1778.
II. Inscription engraved.

Parr, Samuel.

Mez. by John Jones; H.L., 17⅞ by 13⅞.
I. Before the name of personage, publication line scratched. Pub. 29th Nov. 1788.
II. With the name in open letters.
III. Letters of name filled in, and "Marylebone" added at the end of the publication line.
Another, *mez.*, by John Jones, head only, 5¾ by 6½, on same plate with Thomas Orde.

Peckham, Henry.

Line, by John Keyse Sherwin; H.L., 10¼ by 8⅝.
I. Inscription in skeleton, and name of personage in open letters. Dated 1778.

Petre, Robert Edward, Lord.

Stipple, by A. Freschi; T.Q.L., 18 by 14.
Inscription in running letters, title in open letters. Pub. 1st May 1803.

Pitt, William.

Mez. by John Jones; T.Q.L., 18¾ by 14.
I. Inscription scratched. Pub. 20th May, 1789.
II. Inscription engraved.
Another, *mez.*, head only in oval, scratched, "Le Vend Chés Haid."

Raikes, Robert.

Stipple, by Thomas Woolnoth; T.Q.L., 11¼ by 9.
Inscription engraved, name of personage in open letters. Pub. 7th June 1821.

Appendix II.

Raikes, Thomas.

Mez. by Charles Howard Hodges; nearly W.L., 18 by 14.
I. Before any inscription.
II. Names of artists engraved, name of personage on letter.

Ramus, Miss Benedetta.

(*Afterwards Lady Day.*)

Mez. by William Dickinson; H.L., 13 by 11.
I. Before any inscription.
II. Inscription, without name of personage, engraved. Pub. 20th Jan. 1779.
In an impression in the British Museum, the date seems to have been altered from "4th" to "20th."
Another, *mez.*, by William Dickinson; H.L., 8⅜ by 7, without inscription, not quite finished.

Reed, Isaac.

Mez. by William Dickinson; H.L., 12⅛ by 10.
I. Before any inscription.
II. Inscription engraved. Painted 1796.
Another, *mez.*, by Thomas Hodgetts; H.L., 7¼ by 6. Inscription engraved, name of personage in open letters. Pub. March 1816.
Another, *stipple*, by Ridley Holl and Blood; H.L., 3¾ by 2⅞. Pub. 1st March 1807.

Richmond, Charles, Duke of.

Mez. by James Watson; H.L., 13⅛ by 11.
I. Inscription scratched, plain cuffs, inner edge at bottom of frame, light. Pub. 21st Dec. 1778.
II. Considerably altered; lace cuffs, inner edge at bottom of frame darkened, and star on breast.
III. Inscription engraved.
Another, *stipple*, by William Evans; H.L., 4⅛ by 3½.

Robinson, Mrs.

Mez. by John Raphael Smith; H.L., 2⅜ by 9⅞.
I. Inscription scratched. Pub. 25th Aug. 1781.
II. Inscription engraved.

Romney, George.

Stipple, by W— P— Fry; H.L., vignette.
I. Before any inscription.
II. Inscription engraved, name of personage in open letters. Pub. 4th June 1817.

The same.

Stipple, by Thomas Wright; H.L., vignette.
Inscription engraved in running letters.
n other, with two other portraits on the same plate, *stipple*, by Caroline Watson; H.L., vignette. Pub. 14th April 1809.

Scott, David.

Mez. by John Young; W.L., 24⅛ by 16¼.
Inscription engraved. Pub. 16th July 1798.

Seward, Miss.

Stipple, by William Ridley; H.L., 3⅜ by 2⅞.
Inscription engraved, name in open letters. No date.
Also published in the *Monthly Mirror*, 1st Feb. 1797.

Sneyd, Miss.

(*As Serena.*)

Mez. by John Raphael Smith; W.L., 18⅝ by 13⅞.
I. Inscription scratched. Pub. 28th Sept. 1782.
II. Inscription engraved.

The same.

(*As Serena.*)

Stipple, by John Jones; W.L., 12⅛ by 9¾.
I. Inscription engraved, without title and verses. Pub. 1st March 1790.
II. With the title and verses.
Another, *stipple*, by Hopwood; T.Q.L., 3¼ by 2⅝. Pub. 1st Oct. 1811.

Appendix II.

Stables, Mrs., and Daughters.

Mez. by John Raphael Smith; nearly W.L., 17¾ by 14.
I. Inscription scratched. Pub. 1st Nov. 1781.
II. Inscription engraved.

Stamford, George Harry Grey, Earl of.

Mez. by George Keating; T.Q.L., 16½ by 12⅞.
I. Before any inscription.
II. Inscription without publication line, engraved. Dated 1793.

Stamford, Henrietta, Countess of.

Mez. by George Keating; T.Q.L., 16⅜ by 12⅞.
Inscription, without publication line, engraved. Dated 1793.

Stormont, Louisa, Lady.

Mez. by John Raphael Smith; nearly W.L., 18¼ by 14.
I. Inscription scratched. Pub. 18th May 1780.
II. Inscription engraved. Pub. 1st May 1781.

Stuart, Sir Charles.

Mez. by Joseph Grozer; T.Q.L., 17½ by 14.
I. Without any inscription.
II. Inscription engraved. Pub. 20th Dec. 1794.
Another, *mez.*, by Samuel William Reynolds; T.Q.L., 17½ by 13⅞.
Inscription in skeleton and open letters. Pub. 21st May 1803.

Stuart, James.

Mez. by Charles Howard Hodges; T.Q.L., 15⅝ by 12⅝.
I. Before any inscription.
II. Inscription engraved. Pub. 1st Jan. 1789.

Tayadaneega, Joseph.

Mez. by John Raphael Smith; T.Q.L., 17¾ by 14.
I. Inscription scratched. Pub. 10th Feb. 1779.
II. Inscription engraved, except "by J. R. Smith, No. 10 Bateman's Buildings, Soho, London," in scratched letters.

Tempest, John Walter.

Mez. by James Walker; W.L., 24 by 15¼.
I. Artists' names and publication line only, scratched. Pub. 1st. Feb. 1781.
II. The same inscription engraved.

Thurlow, Edward, Lord.

Mez. by William Dickinson; W.L., 23⅝ by 14¾.
I. Before any inscription.
II. Inscription in dotted letters, name and title of personage in open letters. Pub. 1st. Oct. 1800.
III. Inscription engraved.

Thyer, Robert.

Stipple, by W. H. Worthington; H.L., 3¾ by 3.
Inscription engraved, name in open letters, no date.
Drawn by William Bradley, from a picture by Romney.

Tighe, Mrs.

Stipple, by Caroline Watson; H.L., 3⅛ by 2⅝.
Names of artists and publication line only, engraved. Pub. 10th May 1811.
Engraved from a miniature by Comerford, after a picture by Romney.

The same.

Stipple, by Scriven; H.L., 3⅞ by 3½.
Names of artists and publication line only, engraved. Pub. 6th June 1812.
Engraved from a miniature by Comerford, after a picture by Romney.

Todd, Anthony.

Mez. by John Jones; H.L., 13⅛ by 10⅞.
I. Inscription, without the name of personage, in running letters. Pub. "17th April."
II. With the name of personage.

Appendix II.

Trench, Mrs.

Stipple, by Francis Holl; H.L., 3¾ by 3⅛.
With the name of engraver in running letters.

Warren, John.

(*Bishop of Bangor.*)

Mez. by Valentine Green; T.Q.L., 18⅝ by 15.
Inscription, without publication line, engraved.

Warren, Mrs.

Mez. by Charles Howard Hodges; T.Q.L., 17⅝ by 13⅝.
With the names of artists only, engraved. No date.

Warwick, Henrietta, Countess of.

Mez. by John Raphael Smith; T.Q.L., 17⅞ by 13⅞.
I. Names of Artists and publication line only, scratched. Pub. 3rd March 1780, at No. 10 Bateman's Buildings, Soho, London.
II. Inscription scratched. Pub. "12th May, 17 ," at No. 83 Oxford Street, London.
III. Modern.

Watson, Richard.

(*Bishop of Llandaff.*)

Mez. by John Jones; T.Q.L., 17⅞ by 13⅞.
I. Inscription engraved, name of personage in running letters. Pub. 19th March 1793.
II. Pub. 19th March 1794.
Another, *mez.*, by John Jones; T.Q.L., 17½ by 13⅞.
Inscription engraved, name of personage in upright letters. Pub. 29th May 1793.
Another, *line*, by F. Englehcart; H.L., 4⅜ by 3⅝. Engraved 1823.
Another, *stipple*, by H. R. Cook; H.L., 3¾ by 3⅛. Pub. 30th March 1810.
Another, *stipple*, by W. T. Fry; H.L., 5½ by 4¾. Pub. 8th Dec. 1817.

Wesley, John.

Mez. by John Spilsbury; H.L., 11⅜ by 9.
Inscription engraved. Pub. 1st June 1789.

Westmorland, John, Earl of.

Mez. by John Jones; T.Q.L., 18⅜ by 16.
I. Inscription in skeleton and running letters, name of personage in open letters. Pub. 1st March 1792.
II. Letters of name filled in.

Westmorland, Susan, Countess of.

Mez. by John Jones; T.Q.L., 17¼ by 13⅞.
I. Before any inscription, space at bottom not cleaned. Unfinished.
II. Space at bottom cleaned. Modern.
J. C. Smith says that this was probably engraved by J. R. Smith.

Wilson, Christopher.

(*Bishop of Bristol.*)

Mez. by John Jones; T.Q.L., 17⅜ by 13⅞.
I. Inscription engraved, title in open letters. Pub. 25th Oct. 1788.
II. Letters of title filled in.

Wilson, John.

Mez. by John Murphy; H.L., 12⅜ by 9⅞.
I. Before any inscription.
II. Inscription, without publication line, engraved; name and title of personage in open letters. Engraved July 1792.
III. Letters of name and title filled in.

Woodley, Miss Frances.

(*Afterwards Mrs. Banks.*)

Mez. by James Walker; W.L., 24⅜ by 15⅛.
Inscription, without name of personage, scratched. Pub. "10th Dec. 1781."
Inscription, without name, engraved. Pub. 12th Dec. 1781.

Appendix II.

Yates, Mrs.

(*As Melpomene.*)

Mez. by Valentine Green; W.L., 24¼ by 15⅜.
I. Before any inscription.
II. Subject scraped away ⅜ at bottom. Inscription engraved. Pub. 18th May 1772.
(*See also* "Il Penseroso" and "Il Penseroso and L'Allegro.")

FANCY SUBJECTS.

Alope.

(*See* Emma Hart.)

Ariadne.

(*See* Emma Hart.)

A Bacchante.

(*See* Emma Hart.)

Cassandra.

(*See* Emma Hart.)

Comedy and Tragedy nursing Shakespeare.

(*See* Emma Hart.)

Il Penseroso.

Mez. by Robert Dunkerton; W.L., 24 by 15.
I. Before any inscription, spaces at bottom of subject partially cleared for artists' names and publication line.
II. With the artists' names and publication line. Pub. 1st Oct. 1771.
III. With the title.
This is said to be a portrait of Mrs. Yates.

Il Penseroso and L'Allegro.

Stipple, by John Jones; T.Q.L., 16 by 20½.
I. Title and verses scratched, rest of inscription engraved. Pub. 1st Sept. 1798.
II. Inscription engraved. Pub. 4th Jan. 1799.
Said to be portraits of Mrs. Yates and Mrs. Jordan.

L'Allegro.

Mez. by Robert Dunkerton; W.L., 24 by 15.
I. Before any inscription, space at bottom of subject partially cleared for artists' names and publication line.
II. With the artists' names and publication line. Pub. 1st Oct. 1771.
III. With the title.
This is said to be a portrait of Mrs. Jordan.

Macbeth meeting the Witches.

(*See* John Henderson.)

Madonna.

Mez. by Thomas Barrow; H.L., 10¾ by 9.
Inscription engraved.

Melpomene.

(*See* Mrs. Yates.)

Milton and his Two Daughters.

Stipple, by Benjamin Smith; nearly W.L., 12¾ by 10⅝.
Inscription engraved. Pub. 4th June 1795.

Miranda.

(*See* Emma Hart.)

Nature.

(*See* Emma Hart.)

Appendix II.

Newton with the Prism.

Stipple, by Meadows; T.Q.L., 7½ by 10½.
Inscription engraved. Pub. 14th April 1809.
One of the females seems to be a portrait of Emma Hart.

The Romp.

(*See* Mrs. Jordan.)

St. Cecilia.

(*See* Emma Hart.)

The Sempstress.

(*See* Emma Hart.)

Sensibility.

(*See* Emma Hart.)

Serena.

(*See* Miss Sneyd.)

A Shipwreck.

Line, by Blake; W.L., 5¼ by 7⅛.
Inscription engraved. Pub. 14th April 1809.

Sisters contemplating on Mortality.

Mez. by Robert Dunkerton; T.Q.L., 18⅛ by 14⅛.
I. Inscription, without title, scratched. Pub. 20th Sept. 1770.
II. Inscription, with title, engraved.

Dr. Slop.

Stipple, by W. Haines; W.L., 7½ by 6.
Inscription engraved, entitled "The introduction of Dr. Slop into the parlour of Mr. Shandy." Pub. 14th April 1809.

George Romney

The Spinster.

(*See* Emma Hart.)

Titania.

(*See* Emma Hart.)

A Wood Nymph.

(*See* Emma Hart)

III.

Romneys in London Galleries.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

Study of Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante. Vernon Collection.
The Parson's Daughter. Purchased at J. H. Anderdon's sale in 1879.
Mr. and Mrs. William Lindow. Purchased from J. J. Wigzell in 1893.
Portrait of Mrs. Mark Currie. Purchased from the Rev. Sir F. L. Currie, Bart., in 1897.
Lady with a Child. Bequeathed by General J. J. Johnstone in 1898.
Sketch Portrait of Lady Hamilton. Bequeathed by General J. J. Johnstone in 1898.
Lady Craven. Presented by Col. the Hon. F. W. Stopford in 1898.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

William Cowper. Presented by G. Scharf, C.B., in 1894.
Richard Cumberland, LL.D. Purchased in 1857.
John Flaxman, R.A. Presented by H. C. Robinson, F.S.A., in 1860.
Emma, Lady Hamilton. Purchased in 1870.
James Harris, M.P. Presented by the Earl of Malmesbury in 1865.
Thomas Paine. (*After Romney, by Auguste Millière.*) Presented by H. Willett in 1892.
Rev. William Paley, D.D. (*By or after Romney.*) Purchased in 1862.
George Romney (unfinished). Purchased in 1894.
Adam Walker and Family. Bequeathed by Miss E. E. Gibson in 1897.

THE WALLACE COLLECTION.

Portrait of Mrs. Robinson.

VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.

Serena.
Sketch of a Female Head.

IV.

Designs and Studies by George Romney,

Presented to the University of Cambridge by his son in 1817, and preserved in the FitzWilliam Museum.

1. Sixteen studies and sketches, chiefly made in Rome, 1773-74.
2. Two sketches of the interior of St. Peter's, Rome.
3. Three studies from the *Iliad*—"Thetis supplicating Jupiter and consoling Achilles."
4. Eight sketches of female figures.
5. Two subjects from Thomson's *Seasons*.
6. The Damsel, from "'Twas when the Seas were Roaring."
7. A Sibyl.
8. Three sketches of the "Lapland Witch."
9. Three sketches for "Cupid and Psyche."
10. Design for the "Infancy of Shakespeare."
11. Design for "Nature unveiling herself to the Infant Shakespeare."
12. Design for the "Dying Mother," from the *Anthologia Græca*.
13. Design for "King Lear and Cordelia."
14. Design for "Homer reciting."
15. Design for "David and Saul."
16. Study for Saul's head.
17. Four studies, designed for an altar-piece for King's College Chapel, to be presented by the Right Hon. Thomas Orde (Lord Bolton); but he was anticipated by the Earl of Carlisle, who gave the present altar-piece.

Appendix IV.

18. Three designs from Shakespeare — "Macbeth and Banquo," "The Weird Sisters," and "Head of Edgar."
19. Venus, and two other drawings.
20. Chaos—a design. "Perhaps," observes the painter's son, "too sublime for man to adventure upon."
21. Eleven designs, described as follows by Richard Cumberland:—

> "A group of Bacchantes are assisting at the initiation of a rustic nymph. They assail her senses with wine, music, and dance; she hesitates; and, in the moment between the allurements of pleasure and the scruples of bashfulness, accepts the thyrsis in one hand and seizes the goblet with the other. Triumph and revelry possess the whole group, and every attitude of gaiety, every luxuriance of scenery, enriches and inflames [*sic.*] the composition."

To which the Rev. John Romney adds:—

> "The variety of compositions which Mr. Romney has made from it, sufficiently shows his persevering efforts to attain to perfection. And had the picture, which he actually began, and which was abandoned in consequence of some ludicrous and indelicate observation of a wit, been finished in his usual style of painting beautiful women, it would have been pre-eminent in grace and beauty."

22. Two sketches representing Fortune-telling.
23. "The Ghost of Clytemnestra," design for a picture.
24. Three sketches of "Orpheus and Eurydice."
25. "Harpalice, a Thracian Princess, defending her Wounded Father."
26. "Paris dying, surrounded by Mountain Nymphs."
27. Two studies for the picture of "Nurse and Children in a Boat."
28. Study for "The Spinster" (Lady Hamilton).
29. Study for "Alope" (Lady Hamilton).
30. A domestic scene.
31. A dream.
32. Study of a "Girl lamenting a fawn killed by lightning."
33. Three studies of pastoral subjects from Longus.
34. Eight sketches for Hayley's *Essay on Old Maids*.
35. Two designs illustrating the following singular story found among Romney's papers:—

> "About seventeen years ago a young woman from the country, of a very agreeable person, was servant to a man who had all the vices attendant on the corruption of large cities. Struck with her charms, he tried all methods of seduction. She was virtuous; she resisted. Her discretion only inflamed the passion of her master, who, not being able

to prevail with her, devised the blackest and most abominable revenge. He clandestinely put into her box, where she kept her clothes, several things belonging to himself, and marked with his own name. He then exclaimed that he was robbed, sent for a constable, and made his deposition. When the box was opened, the effects which he claimed were shown. The poor girl, being imprisoned, had only tears for her defence, and all that she said in answer to the interrogatories was that she was innocent. Our criminal jurisprudence cannot be sufficiently condemned when we consider that the judges had no suspicion of the wickedness of the accuser, and that they enforced the law with its utmost rigour—a rigour that is extreme, and which ought to be banished from our code, and give place to a simple chastisement, which would leave fewer robberies unpunished.

"Innocent as she was, she was condemned to be hanged. She was unskilfully executed; it being the first essay of the executioner's son. A surgeon bought the body. As he was preparing that evening to dissect it, he perceived some remains of warmth: the knife dropped from his hands, and he put into his bed her whom he was going to anatomise.

"His endeavours to restore her to life succeeded; at the same time he sent for an ecclesiastic, with whose discretion and experience he was well acquainted; as well to consult him on this strange event, as to make him witness of his conduct. At the moment when the unfortunate girl opened her eyes, she thought herself in the other world, and, seeing the figure of the priest, who had a large head and features strongly marked (for I know him, and had from him this account), she clasped her hands with terror, and exclaimed, 'Eternal Father! you know my innocence: have mercy upon me!' She did not cease to invoke the ecclesiastic, thinking she saw God Himself. It was long before she could be convinced that she was not dead, so strongly the idea of punishment and death had impressed her imagination. Nothing could be more affecting or more expressive than this exclamation of an innocent soul to him whom she considered as her Supreme Judge; and, without her endearing beauty, this sight alone was sufficient to interest strongly a man of sensibility and observation. What a picture for a painter! what a narration for a philosopher! what a lesson for a lawyer!"

36. "Gil Morrice" (from Percy's *Reliques*).

Appendix IV.

37. Three designs from the *Thebaïd* of Statius.
38. Four sketches, subject uncertain.
39. "The Grecian Daughter."
40. Two girls, a lover, and a butterfly.
41. Two sketches from nature.
42. Design for a soldier trying to win a recruit who is restrained by his sweetheart.
43. Sketch for portrait of a mother and two daughters.
44. Three sketches representing the black arts.
45. Seven sketch-designs from *The Tempest*, for Romney's picture in Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery.
46. Sketch of another design from *The Tempest*.
47. Three designs from *King Henry IV.*
48. Two designs from *King Henry VI.*, part 1.
49. Five designs from *King Henry VI.*, part 2.
50. Eleven sketches for designs from *Macbeth*.
51. Four sketches for "Titania and the Fairies."
52. Nine sketches of designs for pictures illustrating "Human Misery, such as might be witnessed by Howard the Philanthropist."
53. Four sketches from Milton, the last the painter ever made.

V.

List of Principal Works relating to George Romney.

Anonymous.—Some Account of George Romney: *Lancashire Biographical History*, vol. i.

Bryan, Michael.—Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. New edition, vol. iv. London, 1895.

Cumberland, Richard.—Memoir of G. Romney, in the *European Magazine*, vol. xliii. London, June 1803.

Cunningham, Allan.—The Lives of the most Eminent British Painters. Revised edition, vol. ii. (Bohn's Standard Library). London, 1879.

Espinasse, Francis.—Lancashire Worthies. 2 vols., 4to. London, 1874, 1877.

Gamlin, Hilda.—Life of Emma, Lady Hamilton. London, 1891.

" " —Romney and his Art. London, 1894.

Gower, Lord Ronald.—Romney and Lawrence ("Great Artists" series). London, 1882.

Hayley, William.—Life of George Romney. With numerous engravings, 4to. Chichester, 1809.

Horne, M. A.—The Engraved Works of Romney and Gainsborough. London, 1891.

Long, W. H.—Memoirs of Emma, Lady Hamilton. 8vo, new edition. London, 1892.

Michaud.—Biographie Universelle, ancienne et moderne. Vol. xxxvi. Paris and Leipzig, N.D.

Appendix V.

Nicholson, Cornelius.—Annals of Kendal. New edition. 1861.

Redgrave.—Dictionary of Artists of the English School, etc.: with notices of their lives and works. Second edition. London, 1861.

Romney, Rev. John.—Memoirs of the Life and Works of George Romney; also some particulars of the Life of Peter Romney, his brother. Numerous engravings, 4to. London, 1830.

Scribner's Sons.—Cyclopædia of Painters and Paintings. Vol. iv. London and New York, 1888.

Tennyson, Lord.—Romney's Remorse: a poem.

See also Articles in *The Dictionary of National Biography*, *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, *British Encyclopædia*, *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, etc.

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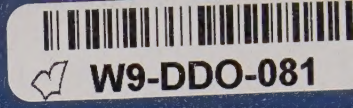
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